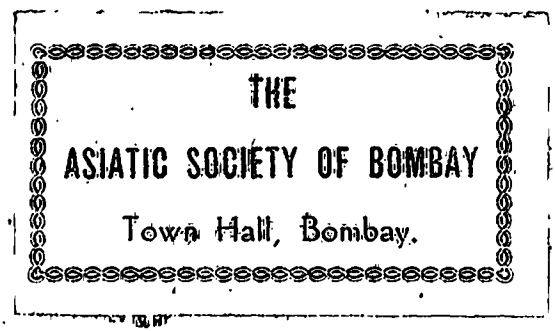
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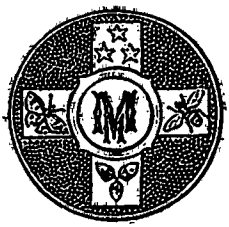
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BLACK AND WHITE.



BLACK AND WHITE

A JOURNAL OF

A THREE MONTHS' TOUR IN THE

UNITED STATES.

2387

BY

HENRY LATHAM, M.A.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

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London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1867.

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BY T. COMBE, M.A., E. B. GARDNER, E. PICKARD HALL, AND H. LATHAM, M.A.

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PREFACE.

My chief object in publishing this Journal of a three months' tour in America is to induce other Englishmen to go and judge for themselves what manner of people their American cousins really are, by making trial of their heartiness and hospitality. They will return, I believe, impressed, as I am, with a conviction that any one who can contribute in the smallest degree to make the two nations understand one another better, will be doing good service to both; and that this can only be brought about by increased social intercourse between them.

The attractions offered by a European tour bring a large number of Americans to England; long distances are nothing to American travellers; but the number of Englishmen who visit America is comparatively small. Mr. Murray has furnished the traveller with a Handbook for every State on the

Continent of Europe, but has not yet thought himself justified in speculating in a Handbook for America.

The American travellers who make European tours, when they leave their own shores are the most conservative part of the American nation. They are the successful men, who have made money, and are not disposed to be ultra-Republicans in future. They have feelings and interests in harmony with all that class of Englishmen who are in a position to show them hospitality; but unless they happen to come with introductions (and how few Americans there are who possess English friends) they return to their own country without having seen the inside of an English house. They return chilled and estranged, willing to believe henceforth anything that they may hear about the 'cold shade' and the 'bloated aristocracy.'

The English traveller in America will find men much more accessible. If he be worth knowing, everybody will be glad to know him for what he is worth: every American's house cannot be walked into, like the President's; but he will find an absence of caste distinctions and a freedom of manners and intercourse which will put it in his power to see more of character, and to understand the people better in three months, than an American traveller in England can in a year. It is quite the exception

when this freedom of manners is offensive or intrusive; an Englishman will generally have to open the conversation, if he wishes to converse with a stranger. He may confine himself to his own society from one end of America to the other if he wishes; but if after promenading from one end of the railway cars to the other he has selected a promising fellow-passenger, he will find no difficulty in getting into conversation with him. It is very probable that when that fellow-passenger has discovered that he is an Englishman on his travels, he will ask him to come and stay a day with him; and if their further acquaintance is pleasant, will press him to stop a week; and when he goes on his way, will volunteer introductions to half a dozen friends in different parts of the States; and there he will be received with a welcome, and entertained with a hospitality, which will make him ashamed for the rest of his life of the courtesies of his own land, whenever he thinks of a lonely American in a British coffee-room.

This openness and hospitality make it very difficult to write about America; it is impossible to distinguish between what is private and what is public. In the land of Freedom there are no company manners; yet the traveller would be in error, if he concluded that his host would be gratified at finding the conversation at his dinner-table retailed as public gossip. The trouble I have taken to eliminate

personalities from the following pages has been very great; and has resulted in the omission of a large part of the Journal, and I fear has somewhat injured the interest of what remains. Wherever a statement has been retained coupled with a name, it has been done in the belief that my informant would gladly and without injury to himself maintain in public that which he had stated in private.

To know oneself is not always the best of knowledge, nor ever the whole of it. There is a great deal to be gained by knowing one's neighbours. One great benefit to be derived from a visit to America is its tonic effect upon the mind. Hope may spring eternal in the human breast in Europe, but the yield, the number of gallons per minute at which it springs in every breast in America, cannot be realised without living in the atmosphere, surrounded by the people. To an American nothing appears impossible, nothing chimerical. Every man is going to make a fortune before he dies. He does not believe in luck, he believes in himself; he knows by a thousand examples that a fortune is to be made by the poorest man in the States, if he can find out the way to get at it. He cannot realise the mental condition of the agricultural labourer in England whose highest dream of possible affluence is £1 a-week. He has no sympathy with pastoral poetry; and has a suspicion that contentment is a spurious

kind of virtue invented by the British aristocracy. The idea of earning a competency and resting has no charm for him. His pleasure is in the work itself, in the calculation and the combination and the triumph over difficulty. The young men begin work before ours go to college, the old men end it at the grave. If your son is frivolous, and finds a difficulty in selecting that profession which will give most scope to his talents, send him to America, and he will find that an American will undertake to do any work, and will try and do it, and will in the end succeed in doing it.

Geography accounts for a great deal of this elasticity of temperament; when you have travelled two or three thousand miles by rail through a country two-thirds of which are uninclosed, you begin to realise the sense of freedom from pressure, of abundance of elbow-room, the capacity for going out into the middle of a prairie and crowing with that abundant boastfulness and prodigality of statement for which the less cultivated American is sometimes conspicuous. When you find that most of the States are larger than European Empires, you begin to understand the feeling of those who occasionally tell you that America is a great country.

I do not pretend to understand American politics. Three years' close study might enable an Englishman to give a correct definition of 'a straight line

Tammany Hall Democrat' or any other of the ever-changing combinations in which politicians group themselves; my three months were spent in wandering, looking upon the surface of things rather than beneath it. The following Journal was written while travelling, as the panorama of America was passing before my eyes. It was cut off in lengths as written, and sent home in the shape of letters. Sitting at home, and reading my letters through again, I find they suggest a supplemental chapter or two. In these I have put together my facts relating to the negro and his chances of surviving, and some information respecting the Indians and the probability of their extermination.

I have added also General Meade's official report of the action taken by him on the occasion of the Fenian raid into Canada; showing the spirit in which he acted, and the care with which the Government of the United States discharged their duty towards Great Britain. And I have appended a letter written by myself shortly after returning to England, on the feeling in America about the Alabama claims.

15 Upper Westbourne Terrace, London,
Sept. 30, 1867.

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ERRATA.

Page 32, line 20, *for* Ferrapins *read* Terrapins.
„ 62, „ 20, *for* 49,000 tons *read* 49,000 lbs.
„ 200, „ 24, *for* Loudres *read* Londres.

JOURNAL.

On board the Cunard Steamer Cuba,

Dec. 12, 1866.

My Dear A——

We are now twelve days out at sea; and it seems as if it was only yesterday that the little tender carried you back from the ship's side to Liverpool. Time goes very slowly at sea, but looking back it seems to have passed like a dream. I can fancy a man who spends his life at sea growing old without knowing it, and coming back to his friends as grey as Rip Van Winkle, in the belief that he is a blooming youth still. Time spent at sea is simply so much time taken out of life, and a fourteen-days' voyage is suicide for fourteen days. You may observe that I am brought low; and write somewhat in the style of M. F. Tupper. After I sent off my last letter to you from Queenstown Harbour, I began to be grievously afflicted, in fact that letter was finished very abruptly and under great difficulties.

We made a very bad start of it, and had rough

weather for the first three days of our voyage, during all which time I was more or less unwell, generally more. Memory then presents an enormous vista of unsteady meals. Meals are so frequent on board a Cunarder, and so punctual, and the time between them has so little incident, that at least one half of that period seems to have been meal times. The eating and drinking are supposed to be good on board this ship; but to my sea-sick palate for a long time everything tasted as though it had been cooked by steam; and all in the same pot, for everything tasted just like everything else; and I think the pot must have been the ship's boiler, for everything tasted, not only of everything else, but there was a taste of the ship Cuba in particular.

On Saturday, the day week after we started, we had a tremendously stormy night,—the worst night in my recollection. The sea ran very high; we shipped great waves, and rolled to larboard, rolled to starboard, painfully. Lying flat in my berth; at every roll of the ship to the right, I was tilted up on edge on to my right side; at every roll to the left, I was tilted up on my left side. The troubled sleep of Doctor Watts' sluggard, who simply turned 'like a door on its hinges,' was nothing to this. I had to work on two sets of hinges, and every now and then was slammed to unpleasantly hard against the side of the berth. At every roll of the ship

came a sound like the undertow of a wave dragging the shingle down the beach as it retires. This was produced by all the loose articles in the ship promenading from one side of the cabins to the other. Everything put upon shelves and ledges joined the portmanteaus and hatboxes on the floor; and there was a vacant cabin next to ours, in which the steward had stowed away the foot-baths and water-cans.

I lay awake nearly the whole long night, listening to the angry slash with which each wave's crest swished like a scourge across the ship; fell asleep in the morning, and dreamt that the ship was still steaming on, but about forty feet under the surface of the sea. One fellow-passenger omitted to stow away his water-jug in the proper holdfast; and left it standing in the basin by the bedside. In the middle of the night it decanted itself gently over him as he lay in his berth; which added vividly to the general effect and vague idea of shipwreck. I assure you it was a positive comfort when the stokers began to clear out the cinders at daybreak; it was as though the housemaid was up and cleaning the grates, in a quiet household; and when the old cock in the forecastle crowed, I felt grateful to that game old bird. He must have been a perfect Nelson of a cock to have done it. He is going on a mission to improve the breed of American poultry. My

fellow-traveller F—— is a splendid sailor, never has a qualm, likes it rough, and has a revolting appetite all the time.

Our talk is monotonous, chiefly of tumbles; but we have some pleasant people on board. The A——s to whom Mr. F—— introduced us at starting, whom we hope to see again about Christmas time at Baltimore; and P—— also of Baltimore, who is for the present my model young American; who boasts that he has never cost 'the old man' a cent since he was eighteen years of age, and at twenty-one was the head of a Firm, selling potted-meats to the War Department at a profit of twenty per cent. He has now arrived at twenty-four years of age; has married a wife, and has gotten a baby; and is at present returning from a visit to Paris.

About a quarter of our fellow-passengers are the Travellers for American houses in the dry goods and similar lines of business, who come to Europe twice a-year to purchase for the spring and fall sales. These men all know one another, they mess together in cliques and sets, and have salads and condiments in common, jokes known only to the initiated, and all the other virtues and vices common to large family parties. They are great at stories and songs in the Fiddler (as the uncomfortable smoking-room is called). Also, to a man, burning patriots and Northerners; and the vigour with

which we chant 'John Brown's Body' and 'The Star-spangled Banner' increases each night as we draw nearer to the States. We have some Southerners also, who do not join in the choruses.

It seems to me worthy of note that these men, who cross the Atlantic twice a-year, and run their eyes over the European markets, are the men who will be the next generation of New York merchants; now America has few manufactures for us to buy, and therefore there is no corresponding class of English agents visiting the States; so that as regards all knowledge respecting openings for trade and questions of supply and demand for American markets, the New York buyer is much better posted up than the Liverpool or Manchester seller. We talk a great deal about Yankee shrewdness in trade; but do we take the trouble to put ourselves on a par with them in information? We sit at home at ease, and wait until they come and buy of us.

I think we shall not stop long at New York—some five or six days; then to Philadelphia; and thence to Baltimore, to spend Christmas Day with the A——s; and so on to Washington, where Congress will by that time have met, and be warming to their work. I hope to go South before very long, so as to be in the warmer climate at the coldest season; to come back up the Mississippi, instead of going down it; to get to Canada by way of St. Louis and

Chicago by the time the worst of its Winter is overpast; and so return again to New York. I must break off now for a meal. Imagine breakfast at half-past eight, lunch at twelve o'clock, dinner at four, tea at seven, and supper at nine.

Dec. 13, '66, *Thursday.*

Safe arrived last night, after spending twelve days of my life at sea. I say last night, as it took us so long to land and get through the custom-house, that it was dark before we reached the Fifth Avenue Hotel. But it was bright daylight and sunshine as we steamed up the splendid harbour of New York; a view which I should have been very sorry to have missed. As far as our personal experiences go, the custom-house officers of New York are not half so troublesome as they are said to be. We had nothing to smuggle, but there was a vast amount of smuggling done by some of our fellow-passengers. One man landed with his pockets full of French watches, and another with a splendid Cashmere shawl round his neck. The custom-house officer, searching the next luggage to mine, unearthed two boxes of cigars; of course these were contraband. He spake as follows, 'Which are the best?' Opens box. 'Have you a light?—I forgot; we must not smoke here. Well, I will take a few to smoke after my supper.' Takes twenty cigars, and passes the rest.

Dec. 14, '66, *Friday.*

I have been on my feet all day, delivering letters of introduction. These are plants that require to be put in early, or they are apt to flower after the sower has quitted the country. I went to-day into Messrs. Appleton's store. The stores of the Broadway are the most wonderful glorified shops ever seen. Something between a Manchester warehouse and a London clubhouse. Everybody is talking so much of the rush there will be to the Exhibition in Paris, that we have actually been this day to the Cunard Office, and secured passages back to England, to sail from New York on March 20th; some ten days after which, au revoir.

I have spent all my day in going to and fro in Broadway, the wonderful street of New York; in ten years' time the finest street in the world. At present, there are still so many small old houses standing in line with the enormous stores, that the effect is somewhat spoilt, by reason of the ranks not being well dressed. Broadway is now much in the condition of a child's mouth when cutting its second set of teeth; slightly gappy. The enormous stores look even larger now than they will do when the intervals are filled up. The external splendour of the shops is chiefly architectural; they make no great display of goods in the windows; but the large

size of the rooms within enables them to set out and exhibit many times the amount of goods that an English shopkeeper shows.

The city of New York is on the southern point of Manhattan island, having the East River running along one side, and the North River or Hudson along the other. Some day far in the future, when the present municipality is purged or swept away, and the splendour of the Thames Embankment scheme has been realised, New York will probably have two lines of quays, planted with trees and edged with warehouses, which will make it one of the finest cities in the world. The business quarter is at the point of the peninsula. The fashionable quarter is to the North, reaching every year farther inland. As the city increases, the stores keep moving Northwards, taking possession of the houses, and driving the residents farther back. The land is not yet built over up to Central Park, said to be so called because it will be the future centre of the city that is to be.

The concentrated crowd, that passes along Broadway in the morning 'down Town' to its business, and back in the evening 'up Town' to its homes, is enormous; but the pavements are bad for men and abominable for horses; to-day I saw five horses down and two lying dead. At the same time, allowance must be made for the fact that it has been snowing and thawing and freezing again; but

as this is no uncommon state of things in this climate, why pave the streets with flat stones which give no foothold? The 'Street Cars' are the universal means of conveyance. These are Omnibuses running on tramways, but the name of Omnibus is unknown; if you speak of a 'Bus' you are stared at. A young New Yorker, recently returned from London, was escorting his cousin home one evening; as the way was long, he stopped and said, 'Hold on, Mary, and let's take a Bus.' 'No, George, not here in the street,' the coy damsel replied.

New York is not a difficult city to find your way about in. Along every Avenue runs a line of Street Cars on an iron tramway. The cars take you for ten cents currency, about fourpence English, from one end of the city to the other. The Avenues are the streets which run the length of the city from North to South, parallel to Broadway; and are called First, Second, Third Avenue, numbering from the East. The streets run at right angles to the Avenues; and are called on the one side of Broadway First, Second, and Third East Street, and on the other side of Broadway First, Second, and Third West Street. The whole city is shaped somewhat like a kite, with Broadway for the wooden rib in the middle. The method and arrangement is admirable, but the rate at which you move on wheels would excite the contempt of a London cabby. There are

two Hansome cabs in New York, but they do not take; horses are falling down too much just now.

On the opposite side of the Hudson is Jersey City; and on the opposite side of the East River is Brooklyn; each a large city in itself. Communication is kept with these by large covered ferry-boats running perpetually, carrying at each trip a hundred or more passengers at about three cents a-head, and a score or more of carriages and carts.

At this point (writing in bed) I upset my ink-stand, rang the bell violently, and requested the waiter who answered it, to take away the sheet, and take measures for getting the ink out while wet. He replied with great sang-froid, 'That's of no consequence here, we wash it in milk, and it all comes out.' Is that a fact in the old country, or a fiction in the new?

This Fifth Avenue Hotel is a splendid building, at the junction of Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, all faced with white marble. They tell you that they have a hundred suites of apartments, and can accommodate a thousand guests. They board and lodge you at five dollars currency a-day, equal to 16*s.* 6*d.* English. The board does not include wines, spirits, or baths. The lodging does not include one of the hundred suites of apartments, but is limited to a small bedroom tolerably high up. You need not weary yourself with climbing; the

lift, like the street cars, is always on the move, always going up except when it is coming down, which is the time when you want to go up. There are some few traps for extras, but easily avoidable.

What do you think of the enclosed Bill of fare, everything cooked in first-rate style, and no limit as to quantity. You may have everything marked on the bill for breakfast on the table at once if you like. I have not seen any one attempt to swallow the bill and the whole bill yet; but it is not at all an uncommon thing to see a man order half-a-dozen meat-dishes for breakfast. A gentleman told me yesterday, that there has lately been a successful strike among the bricklayers and plasterers; and that the contractor who is finishing a house for him is paying them six dollars currency (equal to 19*s.* 7½*d.*) a-day. Of course this is an instance of a very successful strike; but the result is that Pat the bricklayer might be living at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and have a dollar a-day to spend upon beer, tobacco, and tailors' bills.

The currency is in a great state of complication here; silver and gold, I am told, we shall never see again until we return to England. Gold being yesterday at 137⅜, the pound sterling was worth six dollars and ten cents of 'currency' or American paper-money, which is the current coin of the commonwealth in which hotel bills and wages are

paid. The condition of the small paper-money is indescribable; imagine bank-notes having to stand the wear and tear of a copper currency. Ancient curl-papers are nothing to them. F—— received a Five-cent bill yesterday in change, fresh, I fancy, from the recesses of a negro's pocket; the (s)cent was quite plain about it. He held it at arm's length, sniffed at it, and presented it gravely to a beggar; and proposes to tell his friends at home that you never in New York give a beggar less than a bank-note. It is the filthiest lucre invented yet.

We went to-day to the top of Trinity Church tower; a beautiful panorama, with the bay of New York to the south, the city stretching away northward, and a great river on either side. But it was bitterly cold at the top, as we had heavy snow yesterday, and the wind was blowing keenly. We went also to the Gold Exchange, and gold happened to be 'very sensitive' this morning and would go up, in consequence of some rumours from Mexico, which made it possible that the time for United States interference was nearer than had been supposed. The noise was deafening; neither the Stock Exchange nor the Ring at Epsom at all approach it. All the men engaged in a business which one would suppose required more experience than any other, the buying and selling of gold, seemed to be under twenty-five years of age; most of them much

younger, some quite boys. The reason given me was that older heads could not stand the tumult. All gesticulating, all vociferating, every man with a note-book and pencil, crowded round a ring in the centre of the Hall like a little cock-pit to which you descend by steps; every now and then a man struggles out from the crush, and rushes to the telegraph office in the corner of the Hall; every now and then a man rushes out of the telegraph corner with some news, which oozes out and makes the crowd howl and seethe again. The hands of a big dial on the wall are moved on from time to time, marking the hour of the day and the price of gold. This is the dial of the barometer of national prosperity, marked by gold instead of mercury.

As the magazines say, 'To be continued in our next.'

Dec. 19, '66, *Wednesday.*

The ice bears well. Walked up to Central Park to see the skating. Last year there were forty days' continuous skating here; so you may suppose they bring it to some perfection. Several ladies were skating beautifully; one doing the outside edge backward in a style not often seen. Athletic sports generally are making progress here; and skating is highly fashionable. It is said to have made its way South from Canada; but New York has not yet started the splendid Canadian 'Rinks,' which answer

the purpose of ball-rooms for skaters. They have deep snow now in Canada ; but it is not deep enough here yet to bring the sleighs out in any quantity.

A huge sum of money has been laid out on Central Park, the Bois de Boulogne of New York. When the timber has grown larger, it will be very pretty. The ground is rocky, with little depth of soil upon it ; this makes it difficult to get the trees to grow ; but on the other hand gives the place a feature not to be found in our Parks or at the Bois, in the large masses of brown sandstone cropping up through the turf here and there, and in the rocky shores of the little lakes.

In the evening we went, by invitation of our courteous Banker, to the Assembly at Delmonico's rooms. In this we consider ourselves highly honoured and introduced to the best society of New York. The toilets and the diamonds were resplendent, and one figure of the 'German' (cotillon), in which the ladies formed two groups in the centre, facing inwards with their bright trains spread out behind them, was a splendid piece of colour and costume. Prince Doria was there, and most of the magnates of the city looked in. Some of the wealthiest people in the room were pointed out to me as the present representatives of the families of the old Dutch settlers ; these are the pedigrees respected here.

Dec. 20, '66, *Thursday.*

We left New York, having stayed exactly a week, and meaning to return again. By rail to Philadelphia, ninety-two miles, through a flat snow-covered country, which, under the circumstances, looked as dismal as might be. The latter part of our journey lay along the left bank of the Delaware, which we crossed by a long wooden bridge, and arrived at the Continental Hotel just at dusk. It is evident we are moving South. The waiters at this hotel are all Darkies.

Dec. 21, '66, *Friday.*

Philadelphia is a most difficult town just now for pedestrians, the doorsteps being all of white marble glazed with ice; and sliding on the pavement may be had in perfection. Spent the best part of the day in slipping about, trying to deliver letters of introduction. The system of naming the streets of Philadelphia and of numbering the houses is extremely ingenious, and answers perfectly when you have made yourself acquainted with it; but as it takes an ordinary mind a week to find it out, the stranger who stops four or five days is apt to execrate it. All the streets run at right angles to one another, so that a short cut, the joy of the accomplished Londoner, is impossible. It is a chess-board upon which the Bishop's move is unknown.

Nothing diagonal can be done. The city is ruled like a page of a ledger, from top to bottom with streets, from side to side with avenues. It is all divided into squares. When you are first told this, a vision arises of the possibility of cutting across these squares from corner to corner. Not a bit of it—a square at Philadelphia means a solid block of houses, not an open space enclosed by buildings. When you have wandered about for some time, the idea suggests itself that every house is exactly like the house next to it; although the inhabitants have given up the old uniformity of costume, the houses have not; and without this elaborate system of numbering, the inhabitants of Philadelphia would never be able to find their way home. Nevertheless, if that is the finest town in which its inhabitants are best lodged, Philadelphia is the finest town in the world. It lodges a much smaller population than that of New York in more houses. In no other large town are rents comparatively so cheap. Every decent working-man can afford to have his separate house, with gas and water laid on, and fitted with a bath.

We have been making a study of the Negro waiters. Perhaps the cold weather affects them; but the first thing about them that strikes you is the apathetic infantine feeble-mindedness of the 'coloured persons' lately called niggers. I say nothing of the seven coloured persons, of various

shades, who always sit in a row on a bench in the hall, each with a little clothes-brush in his hand, and never attempt to do anything; I allude to those who minister to my wants in the coffee-room with utterly unknown dishes. I breakfasted yesterday off Dunfish and cream, Indian pudding, and dipped toast; for dinner I had a baked Blackfish with Soho sauce, and stewed venison with port wine; for vegetables marrow, squash, and stewed tomatoes; and for pudding 'floating island!' You see there is some excitement about dinner. After you have ordered four courses of the unknown, and your coloured person has gone in the direction of the kitchen, you sit with the mouth of expectation wide open. Sometimes you get grossly deceived. Yesterday F—— ordered 'Jole,' and was sitting in a state of placid doubt, when his coloured person returned with a plate of pickled pork. At present I am quite of the opinion of the wise man who discovered that coloured persons are born and grow in exactly the same way as uncoloured persons up to the age of thirteen; and that they then cease to develop their skulls and their intelligence. All the waiters in this hotel appear to be just about the age of thirteen. There are two who in wisdom are nearly twelve; and one grey-headed old fellow who is just over fourteen.

Dec. 22, '66, Saturday.

This land is renowned for its prison systems. To-day we went over the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, once before described by Charles Dickens in his American Notes. The system has been a good deal altered since that time. They have found out, as we did in England, that the solitary system, as first introduced in all its severity, required a great deal of modification. When first patented, the machine which professed to turn out honest men only produced lunatics. Here, as with us, they have mitigated both the solitude and the silence, and have given the prisoner employment and exercise for mind and body, instead of leaving him to brood over his sins and misfortunes in helpless idleness.

The problem of prison discipline is as important here as with us. The Penitentiary to-day contains five hundred and seventy-one prisoners, the largest number they have ever had within the walls; all of them men, except about twenty women. They only keep here a sufficient number of women to do the necessary washing and mending for the male prisoners. The longest sentence is that of a man sentenced to twenty-six years and a half imprisonment, sentence upon sentence, for an accumulation of crimes. The next longest term is that of a woman imprisoned for eighteen years.

The prison, built in galleries, mostly of two stories, radiating from a centre, covers ten acres. Each man is in a separate cell, and no male prisoner can speak to another; but each has an opportunity of conversing with the attendants once at least in the day. The women are sometimes put together, two in one cell. Reformatory schools, by which in England children are removed from gaols, seem not yet to have been established here. Each prisoner is made to practise some trade or other. If he does not know a trade, he is taught one. The trades taught are those of the shoemaker, tailor, chair-maker, cigar-maker, weaver, weaver's winder, carpenter, and blacksmith. There is a teacher of each trade in attendance. The goods produced are sold at auction in the town. Each man is bound to finish a certain daily task; and if he does more, he is entitled to so much money, which he may spend in tobacco or other small luxuries. His purchases are supplied to him at wholesale prices from the prison stores. No one may begin work before five a.m., or continue it after nine p.m.; between those times they may regulate their hours of labour as they please. There are no restrictions as to silence: the prisoners may sing or whistle at their work, so long as they do not make so much noise as to molest their neighbours. I heard no one singing and no one whistling. If they are musical, they can have in-

struments: the gaol is supplied with flutes, violins, and banjos. Fancy performing on a banjo in a solitary cell! They have a large lending library, which has been read at until the books are black and ragged. Their diet is ample; and if they have not enough of anything, they can call for more; and if the request is at all reasonable, get it. In the morning each man has a large loaf of good bread made of wheat and Indian corn mixed, and coffee sweetened with molasses; each has a quart of molasses served out to him on the first of the month. For dinner, soup with vegetables in it, and beef. For tea, cocoa and the remainder of his bread. Apples and other small luxuries are allowed to be brought in by the friends of the prisoner by permission of the warden.

For exercise, the women are allowed to take the air upon a balcony which commands a view of all the prison, and from which they can see beyond the walls. The men take a turn every morning, for forty minutes in winter and for fifty in summer, in the little yard at the back of each cell. These little yards have been planted by the prisoners with flowers and fruit-trees; one has a grape-vine, and another a peach-tree. The present occupants this autumn will eat the fruit of trees planted by departed convicts, and are planting for the benefit of the next generation. Some of them have a continuing interest

in the place. They showed us a cell in which a weaver had arabesqued the walls with considerable taste in very humble imitation of Raphael's Loggia. He had obtained his colours by extracting the dyes from the yarns given him to work with. The decoration of the cell was only half completed when he came out at the expiration of his sentence; but fortunately before long he committed another offence, was caught and convicted, and confined in the same cell, and of course completed his design. The warder said mournfully 'It *was* beautiful, but the colours are fading now.' The artist can hardly be expected to come in again to restore its freshness. Some half-dozen favoured prisoners work in the garden of the gaol, and raise vegetables for the rest. These are not hood-winked, and may see and converse with one another. But if a stranger be in the garden, or in the corridor through which they are passing, then their faces are covered that they may not be recognised. Ameliorate it how you please, this solitary system still remains a fearful ordeal for any human being. Is there any residuum in life worth having when you have taken away the interchange of love and the reciprocity of duties? Two of these convicts had just been detected whispering to one another through the pipe which led from the sink in one cell to the sink in the next. The desire for society must have been intense, to drive them to

discover such a medium for the exchange of sighs and sympathies.

From the Penitentiary we went to the Girard College. M. Girard was a Frenchman by birth, who made a large fortune by trade in Philadelphia, and disposed of it with the munificence of a Peabody. The college estates this year produced 152,000 dollars, say £25,000. The college contains at present four hundred and seventy-five boys. The qualifications necessary for admission are, that you are poor, that your father is dead, and that you were born in Philadelphia. The college consists of five large blocks of building; the central building contains all the class-rooms and lecture-rooms; the wings are the residences of the professors and the pupils. It is beautifully situated upon a rising ground, so that the great portico is conspicuous from afar. The centre building is of solid white marble, and looks like a reproduction of the Madeleine. The pillars of the portico are fifty-five feet in height from pavement to ceiling. The central building is said to have cost 2,000,000 dollars and the four side buildings 50,000 dollars each.

In one of the corridors we fell in with a stray Professor, who very kindly not only showed us over the whole building, but took us through every lecture-room, and introduced us to all the other Professors both gentlemen and ladies; whereby for the

time we were a woeful interruption to the studies of the four hundred and seventy-five orphans. I had the honour to be introduced to each of the Professors as being 'from Oxford,' and it was pleasant to see that the name of the old University seemed to touch a chord of respect and kindly feeling in the hearts of the Transatlantic teachers. We went to the chapel, where all the boys were assembled for Evening Prayer. The Head-master, an old officer, read the Parable of the Sower, all sitting; and then the Lord's Prayer, all kneeling except the Professors, who stood up. The last Head-master was an Episcopalian, and used the Prayer-book; the present is a Baptist, and has cut the service shorter, probably to the advantage of the small boys.

In the vestibule of the great white temple is a marble statue of M. Girard the founder, a little old man with a kindly face. I picture him as wearing nankeens and gaiters, and a frill to his shirt in spite of the Quakers; and taking an occasional pinch of snuff. Much bullied as an office-boy in early youth, he contracts a habit of sympathy for the unprotected, knows nothing of his relations in France, and leaves all his fortune to the orphans of his adopted town. May not something be said in favour of bullying the present rising generation, in order that they may be kind to the next?

Even in this city of Penn, the distinctive marks of

Quakerism are dying out. The Quaker dress does not seem much more common in Philadelphia than in any other city, nor do they use the 'thee' and 'thou' in the streets; but at their own fire-sides, where the old people sit, they still speak the old language. A Quaker in the streets is not to be distinguished from other Philadelphians. I was talking to Mr. C—— about this, and he said 'Let me introduce you to a Quaker; I am a member of the Church myself.' L—— was not quite clear whether he was a Quaker or not. His parents had been; his sons certainly were not. Some of the best of the Southern soldiers came from the City of the Quakers. There is a story of a Quaker girl, who was exchanging rings with her lover as he set off to join the army; when they parted she said, 'Thee must not wear it on thy trigger-finger, George.'

Dined with Mr. L—— the publisher. He showed us over his enormous store, which seemed to be a model of discipline and organisation; and described the book-market of America as being, like the Union, one and indivisible; and opened his ledger in which were the names of customers in every State in the Union. He told us that he had about five thousand open accounts with different American booksellers. His policy is to keep in stock everything that a country bookseller requires, from a Bible to a stick of sealing-wax, so that when their stores get low,

they are able to write to him, for everything they want. He contends, as other Philadelphians do, that New York is not the capital of America, but only its chief port of import, and that Philadelphia is the chief centre for distribution. Mr. Hepworth Dixon had been here not long before; and, as was right and fitting in the City of Quakers, a high banquet had been held in honour of the vindicator of William Penn.

Dec. 23, '66, *Sunday.*

A fearfully Sabbatical day. Nothing can be conceived more dreary than the aspect of the big bar-room of the Continental Hotel. The bar being closed and the supply of liquors cut off, the wretched travellers who had no family-circles to join had drawn their chairs round the four iron pillars; against which they propped their legs, and smoked in dismal silence alleviated by yesterday's newspapers. Our condition was better, for we dined with Mr. F——, a far-travelled well-read agreeable host, withal a fiery Northerner, to whom England will have to humble herself in that unfortunate Alabama business. He is hot also on educational matters, and kindly promises to get Mr. Shippen, the President of the Board of Controllers of Public Schools, to meet us on our return here.

Dec. 24, '66, *Monday.*

By rail to Baltimore, ninety-eight miles. A flat dreary country; the land dismally doing penance in a white sheet of snow, and the waters covered with ice; possibly a pleasant country enough in summer, when the banks of its great rivers are green. As far as Wilmington, some thirty miles, we skirted the right bank of the estuary of the Delaware. Ten miles further, and we passed into Maryland, crossed the Susquehanna, and kept along the right bank of the Chesapeake Bay until we approached Baltimore. Outside the town we passed some large redoubts, thrown up partly to protect the town and partly to overawe the citizens—the first sign of the civil war which we have seen.

When an American train reaches a town it does not dream of pulling up short in a suburb, but advances slowly through the streets; the driver on the engine rings a large bell, and a man on horseback rides in front to clear the way. Thus we entered Baltimore, arrived at the terminus and uncoupled the engine; and then, still sitting in the railway-car, were drawn by a team of horses along the street-rails to the terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway on the other side of the town. The axles of the wheels of these huge railway-cars turn like the front-wheels of a carriage, so that they are

able to go round moderately sharp corners in a most surprising manner, and are got through the streets with much less difficulty than ladies' trunks are carried through the passages of hotels. On our way we were drawn along Price's Street, where at the beginning of the war the Federal troops were fired upon as they were passing through the town in the cars.

At the terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway we found our friends the H——s, and travelled in their company to Ellicott's Mills—a station some fifteen miles from the town. One Ellicott, whose family has already perished from the place, dammed up the Patapsco, a noisy brawling river, and built grain-mills there; but the country round being hilly and cool, the place now thrives by the building of country-houses for the citizens of Baltimore, and has a pleasant little society. The Swedish ambassador has a house there, and doubtless finds it much more economical than living in Washington.

Christmas festivities had begun; every ten minutes or oftener a gun or a squib was fired off, giving one the idea that the war had not ended yet at Ellicott's Mills. Christmas is not properly observed unless you brew 'egg-nog' for all comers; everybody calls upon everybody else; and each call is celebrated by a solemn egg-nogging. Egg-nog is made in this wise: our egg-nog was made so, and was decided

after a good deal of nogging around, to be *the* brew in Ellicott's Mills:—'Beat up the yolks of twelve eggs with powdered sugar, then beat up with them a pint of brandy, a quart of cream, and a quart of milk; lastly beat up the whites of your twelve eggs, and add them as a head and crown to your syllabub.' It is made cold, and is drunk cold, and is to be commended. We had brought a store of sugar-plums, as the children all expect presents at this time. They hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, and in the morning find them filled with goodies. At New York this is done by Criskindle (Christ kinde) and at Baltimore by Santa Claus (San Nicolas).

We went to two country parties near Baltimore. I could see very little in which they differed from similar Christmas dances in Sussex or Cheshire. They run us hard both in the vigour of the dancing and in the excellence of the suppers. Life seems to have been very easy here before the war, but now the agricultural interest, by which I mean the well-to-do gentlemen farmers owning some five or six-hundred acres of cleared land, are poor compared with what they were. They cannot get labour, and a good deal of land about here is going out of cultivation. I did not find that the land was changing hands much, but there was an Englishman in Baltimore while we were there who was going down that morning to see a farm 'two miles from Centreville,

Maryland, situated in a beautiful rich country, with a large house, stables, and offices, barns and labourers' cottages, in good repair; the ordinary crops being wheat, corn, tobacco, clover, and sorghum.' The farm consisted of four hundred and twenty-seven acres of land cleared and improved; 20,000 dollars currency, say £3,300, were asked, and he expected that 15,000 dollars, or £2,475, = £5 16*s.* an acre, would be accepted.

We heard a good deal of the duck-shooting in the upper part of the Chesapeake Bay. The canvas-back and other ducks feed on the wild celery which grows in the shallow brackish waters. When the weather is hard and the bay frozen, as I regret to say it is now, the ducks are found to take to the open waters, where they are not to be got at, and if got, are rank with the fish on which they have been feeding. One mode of shooting them when the weather is propitious, is to dig a hole and raise a screen, behind which the sportsman sits as in a rifle-pit, armed with one or more huge duck-guns, and a bottle of whisky to keep him from taking cold. In front of his position along the shore are his decoy-ducks; one or two being live ducks tied by the leg, who actually have the simplicity or treachery to quack aloud when wild ducks fly over them; the others being dummy ducks the size of life, resembling the little ducks of infancy which are guided by a magnet in a basin of water.

The sportsman is also provided with a call made from a large reed, on which he imitates the wild-duck's cry; and if neither call-birds nor decoy-ducks will draw, he does a little quacking for himself.

The other mode of 'ducking' is to take your stand in the grey of the morning or at dusk on one of the spits of land running out into the bay, and fire into the flights of wild-fowl as they cross over your head. Enormous bags are made sometimes. One of our friends had just received from a sporting neighbour a hamper containing twenty-four ducks of different kinds.

Dec. 28, '66, *Friday.*

I cannot describe to you how cold it is. We certainly must go further south. Last night F—— and myself were both quartered in the same room, and piled logs of wood on the stove before turning in to bed; yet this morning the water in the jug by my bedside was frozen three-quarters of an inch thick. Every one has heard of the Canadian winter, but I had no idea it was so cold in the States. In Pennsylvania the snow commonly covers the ground for three months every year, in Massachusetts for four months, and in Maine for five. North of New York the ice is expected to carry a loaded wagon, and the sea sometimes freezes along the shore. On this side of the Continent the thermometer varies from

forty degrees in winter to eighty in summer, while on the Pacific coast the temperature is very equable. At San Francisco in California, which is very few degrees south of this, the average temperature of spring, summer, autumn, and winter does not vary five degrees.

In spite of the cold, we were seized with a desire to go out shooting. Ducks were not to be got at; so we decided that they were fishy, on the same principle as the fox held the grapes to be sour; and went in pursuit of 'partridges.' The partridge of Maryland is a kind of large quail. The same bird is called a partridge in one part of the States and a quail in another; the fact being that most American birds are similar to European birds, but all differing from them. Settlers from England of course gave the birds English names; but the attempts at identification have resulted in a considerable amount of confusion. I know I have read a story somewhere of a settler in the backwoods, to whom the confiding nature of the American robin was a great comfort; the bird would perch upon his spade, as much as to say 'How are you, my English friend? and how did you leave all the little robins in England?' But in fact, the American robin is a red-breasted thrush; and the bird called a pheasant is a species of large grouse.

There was a keen North-westerly wind blowing

when we went in pursuit of little partridges, alias quails; who very wisely had taken to the woods, where we had to walk them up without dogs: and if it was hard to find them when alive, it was still more difficult to find them when knocked down, as the wounded birds creep under the dead leaves. The bitter wind quite defeated us. Last night it blew almost a hurricane. I see by this evening's papers that the telegraph posts have been blown in all directions, and the Cunard steamer Australian somehow ran ashore as she was coming into harbour at New York. Nevertheless we have news from England of the 26th, of the arrival of the three yachts.

We spent one Sybaritic afternoon at the Union Club. The first part of the entertainment consisted of a seat in the club-window to watch the pretty girls of Baltimore, and they are many, turning out for their evening parade; the second act consisted in a small dinner, the great fact in which was Terrapin soup. There are Terrapins and Ferrapins; the black-shelled, which inhabit salt water, and the yellow with black spots, who love the fresh. Select the latter for soup: take out the gall-bladder, and the sand-bag; and all that remains of callipash and callipee between the two shells of the miniature turtle is dainty faring. In the words of my host, who spoke the figurative language of Young America, the terrapin is 'a nice bird.' One great art of the negro waiter is the

adjustment of your chair; as you approach the table he withdraws it, as you sit down he places it under you: at Baltimore only the waiter has attained to such skill that the chair never requires a final adjustment. At Baltimore there is no 'last hitch' to your chair. They know how to live here, but it costs money. A very moderate house in the best parts of the city lets for 2000 dollars (£330) a-year. A carriage and one horse can be kept for 500 dollars (£85) a-year. To go to any place of amusement in an evening costs a dollar and a half (5*s.*) But then credits are very short, shorter than what we call cash in England; and when trade is brisk a Baltimore merchant will sometimes turn his capital over ten times in the course of the year. With the American system of short credits, double the business is done with half the capital required in England.

You have heard a good deal of the recklessness of American trading; now hear some of the precautions taken by the careful. The gentleman with whom I dined to-day, Mr. A——, deals in say six articles, which are all imported into America. The importation is carried on almost entirely from three ports, say Liverpool, Hamburgh, and Southampton. At each of these ports he has one of the clerks in the custom-house in his pay, giving him say £50 a-year. He receives a letter from each of these ports by every mail, apprising him what shipments have been

made of the articles in which he is interested, by what ships, to what American ports, consigned to what houses. By this means he is posted up as to the exact state of the market, and is able to sell or hold, to raise his price or lower it. He knows the average consumption, he knows what stock there is in the country, and he knows what is about to arrive. While I was with him to-day he had the satisfaction of informing a friend, Mr. B——, that certain goods were *en route* to him from England in a certain ship, my friend A—— having received his advices of the shipment from his custom-house clerk before B——, the consignee, had received his invoices.

All goods are insured against loss by sea, and the insurances cover not only the goods, but the largest profit likely to be made upon them. This is necessary inasmuch as the bill of lading will very likely have changed hands more than once before the ship arrives, the goods having been sold and re-sold while on their voyage.

All the customers of the firm are rated on the books as *a*, *aa*, *aaa*, or *aaaa*, according to the number of dollars they are supposed to be worth; and they are trusted accordingly. A man's embarrassments become quickly known in America, inasmuch as all bills of sale and mortgages are made by a public enrolment, open to everybody's inspection at the proper office, and are invalid unless enrolled.

In every city where the firm have a customer, they have also a legal adviser, who will apprise them of his first symptoms of weakness. Since this system was adopted many years ago, they have not had occasion to write off a single bad debt.

We are beginning now to get among the Southerners, and I have had some interesting conversations with men who have seen a great deal of the war. I will bring my notes together. X—— had been present at the fitting out of the Merrimac. The old frigate had been burnt nearly to the water's edge; but all that they wanted of her was left. They sawed her off all round just above the water-line; and put on her a wooden roof like that of a house, the eaves coming down two feet below the water-line. This wooden roof they covered with iron-bars made from the rails on which the street-cars ran in the streets at Richmond. Their rolling-machine would only manufacture plates one inch in thickness; so the first coating of iron was only one inch thick. Then they improved the rolling-machine; and manufactured bars five inches wide and two inches thick; and covered the ship with two additional layers of iron, the first horizontal, and the second running from eaves to ridge-pole. In all she carried eight hundred tons of iron; and the whole ship weighed 2500 tons. They re-christened her the Virginia, but the old name stuck to her, and the Merrimac she remained.

She had only four guns on board, and was fitted with a temporary cast-iron prow; when her architect one day standing on the shore, to his astonishment saw that she had left her station and was steaming out down the river. Admiral Buchanan, tempted by the sight of the two wooden frigates in the roads, had ordered her out to fight. She left her cast-iron beak sticking in the side of the Cumberland, and was fitted with a new one of wrought-iron, when she fought the Monitor.

Afterwards they built another ram at Richmond, and called her also the Virginia. Her shield or roof was built at an angle of thirty degrees; but no angle or strength can resist the blow of a thirteen-inch shot striking the shield from above almost at a right-angle. One of these huge shots struck the Virginia in this manner; and the splinters from the wooden backing of the shield killed eighteen men. When the Navy Yard was abandoned and burnt, the Merrimac could not retire up the James River more than five miles, for she drew twenty-four feet of water. She might have run through the fleet past Norfolk, and should have tried it; but it was thought more advisable to sink her, and sunk she was. Her bows were blown right out.

'The South made a great mistake in not sticking to the old flag: it is not to be told how many sailors were lost by this mistake. The South made another

terrible mistake in not sending all the cotton out of the country before the blockade was formed; it would have put us in funds. When Lee surrendered, we had come to simple starvation. For six months before that, the soldiers had not had enough to eat. On the morning of the surrender, we knew something was going to happen, for General Lee had dressed himself, contrary to his custom, in full uniform. When the soldiers crowded round him, he told them there was no prospect left but starvation or surrender. Many of the men shed tears. We had been drawing our last supplies from Georgia, and Sherman marched right through it. Towards the end of the war, the Northern cavalry did terrible service. They covered the country in advance of the line of march, and burnt the depôts before our tired troops reached them. It was killing work at the end of a long day's march, when we expected food, to find the depôt destroyed. Sometimes the soldiers scraped up from the ground the horse corn which the enemy's cavalry had dropped. Our troops were often short of ammunition; and victories have been claimed by the North because our troops retired when they had not another shot to fire.'

'Mr. Lincoln at his election had not the vote of a single Southern State. He was chosen to carry out the views of the North. The South said, If you do not mean to abide by the constitution, let us go out

and live by ourselves. We mean to abide by it. But the North knew that they could not stand without us. How have they observed the constitution? "No State shall be coerced," says the constitution: have they not coerced us? "No State shall be divided:" have they not divided Virginia? Slavery is recognised by the constitution: have they not set the slaves against their masters? I wish we were all colonies of England again. My God! when I contrast the government of Canada with that of the South! It cannot last much more than eight years; then there will be a split between the North and the West, and the South will have a casting-vote.'

'A great extent of land formerly cultivated must go for ever out of cultivation now; the low lands, upon which white men cannot work. The white overseers could never sleep on the rice plantations. They always had to ride off at night six or seven miles, up into the pine-thickets, to sleep.'

'The negroes are just like children; they do not know how to take care of themselves. Of the sixteen negroes who belonged to my family and descended to me, seven have died of starvation since they got their freedom. Negroes have no spirit; if they feel the least illness, they give themselves up for dead; a pain they call a misery. "Massa, I have such a misery in my back," or "a terrible misery in my leg." They are no more able to shift for themselves than so many babies.'

The conduct of Mr. Davis is severely criticised, for carrying on the war after he knew that resistance was hopeless: he refused to make peace at a time when better terms of peace were offered by the North than could possibly have been got by carrying on the war. At Fortress Monro (where Mr. Davis is now confined), within three months of the time when General Lee surrendered and the South collapsed, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward offered to the Southern Commissioners appointed to treat with them, the following terms of peace. The Union to be restored, an amnesty and pardon to all who had borne arms, and the owners of slaves to receive 400,000,000 dollars, or £90,000,000 sterling, as the price of the freedom of the negroes. Whether it was thought that such an offer was an indication of weakness on the part of the North,—whether it was thought that reconciliation was not possible on any terms,—whether it was thought that war to the bitterest end was preferable to reconciliation, I know not: but these terms were refused, at a time when those who rejected them knew that victory was impossible; and the bitter end was deliberately preferred.

I had been curious to find whether in the heat of the war any good poetry had been written; and went to-day into a bookseller's shop to enquire for battle-songs or ballads. I found that Miss Emily Mason had collected and arranged a volume called

'Southern Poems of the War.' Those which follow seem to me to be some of the best in the book, and well worth quoting. The best of all is 'Maryland, my Maryland,' by James R. Randall, a poem often quoted in fragments, but of which I have never seen the whole before.

MARYLAND!

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to thy wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come, with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,
'*Sic Semper*'—'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come, to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot—the blade—the bowl—
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

The following poetic version of an incident in one of the Wilderness fights, by R. Thompson, formerly editor of the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' appeared first in a New Orleans magazine, 'The Crescent Monthly.'

LEE TO THE REAR.

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May
Broke through the Wilderness cool and gray,
While perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's 'Songs without words.'

Far from the haunts of men remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note,
And nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of the Spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little as daylight increased,
And deepened the roseate flush in the East—
Little by little, did morning reveal
Two long glittering lines of steel;

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see,
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the rebels their ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes o'er the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found a grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain!

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared—
Yet a deadlier fire on their columns poured—
Slaughter infernal rode with despair,
Furies twain through the smoky air.

Not far off in the saddle there sat,
A grey-bearded man in a black slouched hat;
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful, he kept his eye
On two bold rebel brigades close by—
Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease,
While the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bull-dog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped
A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old grey-beard rode to the space,
Where death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouched hat—
A world of meaning there was in that!

'Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!'
This was what he seemed to say;
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply—

'We'll go forward, but you must go back'—
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track:
'Go to the rear, and we'll send them to hell!'
And the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea,
Bursting their dykes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky,
Streamed o'er a field of ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain,
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year—
Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest
Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed, and the cannon are dumb,
And Fate, with pitiless hand, has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world;

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides;
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The grey-bearded Man in the black slouch hat.

COMING AT LAST.

(By GEORGE H. MILES, Frederic County, Maryland.)

Up on the hill there,
Who are they, pray,
Three dusty troopers
Spurring this way?
And that squadron behind them?
Stand not aghast—
Why, these are the rebels, sir,
Coming at last!

Coming so carelessly,
Sauntering on,
Into the midst of us,
Into our town;
Thrice thirty miles to-day
These men have passed,
Stuart at the head of them
Coming at last!

Oh, sir! no gold lace
Burns in the sun,
But each blooded war-horse
And rider seem one.
These men could ride at need,
Outride the blast—
O yes, sir, the rebels
Are coming at last!

Circling Mac's army,
Three days at work!
Under that smile of theirs
Famine may lurk.
Out with the best you have,
Fill the bowl fast,
For Jeff's ragged rebels
Are coming at last!

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT.

(Said to be by LAMAR FONTAINE, 2nd Virginia Cavalry.)

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,'
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

'All quiet along the Potomac to-night,'
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for his children asleep—
For their mother, may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmured vows,
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—ha! Mary, good bye!
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing!

'All quiet along the Potomac to-night,'
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty for ever!

MISSING.

In the cool sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May-buds sprinkle the green old sward,
And the winds, and the birds, and the limpid brook,
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound;
Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
With his pale cheek pressed on a breezy pillow,
Couched where the light and the shadows cross
Through the flickering fringe of the willow,
Who lies, alas!
So still, so chill, in the whispering grass?

A soldier clad in the Zouave dress,
A bright-haired man, with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up o'er his frank, dead face,
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
Lies here in the shadows cool and dim,
His musket swept by a trailing bough;
With a careless grace in his quiet limbs,
And a wound on his manly brow;
A wound, alas!
Whence the warm blood drips on the quiet grass.

The violets peer from their dusky beds,
With a tearful dew in their great pure eyes,
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
Their pale lips full of sad surprise;
And the lizard darts through the glistening fern—
And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary;
Strange birds fly out with a cry, to bathe
Their wings in the sunset glory,
While the shadows pass
O'er the quiet face and the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who awaits at home
With her lily cheeks, and her violet eyes,
Dreaming the sweet old dream of love,
While her lover is walking in Paradise;
God strengthen her heart as the days go by,
And the long, drear nights of her vigil follow,
Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind
May breathe the tale of the hollow;
Alas! alas!
The secret is safe with the woodland grass.

READING THE LIST.

'Is there any news of the war?' she said;
'Only a list of the wounded and dead,'
Was the man's reply,
Without lifting his eye
To the face of the woman standing by.
''Tis the very thing I want,' she said;
'Read me a list of the wounded and dead.'

He read the list—'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray;
In the very midst was a pause to tell
That his comrades asked, 'Who is he, pray?'
'The only son of the Widow Gray,'
Was the proud reply
Of his Captain nigh.
What ails the woman standing near?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear!

Well, well, read on; is he wounded? quick!
O God! but my heart is sorrow sick!'
'Is he wounded?' 'No! he fell, they say,
Killed outright on that fatal day!'
But see, the woman has swooned away!

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light;
Slowly recalled the events of the fight;
Faintly she murmured, 'Killed outright!
It has cost me the life of my only son,
But the battle is fought and the victory won;
The will of the Lord, let it be done!'

God pity the cheerless Widow Gray,
And send from the halls of Eternal Day
The light of His peace to illumine her way!

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

(By Miss MARIE LACOSTE, of Savannah, Georgia.)

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread,
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for *somebody's* sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptised in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart:
There he lies, with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
'Somebody's darling lies buried here!'

The day is a long distance off when songs of the war will be heard in American drawing-rooms with as little political feeling being aroused by them as when a young lady in England sings 'Charlie is my darling,' or 'Bonnie Dundee.' There is, I believe, a similar collection of Northern Songs of the War, which I intended to have bought on my return to New York, but unfortunately forgot it in my hurry at leaving.

Jan. 1, 1867, *Tuesday.*

Yesterday being New Year's Eve, we transferred ourselves to Washington, for the purpose of presenting ourselves to the President at his grand levée this morning. Following our rule of always going to the largest hotel, we are at Willard's, where there is already a large assemblage of Members of Congress ready for the opening of the House on the 3rd. I have bought the 'Congressional Directory of the Second Session of the Thirty-ninth Congress of the U.S. of America.' There are great blanks in every

page; Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas, and Virginia, having neither senator nor representative in the present Congress. There are no Southerners in Washington except those who are making interest for their pardons.

On New Year's Day in Washington it is the custom to call on all your friends: the more distinguished members of society stop at home and 'receive;' and the rest of the world, each with a list of his friends in his hand, pass the day in going from house to house, paying rounds of morning-calls.

We put our letters of introduction in our pocket, and sallied forth to see if we could find somebody to present us to the President. We found all our distinguished friends were engaged in receiving visits, and all our less distinguished friends occupied in paying them. Then it occurred to us that this was a free country, and that it was the misfortune of the President of the United States that anybody might call upon him, whether introduced or not. So we walked quietly up to the front-door of the White House, and joined the string of people going in. A military band was playing in the hall. We passed through two ante-rooms, and just inside the door of the third room we came unexpectedly upon two gentlemen in black frock-coats and white kid-gloves. The taller of them waved his hand in the direction of

the other, and said, 'The President, Gentlemen.' The President shook each person by the hand, and said, 'Good morning, sir; I am happy to see you.' Behind him was a background of ladies, more black frock-coats, and a few blue uniforms; then we found ourselves propelled out at another door into the hall again, past the military band, and out at the front-door—a simple ceremony, leaving very few impressions on the mind, beyond the facts, that the President was in good health, that he was not a sort of man likely to let himself be bullied, and that considering the amount of hand-shaking he had gone through that morning, his white kid-gloves were still in very good order.

To the members of the Diplomatic Corps this total absence of ceremony is by no means agreeable. An ambassador or minister at a European court has a pleasant and dignified position; but in Washington it seems to be rather the opposite. The Americans have always prided themselves on keeping aloof from European politics, and on not belonging to the family of nations; one result of which is that they do not put themselves out of the way to make much of the representatives of foreign courts. They have no ceremonies of their own to which to invite the ceremonious; and looking on ministers as men, of course all men are equal.

But whatever minor griefs befell the Diplomatic

Body before, everything seems to have been capped upon the occasion when the Senate appointed Mr. Bancroft to deliver the oration at the Capitol upon Mr. Lincoln's character and death, and all the Diplomatic Body received official invitations to attend. Mr. Seward gave Sir Frederick Bruce a hint of what was coming; and he very properly refused to take the hint, and was present in his place, as were all the other representatives of foreign nations. They all sat in their places; and in the course of his oration Mr. Bancroft took each of their countries one by one and abused them to their faces. He edified the English Minister by an exposition of Lord Palmerston's useless career as compared with that of Mr. Lincoln. He did not even spare Belgium, but gratuitously mentioned that she was gravitating towards France, and it was a question of time how soon she would be swallowed up. The speech was applauded to the echo, and all eyes were fixed upon the Corps Diplomatic. The Corps Diplomatic not being a united body, could not agree to rise together and go out, and sat through it all. At dinner next day at Mr. Seward's, Mr. Bancroft was charged with the unfairness of his attacks, especially upon the innocent Belgium. He explained that he had meant to say that when France had changed her government, and had adopted Liberal principles, that then Belgium would naturally gravitate towards her; and added

'perhaps I did Belgium an injustice; but I did want to get at that fellow Palmerston.' There are, I think, not many Americans who would justify the good taste of Mr. Bancroft's speech; but Lord Palmerston's name has much the same effect on an American orator as a red rag on a bull, or an orange one on an Irishman.

I fancy Washington was a much gayer place for young attachés before the war than it is now. The houses of the Southern members took the lead in gaiety and dissipations.

Jan. 2, '67, *Wednesday.*

Called at the War Department upon Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War. Work is slack just about New Year's Day, and he was able to give us half an hour's talk.

One of the novel expedients employed in the war was the raising negro regiments, which appears to have been a politic step in more ways than one; it saved the lives of white troops; it elevated the negro, raising him in his own eyes from a slave to a soldier, giving him the opportunity of striking a blow in aid of the liberation of his race; and it was particularly irritating to the South. This move was chiefly owing to Mr. Stanton; so that I was curious to hear what character he would give to the negroes as fighters. He said, 'Our black troops fought well; I know no instance of their running away, where

white troops would probably not have done the same. They knew they would get no quarter; perhaps that had something to do with it, for the rebels killed all they took. We employed more than 100,000 negroes in the army, and they were very useful soldiers. But they died from much slighter causes than the white men, although they had the same doctors, and the same medicines and hospitals, and the same kind of wounds as the whites: I never could fairly account for it.' I ascertained afterwards that the proportion of deaths to cases treated, of both wounds and sickness, was among the white troops one to fifty-two; and among the coloured troops one to every twenty-nine cases treated: the mortality among the negroes was all but double that among the whites. He said of Mr. Goldwin Smith, 'He was one of our best friends in England at a time when I expect we had very few.' It is to Mr. Stanton's great talent for organisation that the North attributes great part of their success. He impresses you with the fact of his being a man of purpose and method in every little thing he does; curiously quiet and deliberate in his movements, and does only one thing at a time. While he was speaking, a paper was brought for his signature; he stopped speaking, signed the paper, and resumed the sentence. When we left he presented us each with a copy of his last Report as Secretary of War.

I gathered some more military gossip to-day, 'from reliable sources,' as newspapers say. The whole number of troops on the books during the war exceeded 3,000,000 of men. The largest number on the books at any one time exceeded 1,000,000 of men. Of that million there were actually at one time in the field 800,000 men.

The War Department, acting on a resolution of Congress, are now raising six regiments of negro troops to be led by white officers—four regiments of infantry, and two of cavalry. It is proposed that promotion from the ranks shall not go beyond the grade of sergeant-major. Some troublesome Member of Congress will no doubt propose that these regiments shall also be officered by negroes. But in the opinion of those qualified to judge, this would never answer. 'You cannot mix black soldiers and white in the same regiment; no officer would undertake to command them.'

The Negro Question is the great question here, and you perceive interests me much. A southern gentleman at the hotel was telling me to-day, that the negroes are showing a great willingness and anxiety to send their children to the new schools, and have them taught. The little darkies are very quick at learning; and many at six years of age can read quite well. A great deal of northern capital is going south, buying up sugar plantations. The large

plantations are being split up and divided into smaller holdings. The lands are to be bought at very low prices; but there seems little prospect of getting labour to work them. Cotton manufactures were just being started in the South when the war broke out, and my informant thought it would be a good speculation to introduce them now, but could not explain where the labour was to come from, or the profits, at the present rate of wages.

Jan. 3, '67, *Thursday.*

We went this morning over the Capitol, an enormous edifice still in progress; parts of it are continually built on to, and rebuilt, to meet the wants of the legislature. The two new white marble wings are very beautiful, and nearly complete, and the dome is on the same scale with them, and of the same material. The centre is now out of proportion since the wings were built, and is of stone, painted white to match the rest in colour and preserve it from the frost. If the South had succeeded in seceding, it might have sufficed; but now it is bound to grow, and Congress are going to vote the amount of dollars necessary to make the Capitol complete. When completed it will be magnificent.

We are very unlucky in seeing these great marble palaces (for several of the public buildings of Washington are of this material) with the snow upon the

ground. Against the pure white snow they appear dingy; under a summer sun they must show to far greater advantage. What ancient Athens appeared like, surrounding its marble temples, I can hardly realise; but the effect of the splendid public buildings in Washington is very much detracted from by the sheds and shanties which are near them. The builders of Washington determined that it should be a great city, and staked out its streets accordingly twice the width and length of any other streets: rightly is it named the city of magnificent distances. But although the Potomac is certainly wide enough, and apparently deep enough, to justify a certain amount of trade, and its situation is more central than that of Philadelphia, the town has never grown to fill the outlines traced for it.

To make a Washington street, take one marble temple or public office, a dozen good houses of brick, and a dozen of wood, and fill in with sheds and fields. Some blight seems to have fallen upon the city. It is the only place we have seen which is not full of growth and vitality. I have even heard its inhabitants tell stories of nightly pig-hunts in the streets, and of the danger of tumbling over a cow on the pavement on a dark night; but this must refer to bygone times. One of the most curious and characteristic of the great public buildings of Washington is the Patent Office, in which a working model is

deposited of every patent taken out in the United States for the improvement of machinery.

This assemblage of specimens is an exhibition of which all Americans are proud, as a proof of the activity of American ingenuity working in every direction. Capacity to take out a patent is a quality necessary to make up the character of the perfect citizen. Labour is honourable, but the man who can invent a labour-saving machine is more honourable; he has gained a step in the great struggle with the powers of nature. An American who has utilised a water-power feels, I take it, two distinct and different pleasures; first, in that dollars and cents drip from his water-wheel, and secondly in that he has inveigled the water-sprites into doing his work. If you tell an American that you are going to Washington, his first remark is not, 'then you will see Congress sitting;' but, 'mind you go and see the Patent Office.'

Jan. 4, '67, *Friday.*

We went to-day over the Treasury, the great manufactory of greenbacks. We have seen neither gold nor silver since we reached these shores. Stories are told of the inhabitants of Texas, and far distant States, whose habits in the matter of the circulating medium have become so vitiated by illegible greenbacks and the multitude of forgeries, that it is agreed that any decent-looking imitation once accepted shall

be currency; and the inhabitants do not trouble themselves about Government issues. This cannot be for want of the genuine article; for we found five hundred young women employed day and night in turning out new greenbacks, and in destroying the old. These last are converted on the premises into the extremely dirty paper of which Government envelopes are made. I take it that a greenback which has once been in circulation can never be purified afterwards. I say 'young women,' for in this land there appear to be no old men or old women; either they die at middle age, or are somehow improved away, or keep out of sight as considering themselves out of place in a young country.

The destruction of greenbacks in circulation is enormous; the Treasury considers that over ten per cent. of those below a dollar in value perish in the using; which I take it is all clear profit to the Government, just as a certain Irish bank is said once to have been set on its legs in consequence of the insurgents destroying its notes for the purpose of ruining it. If in England banks make profits by the loss of their notes, none of which are of less value than £5, and are taken corresponding care of, imagine the gain upon a currency in which shillings, sixpences, and coppers are all made of paper.

The young ladies work by relays; one set from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., and another from 4 p.m. to mid-

night. The women earn from 40 to 50 dollars—between £6 13*s.* 4*d.* and £8 6*s.* 8*d.*, and the men from 100 to 150 dollars currency, or between £16 13*s.* 4*d.* and £25, per month. The paper is counted as given out for each printing, and accounted for by the pressman to a sheet, when delivered in. The women seemed all to be working hard and well. Whether they will ultimately succeed in getting the franchise in America, time will show. They evidently know how to improve their opportunities; for when the war was going on, and the men were otherwise employed, the women slipped into a multitude of occupations in which they had never been employed before. Singularly enough, they are not employed here, as with us, by the Telegraph Companies.

From the Treasury, we went off to the Navy Yard, presided over by Rear-Admiral Radford. Saw a Nasmyth hammer forging an anchor-stock, striking a blow equal to a hundred and eight tons; saw a shaft weighing in the rough 49,000 tons being turned for a screw steamer; saw a marvellous machine for testing the quality of iron bolts in three ways, by plucking them asunder, by crushing them together, and by twisting them in two. It plucked asunder for our edification a two-headed iron bolt an inch in diameter, exerting a power equal to 27,000 lbs.; this was considered a very good quality of iron. We saw rows of anchors, not Trotman's; and rows of the soda-water-

bottle-shaped 15-inch Dalghren guns, many of them with their muzzles blown off. We were shown also a large collection of the rifles and revolvers used or rejected by the U. S. navy. They have just ordered for the use of the navy two thousand Remington pistols, same construction as the Remington rifle. These are breech-loaders, superseding revolvers, which in the matter pistols is surely a mistake. Henry's breech-loading rifle appeared to me to be the best in theory of the magazine rifles which fire a number of cartridges without reloading. The 'magazine' resembles a second barrel placed beneath the ordinary one; the charges being driven back from the muzzle to the breech by a spiral spring like that of a Palmer's lamp, and admitted into the breech from below. The Spencer magazine rifle fires seven charges without reloading; but the number fired by the Henry is only limited by the length of the barrel.

Jan. 5, '67, *Saturday.*

We called this morning upon General Grant, with a note of introduction from Mr. Stanton. At the present time, when the President and the Congress are defying one another, and are at open rupture, although the President is according to the Constitution the Commander in Chief of the army, the General in Chief becomes a very interesting person. All parties seem to be agreed that he is the only eminent

man in America who knows how to hold his tongue: this makes the newspaper speculation still more vague, as he stands committed to nothing. His enemies say that he is a man without ideas; (General Sherman is supposed to have too many ideas, and General Grant too few;) his friends reply that he is the man who produced the one idea which decided the war, that which Mr. Lincoln described as 'pegging away;' namely, that if there was no pause in the fighting, the side which had the fewest men would be exhausted first. The South had a given number of soldiers, to which not one could be added from without; but as many men landed every day from Europe on the Northern coast as their army was losing in the field. His enemies say that he is a man without skill or knowledge in politics; his friends that he possesses the far higher qualities of being honest and straightforward. 'Politician,' in America, is often used as a term of reproach; and expresses all those qualities which we expect to find in an electioneering agent. His enemies say that he used to drink a good deal; but when this was represented to Mr. Lincoln, he replied, 'I wish you would make out where he buys his whiskey; I should like to lay in a little of that liquor for my other Generals.'

I suppose we did not look like insidious politicians come to entangle him in his talk, as the General gave us twenty minutes' pleasant chat. He had not

been well for the last day or two, and received us very much as though we had dropped in upon him in his tent, with his coat unbuttoned, and a cigar in his mouth. Conversation ran upon the immense amount of oratory which has to be done by members of Congress, upon whom it is imperative that they make speeches whether they can or not. It is said that speeches upon any subject are to be bought in Washington written to order, as sermons are in London. In both Houses speeches are allowed to be read. Of course the fatal time came at last, when the speechmaker sold the same speech to two members, and it is to be found printed in the records of Congress in duplicate not many pages apart, without variation in sentence or stop.

The General told a story of some judge in North Carolina, of Southern proclivities, who having discovered in the statute-book of the State a clause that no man who had been flogged should afterwards exercise civil rights, has recently set himself to work to flog as many of the negroes in his district as he can bring under the lash, in order to disqualify them for citizens in case Congress shall give them votes. Colonel Badeau, General Grant's courteous secretary, promises us letters to General Sheridan at New Orleans, and to General Sherman at San Louis, should our route take us into those parts.

In the afternoon, the kind Mrs. H. drove us over

to a negro fête at Arlington Heights, about three miles from Washington on the other side of the Potomac. The negroes during the war fled from all parts to Washington, under the idea that they would receive protection in the neighbourhood of Congress. Although more than 5,000 have been transported at the expense of Government to other States where employment was to be had for them, they are very unwilling to leave the districts in which they have established themselves; and the coloured population in Washington and Georgetown its suburb is still about 22,000. Their confidence seems not to have been misplaced; the freedman's bureau has worked hard and successfully in finding homes and employment for them in Maryland and Virginia.

They were crowded into filthy shanties, for which exorbitant rents were charged; the bureau has fitted up four barracks in or near Washington, accommodating 350 families; and 400 acres of land at Arlington have been divided into small lots, and rented to freedmen at nominal rents. A hospital containing 200 beds has been opened at Washington, and another of 50 beds at Arlington, where also a Home was established for aged and infirm and permanently disabled freedmen, in which 90 inmates are accommodated. In Georgetown a Coloured Orphans' Home provides for over 100 children, who are sent out to service in the Northern States.

Similar measures have been taken at Alexandria. Between June 1, 1865 and September 1, 1866, Government rations were furnished daily to more than 5,000 freedmen and refugees in the district of Columbia.

We crossed the frozen Potomac by the long wooden bridge along which the armies of the North had marched out, past great earthworks now covered with snow, which had been thrown up to defend Washington against Richmond, and arrived at Arlington Heights at the door of a large barnlike schoolroom. After much squeezing we got our two ladies through a dense and odoriferous crowd of excited negroes on to a front bench; and found the reporters present, and the platform occupied by philanthropic members of Congress. They told the negroes that they were men and brothers, and spoke of the services of the negro troops in the war, and how a glorious future lay before the coloured people, if they would wake up and be doing. I wish you could have seen the joy of the darkies. Half what was said they could not understand; but the sound of the loud voices of the orators had a kind of intoxication for them; and the women rocked themselves to and fro on their seats, and groaned at the pathetic passages, as if at a methodists' meeting.

In a general way it is very difficult to tell one negro from another; but the variety of types of

faces assembled here was very striking. They must have been gathered from at least half a dozen different tribes of Africa. After the speeches they were going to have a grand feast of meat and plum pudding in another large schoolroom all decorated with evergreens; but we could not stop to see, and drove back along the 'Old Virginny shore,' through what was once General Lee's park, now a military cemetery, of which the General's house is the office. The house stands on a height on the south bank of the Potomac; and from the great portico in front General Lee used to contemplate the Capitol and the whole city of Washington spread before his eyes along the lower northern shore.

The General is now head-master of an extremely popular college in Virginia.

The War Department is now engaged in gathering into fifty-one national military cemeteries the dead who lie scattered over the Southern battle-fields. On June 30, 1866, these cemeteries contained already the bodies of 104,528 Northern soldiers. When all the harvest of dead is gathered in, it is calculated that they will contain the bodies of 341,670 men. Of these graves 138,901 will be nameless and unidentified. At the heads of 202,761 will be placed small headstones of iron coated with zinc, resembling the labels with which the gardener marks his seed-patches, bearing in raised iron letters the name, rank,

regiment, and company of the man who lies below. With them will be buried the remains of 13,657 rebel prisoners. The remainder of the Southern dead are to be left buried where they fell.

Jan. 6, '67, *Sunday.*

We got letters of introduction to-day to General Beauregard, now residing at New Orleans as manager of the New Orleans and Ohio Railway; and also to Mrs. Davis, the wife of Mr. Jefferson Davis, now living with her husband in Fortress Monro. When the Potomac is not frozen, it is easy to get to Fortress Monro by the steamboats; but in the present weather we hardly see our way to an interview with the ex-President of the South.

Called upon Mr. and Mrs. F. just returned from a thirteen days' journey of 2,700 miles. They had been by rail from Washington to New Orleans and back, visiting on their way several of the Southern battle-fields. Mrs. F. told me that at Chattanooga where General Hooker's 'Battle in the Clouds' was fought, she stood on a hill from which the whole battle-field was visible, and on the slope at her feet were the assembled graves of 7,000 men. Mr. F., describing a journey he made two years ago, in company with Mr. Speaker Colfax, as members of a Government Commission, into the far West, said, 'On this side the Rocky Mountains is a great tract some

500 miles in width, called "the Plains;" the rainfall on the Plains is very small from May to October, averaging only one inch; and except at the water-courses, there is little vegetation there. The buffaloes in spring cross the Arkansas river, travelling northwards across the Plains to the Missouri river. In the autumn they go south again. You can form no idea of the numbers of them. I stood upon an eminence having 'a view about as extensive as that from the steps of the Capitol looking south; and the land was black with buffaloes, which appeared to my eye to be grazing as thickly as sheep in a pasture-field.' I should put the view from the steps of the Capitol as about four miles. This sounds like a passage translated from Herodotus; but I am very certain of the truthfulness of the speaker. He spoke also of the certainty of a great war with the Indians before long in consequence of the encroachments on these hunting-grounds.

Mr. G. called this morning. Lamented the licence of public language used both in and out of Congress. This is both an effect and a cause of the bitterness of political strife. 'Men indulge in public in such unmeasured invectives against one another, that they cannot afterwards come together again in the amenities of private life; and when once they become enemies are irreconcilable. The present Government is composed of men who differ in opinion upon many

points, and quarrel openly. Such a Government in any European country would go to pieces directly. In the old countries, where you have discontented, ill-fed classes, politicians have no difficulty in getting a following. Here they quarrel among themselves, and nobody cares. Political language has become stronger, political manners coarser, and political hatreds more bitter, every day since the war.' I do not state this as my own opinion, but as the opinion of my friend.

Jan. 7, '67, Monday.

We spent most of the day at the Capitol, this being a somewhat remarkable day in the annals of Congress. At the present moment the republicans have a supreme majority in both Senate and House of Representatives; and the President has alienated all their sympathies by taking in hand the reconstruction of the South himself on his own authority, instead of leaving the work for Congress to do. The republicans who won the battle mean to reap the glory and the advantage. They are now turning to rend the President; and when they have made him powerless, will reconstruct the South in their own fashion. In this country political parties are far better organised out of the House than they are with us, but the forces in the House are not so well disciplined. The leader of the Opposition cannot count

upon the votes of his followers unless he has taken their votes first outside the Chamber. A meeting held for this purpose is called a Caucus; why it is so called, I cannot get any body to tell me.

On Saturday last a Caucus of the republican party was held, to arrange their line of action. It was agreed that there should be as little talking as possible, inasmuch as the democrats will talk against time, and the object will be to get to the voting as speedily as possible.

To-day the republicans made a very fair beginning. In a speech of about three minutes' length, Mr. Ashley, the member for Nevada, moved for the impeachment of the President, on the ground of his having corruptly used his pardoning and his vetoing powers. This motion was referred by the House of Representatives to the Committee on the Justiciary, their legal advisers, to report upon.

When this excitement was over, we went into the Senate; and they on the same day by a two-thirds majority of republicans overthrew the President's veto on the Columbia Bill. The republicans are feeling their way to conferring the franchise upon all the negroes; and are beginning with Columbia, the district surrounding Washington. Columbia is not a part of any State; Congress acts as its State Government, and also as the Federal Government of the United States, just as the Pope undertakes to

govern the Papal States in particular, and the world in general. The two Houses having passed a bill that every coloured man who had resided for one year in the district of Columbia should possess the suffrage, sent it up to the President, who returned it to-day with his veto, assigning his reasons. The chief reasons assigned were: that although Congress does constitutionally make State laws for the district of Columbia, yet they are not representatives elected by that district; that a vote had recently been taken of the white citizens of the district, and they had almost unanimously refused the suffrage to the negroes; that the effect of the bill would be to alter the constitution of the district against the expressed wish of its citizens, and would result in its being filled with negroes coming in from the surrounding States. The Senate after a very brief debate overruled the reasonings and the veto by a two-thirds majority. To-morrow the House of Representatives will do the same, and the bill will become law.

We had the honour of being introduced to Mr. Colfax, the Speaker, who presides over the turbulent assembly with a promptness and decision which have a marvellous effect in expediting business; and also to Mr. Thaddeus Stevens member for Pennsylvania, the leader of the now triumphant republican party. Mr. Stevens is in favour of a large measure

of confiscation of land in the South, in order to depress the planter and elevate the negro. He mentioned that he had been striving in vain to obtain information as to the principles on which the English Government proceeded in the matter of the confiscation of the private lands of rebels after the Indian mutiny. There were two things, he said, well worth seeing in Washington (pointing through the window to the great Asylum for the Insane) 'the building over there, and the menagerie under this roof; but there is far better order observed there than here.' Certainly gesticulation sometimes borders on ferocity; and the Deity is sometimes called upon to attest the truth of facts scarcely worthy of a special interposition of Providence; moreover the doorkeeper wears a set of shooting dittos, and in the afternoon carries his toothpick between his teeth, and members eat apples openly and without shame, and sometimes do put up one leg on the desk before them; yet the indecorums of the House have, as far as my experience goes, been grossly exaggerated. Most certainly, so far as the republicans are concerned, Mr. Stevens has at present no reason for complaint on the ground of want of discipline.

Jan. 8, '67, *Tuesday.*

Laid up with face-ache, not easy to be cured, when the temperature of the inside of the hotel is that of

the tropics, and outside that of the polar regions. I begin to desire to move southwards.

Jan. 9, '67, Wednesday.

We went over the Arsenal with General Ramsay, who is in command of it. He showed us a museum which he is commencing. It contains a series of specimens of the shot and shell used by the Confederates; who seem to have made use of every warlike invention known to man. A rack of rifles from the field of Gettisburg, every one torn or twisted with shot and shell, attest the hotness of the fire. A set of conical cannon-shot, stripped, or chipped at the base, in the firing, show that the fault was often not in the gun but in the shot. In the matter of breech-loaders the American Government are doing exactly what we are doing. They are not at present making a new musket, but are actively converting their muzzle-loading Springfield rifle, which is identical with our long Enfield, into an Allin's breech-loader, which is a simpler form of Burdan's patent, fired with a copper waterproof cartridge containing its own ignition. The act of opening the chamber throws out the old cartridge.

There were in the museum two very remarkable guns for keeping up a perpetual fire of rifle-balls upon an advancing enemy; the Gatling gun, a four or six-barrelled revolver, mounted as a field-piece on

wheels, in which the cartridges are fed in with a hopper like a mill, and the gun discharged by grinding a handle like an organ; the other, the Nugent or Union gun, a somewhat similar single-barrelled revolver on wheels. Saw some of the huge Dahlgren guns, shaped like soda-water bottles. The soda-water-bottle shape is preferred to the telescope form upon this theory:—firing produces vibration; and vibration crystallization of the metal. In the telescope-shaped jacketed guns, the vibration and consequent crystallization are greatest at the point where the metal suddenly decreases in thickness; and the crystallization runs round the gun at right angles to the bore. In the soda-water-bottle shape, the vibration is more equally distributed, and the crystallization is longitudinal, and therefore not so weakening to the gun.

They were engaged in cleaning up and storing away the arms returned into store by the volunteers. Never were rifles seen in such a state of rust and neglect. No American volunteer could ever be induced to carry his knapsack, and I should doubt if he ever cleaned his rifle. The official statistics of wear and tear derived from the experience of three years of war are curious. The consumption by loss and wear per annum was as follows:—

Cavalry carbines, 20 per cent.
„ pistols, 26 per cent.
„ sabres, 26 per cent.

Cavalry carbine accoutrements, 26 per cent.
„ sabre accoutrements, 31 per cent.
Infantry rifles, 13 per cent.
„ accoutrements, 16 per cent.

This would indicate the average service-life of cavalry carbines at five years, of cavalry pistols and sabres at four years, and the same of all cavalry accoutrements except those for sabres, whose average duration is only three years. The average service-life of infantry rifles is seven years, and that of infantry accoutrements six years.

The ordnance stores provided for the military service, from the first of January 1861 down to midsummer 1866, being a period of five years and a half, including the entire period of the war, were—

7,892 cannon.
11,787 artillery carriages.
6,335,295 shot and shell.
6,539,999 pounds of grape and canister.
2,862,177 rounds fixed artillery ammunition.
3,477,655 small arms.
544,475 swords, sabres, and lances.
2,146,175 sets of infantry accoutrements.
216,371 sets of horse equipments.
28,164 sets of two-horse artillery harness.
732,526 horse blankets.
1,022,176,474 cartridges for small arms.
1,220,555,425 copper caps for small arms.

10,281,305 cannon primers.
4,226,377 fusees for shell.
26,440,054 pounds of powder.
6,395,152 pounds of nitre.
90,416,295 pounds of lead in pigs and bullets.

They keep here very little gunpowder in store. Powder is dangerous to keep, and is always deteriorating; while nitre can be kept with safety for any length of time, without impairing its quality; and during the war it was found, that with an abundant supply of nitre on hand, gunpowder could be manufactured rapidly enough to meet any emergency.

Congress have been at work to-day upon the Nebraska Bill. It is proposed to exalt several of the Territories into States, Nebraska among others. The resolution before the House is to the effect that no Territory be admitted as a State, unless all citizens, whether black or white, have an equal franchise. The resolution affects not to interfere with the right of every State to say who shall be, and who shall not be citizens, but makes the equal franchise of white and black a condition precedent, to be fulfilled before any Territory will henceforth be admitted as a State into the Union. Sarcastic democrats assert that there is but one black man in all Nebraska. The bill is in fact a declaration of the principles upon which alone the rebel States will be re-admitted into the Union. Bills are also being introduced into the

House to limit the President's power in every possible way. Heretofore, every four years, at the election of a new President, the whole of the minor office-holders under Government who were appointed by the outgoing President, have had to make way for the nominees of the new President. It is proposed, and with good reason, to put an end to this system, and for fear of any further usurpations by the President, the new Congress will meet on the 4th of March, the day on which the present Congress expires.

In the evening we went to General Grant's reception. At other houses you meet only people of your host's way of thinking, but here there was a considerable mixture of parties and politics.

Jan. 10, '67, *Thursday.*

At the Capitol all day. On our way back, we were introduced by an experienced man about Washington to the bar of the Metropolitan Hotel. As a skilful compounder of all mixed drinks the barkeeper of the Metropolitan is considered to stand very nearly at the head of his profession; one result of which is, that the Metropolitan Hotel turns out to be a half-way house wherever you may happen to be going; and the bar is always full of gentlemen illustrating the popular song,

> 'Twixt you and I, I really think,
> 'Tis almost time to take a drink.'

I can testify personally to his 'Tom and Jerry' and his 'Curaçoà Punch,' as being very toothsome on a cold day. The raw spirits of this country, the rye and Bourbon whiskey, and the gin, are to my taste by no means first-rate; and this no doubt is one great reason why the art of mixing has been brought to such excellence. Some of these mixtures are such compounds of seductiveness and treachery, that Congress is meditating a resolution to prohibit the sale of liquors anywhere about the Capitol—a Maine Liquor Law as regards its own premises, to which the Metropolitan Hotel will raise no objection. A skilful brewer who could induce the American loafer to drink home-brewed ale when thirsty, instead of pick-me-ups, and to leave the fire-water to the Indians, would do good service to the nation. The French are becoming a beer-drinking people; the same thing may come to pass some day in America.

In the evening to the H.'s where I met Mr. King, a gentleman just returned from a six years' Government surveying expedition in Colorado, New Mexico, and the Sierra Nevada. They have been mapping an almost unknown country. Some idea of their labours will be conveyed by the fact that they have triangulated and laid down a chain of mountains heretofore unmapped and unnamed, containing more peaks above 14,000 feet in height and covered with perpetual snows, than are found in the

Alps. They had to do the work of an Alpine Club. Their large collections of minerals and fossils, and also their natural history collections, are still at San Francisco, and it will be some five or six years before their Report can be published.

He described the enormous trees on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. In one part they discovered a belt 150 miles in length of the Wellingtonia, the big tree of the Crystal Palace. One hollow trunk, of which both ends had been destroyed by fire, lay on the ground. The whole party rode their horses through the tube from end to end. In the middle, the tallest of the party stopped his horse, and standing on his saddle could just touch the roof of the tunnel with his hand. This may sound scarcely credible, but I am informed and believe that Mr. King is one of the most veracious and reliable of men.

The party discovered also what appears to be a remarkable evidence of the antiquity of man. The Sierras are granite mountains; and at the foot of the western slope is an extensive gravel-bed. Granite and gravel are covered with an enormous bed of lava. This western slope is furrowed with great ravines called Canyons, sawed in by glaciers of the glacial period. These Canyons have been cut through the hard lava and granite to a depth of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet; and above the lava upon the present surface of the soil, grow the great trees, the Wellingtonias,

the section of whose timber shows more than 2,000 rings of annual growth. The gravel-bed is auriferous, and is being washed for gold. Over a wide extent of this gravel-bed they found bones of the Mastodon, Camel, and extinct Tapir; and with them stone implements and stone mortars, which when found are still used by the Digger Indians to pound their roots in. A gold-mining shaft was sunk through the undisturbed lava-bed into the gravel, and in the gravel at the bottom of the shaft was found a human skull.

Now the skull is found in the gravel; and the gravel was there before the lava was poured over it; and the lava was there before the glaciers sawed through the lava covering, and deep into the granite; and the climate had changed, and a soil had been formed by vegetation, before the great trees could grow upon the lava; and the rings in the great trees have chronicled more than 2,000 years since that time; —how long ago is it since the man lived in company with the Mastodon, the Camel, and the Tapir? It is a remarkable circumstance that the overhanging of the brow, and whatever else may be peculiar in the skull, is also characteristic of the skulls of the Digger Indians who now dwell upon the slope above. Has the skull of one of the modern Digger Indians got perversely by accident into a hole beneath the lava? Or are the present Indians, now living on the spot,

the descendants of the owner of that skull?. Has the race survived through an indefinite number of thousands of years, seeing the granite mountains, now covered with lava and now with ice, without one single step of progress towards a higher civilisation? Where volcanic action has once taken place, it is often repeated; and volcanic action sometimes turns strata strangely wrong way up. I have the testimony of Professor Agassiz, that the scientific men who composed the surveying expedition were competent and careful men; and they were firmly convinced that the shaft was sunk into the gravel through an unbroken bed of lava lying above it, and that the skull was disinterred from the gravel beneath.

Jan. 11, '67, *Friday.*

We drove with Mrs. H—— to see the Insane Asylum, as recommended by Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. The building contained 450 insane patients—men from the army and navy, and men and women from the district of Columbia. There is a separate Insane Asylum for the coloured people. If the patients have money of their own, or near relations able to pay, a charge is made of from ten to fifteen dollars (£1 13*s.* to £2 9*s.*) a week; if they have no such means of payment, the State pays for them. All come in on terms of equality, officers and men alike, under the same roof. The patients are grouped by

Dr. Nichols, the Governor, into families of from ten to twenty patients each. Each family occupies a separate corridor, high, well-lighted, carpetted, and hung with engravings; those of the women have abundance of flowers and singing-birds, and a piano. The corridor is the saloon, and the bedrooms open out of it on either side; the door of the corridor is locked, those of the bedrooms all stand open. At the end of each corridor is an oriel window, and another at the side, which makes a break in the uniformity. From these windows you have extended and magnificent views of Washington and the Capitol, the Navy Yard, up and down the Potomac, and the Virginian shore—most beautiful prospects. One or more attendants are always present in each corridor. Each family has a separate dining-room, and dine together at one table.

All the cooking is done at two kitchens. One is for the routine cooking, which is always the same; the other is for the preparation of the specialities of each day's diet. The physician, who visits each corridor every morning, has two slates; on the one which goes to the dispensary he writes the prescriptions, and on the other he writes the specialities of diet for that day, which are made up in kitchen number two. The kitchens are in the basement; and the passages in the basement correspond to the corridors above. They are traversed by a little tram-

way; and to every corridor there is a lift. The dinners are placed upon a truck, which runs along the line. The truck starts at the sound of the dinner-bell. Each lift is a station; and when the truck returns to the kitchen-door, all the dinners have been sent up.

Dr. Nichols informed us that he had several patients under his charge, two of them women, whose monomania is that they are the only people capable of reconstructing the South and carrying on the government of the United States at the present time. This fact ought to be reported to Mr. Stevens for the embellishment of his joke when next used.

We were at a house yesterday, when two ladies called, both quite young and in deep mourning; each of them had lost her husband in the war; one within three months, and the other within a year, after marriage. It was sad to see the two young widows going about together. One of them had just been to the War Department to ask if she might have her husband's letters which were filed there, and Mr. Stanton had ordered them to be copied for the use of the office, and the originals given to her. These two ladies both interest themselves in the negro schools. There is a powerful influence for good for the negro in the sympathy felt for him by all the Northern women who lost husbands or brothers in his cause. The giving help to the negro

is a kind of tribute to the dead man's memory, and a carrying on of his work.

On our way back from the Asylum we got out at the Navy Yard and walked across the ice of the frozen Potomac to the iron-clad gunboats, six in number, which were lying there, with their curved iron-plated decks just above the surface of the water, and without a trace of bulwark round the sides: they looked like gigantic, flat, frozen-in water-beetles, each bearing a turret on its back. On the turret of one I counted the marks of forty-three cannon-shot, none of which had done any real injury, or made an indentation more than two inches deep. Each was armed with two 15-inch Dahlgrens, side by side, like a double-barrelled gun, firing through the same aperture, and revolving with the turret. Not far from them lay the captive ram 'Stonewall,' said to have been built for the Confederates in France, and given up at the time of the general surrender, in Cuba, before she had time to play her part in the war. She may see strange sights yet, as the Japanese are said to be in treaty for the purchase of her.

Jan. 12, '67, *Saturday.*

Drew money from Messrs. Riggs the bankers. Gold being at 133 in New York, the Washington banker puts it at 132, but charges no commission.

Went to see the Surgeon-General's Department. Here there is a curious museum, consisting of specimens of injuries done to the human body by shot and shell. It is being arranged in the building which was Ford's Theatre, in which Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. The Government has wisely thought it best to obliterate the scene of the murder; and the interior of the theatre has been subdivided into rooms for the museum, and offices for the Surgeon-General's Department. The 'wet specimens,' those bottled in spirits, we did not see, as they were not yet arranged; but the glass cases of broken bones, cracked and smashed, and bulbous and exfoliated in every form of distortion, as poor mother nature had tried to glue them together and splice them again, gave some idea of the horrors of war. In one case was a neat collection of extracted bullets, which seemed to have got knocked into every shape which would be most difficult of extraction from a wound. One which had struck a soldier's pannikin or canteen, and had coiled the wire handle round itself, must have been specially uncomfortable; another had struck a man on the penknife and carried it into his body; another bore the mark of the worm at the end of a ramrod on it, and a story attached. The surgeons could not get the bullet out, but an Irish friend of the patient insisted on having a try for himself, and drew the bullet from the wound with

his ramrod, in the same style as he was in the habit of withdrawing the charge from his gun. One curious specimen they show consists of three vertebræ of the lower part of a man's neck; these (which cannot be far from the spot where he stood when he killed Mr. Lincoln) are said to have formed part of the spine of Booth the assassin, and show where the bullet struck him when he was captured. It was stated at the time that his body was thrown into the sea; but it would appear from this that the surgeons got hold of him somehow. It was said that when the Crimean war began, we had lost the pattern of our ambulances, and nobody knew how to make one. The Americans have carefully stored away here specimens of stretchers and ambulances, and all field hospital apparatus. May they also have the opportunity of losing their patterns before they want them again.

It may be worthy the notice of those who are forming societies for succouring the wounded on all battle-fields, that during the progress of the war 336 members of the regular and volunteer medical staff found themselves unable to heal themselves. The statistics of casualties among them were:—Killed in battle, 29; killed by accident, 12; wounded in battle, 35; died of wounds, 10; died in rebel prison, 4; died of yellow-fever, 7; and of cholera, 3; died of other diseases, 271.

The present work of the Surgeon-General's Department is that carried on by a large staff of clerks on the ground-floor, who work all day at huge ledgers as though they were doing the business of some great mercantile house. These men are engaged in cataloguing, and arranging in elaborate statistics, the returns of all the hospital cases during the war. As the medical and surgical staff employed during the war consisted of more than 6,000 men, who made as careful memoranda of every case as opportunity would allow, you may suppose there is some work to do. When this work is completed there will be, safely stowed away in fireproof rooms, 16,000 folio volumes of hospital registers; 47,000 volumes of burial records and alphabetical registers of the dead, containing the names of 250,000 white men, and of 20,000 coloured soldiers. Out of 3,000,000 men who were on the books at different times during the war, the 'Johns' whose bodies lie mouldering in the grave were rather more than one to twelve as compared with the 'Johnnies' who wounded or unwounded came rolling home. In settling the claims of discharged soldiers and of widows and orphans, these records have been referred to many thousand times in the course of the past year. The total number of surgical cases already classified and recorded, is of 'wounds' 133,952, and of 'operations' 28,438. I take my figures from the Surgeon-General's

printed Report. In all these matters Mr. Stanton's love of method, and talent for organisation, is as conspicuous in peace as it was during the war.

From his Report also, I copy the following extract:—'From date of Act of Congress July 16, 1862, authorizing artificial limbs to be furnished, to July 1, 1866, there have been supplied by this Department to maimed soldiers 3,981 artificial legs, 2,240 arms, 9 feet, 55 hands, and 125 surgical apparatus.' After such a war as this has been, there is no small amount of sweeping up, and tidying away, and mending of broken images, to be done.

In the evening we went to an entertainment somewhat in the style of the Dodeka evenings in the Temple, at which the host was expected to open the proceedings by a mitigated lecture on some subject, for the promotion of discussion. Our host on this occasion gave us a very interesting account of his own experiences at the battle of Gettisburg. He was himself attached to the division of General Humphreys, which on the first day's fighting was not up to the front.

The battle, which lasted three long days, was brought on by General Lee's sending a detachment into the village of Gettisburg to seize a depot of shoes, of which his men were greatly in want; they came in collision with some Federal skirmishers; supports were brought up on either side, and at

length the two great armies found that they were face to face with one another. On the first day the Confederates had the best of it. General Humphreys' division was in the rear, and were marching to the front that night, under orders to take up a position in the centre of the Federal line of battle by break of day, and be ready for the second day's battle. On the road they were met by an aide-de-camp, who stated that he knew the country and was authorized to guide them into position. He led them by mistake in the dark past the right flank of the Confederate lines, and then round to the right in rear of the enemy's centre, until they were actually not far from General Lee's head-quarters. They discovered where they were by inquiring at a public-house by the roadside. Fortunately they were on a sandy road, and the rumble of the artillery was not heard; the buglers were kept quiet; and they returned on their steps without being attacked; marched all that night, and reached their appointed position in the centre of their own line of battle at noon instead of at daybreak.

The second day's battle was begun at two o'clock by an advance and attack of the Confederates upon the Federal left, which after hard fighting they drove back in disorder. An aide-de-camp then came up from General Meade, and ordered General Humphreys to march his division to the left, and reinforce the left

wing. This would have opened a great gap in the centre of the line of battle. The aide-de-camp was positive, and the orders were about to be obeyed, when General Meade was seen in the distance; General Humphreys rode off and spoke with him, and the order was revoked. As the left wing fell back, General Humphreys' division, which was next to it in the line, soon had to bear the full brunt of Lee's attack. They fell back slowly, driven back from the valley, retiring up the rising ground in their rear, and before the end of that day's fight their division of 5,000 men had lost 2,000 killed and wounded. The confusion of orders, and mistakes of aides-de-camp, seem to have been enough to lose any battle. One commander of a Federal division that afternoon was seen to advance his division into the valley, far in advance of the line, without orders or supports; General Ewell let him come on until he had him, and then enveloped the division with an overwhelming force, and cut it all to pieces.

A second night the armies rested opposite one another, with low open land—a valley of death—between them. The battle began on the third day by a cannonade from the Confederates, who had 100 guns in position, followed by an advance of their whole line. They advanced across the valley, which was open and level, without crops or cover of any kind, and began to ascend the slopes

on which the Federal line of battle was drawn up. They had been fearfully cut up by the artillery in crossing the open ground; but as they began to ascend the slope, the fire upon them became so tremendous that they withered, broke, and fled. On the first day and on the second day, the battle was all but won by the South, and it was the opinion of many that if the North had lost at Gettisburg they would have made peace.

Jan. 13, '67, *Sunday.*

Sunday was spent in saying good-bye to friends who had shown us many kindnesses and hospitalities. Called on Colonel Badeau, General Grant's secretary, who is engaged in writing a book to be entitled 'General Grant and his Connection with the War.' Inasmuch as he has access both to the General's private papers, and to all the documents in the War Department, it will doubtless be a work of interest and authority.

General Porter, who was sitting with him, was speaking of the want of reliable maps during the war. The war was nearly ended before they had a complete knowledge of the country. On Sherman's march it was the duty of a certain number of officers to collect information as to the next day's route. Each morning all witnesses likely to be able to give evidence were brought together and cross-examined

by them; then a tracing was made of a map of the next day's line of march; this was photographed, and a copy sent to each commander of a division.

You have heard of the Yankee talent for whittling. On one occasion the whittlers came to the rescue of the artillery. The batteries were silent; for the shells had been forwarded in haste, without wooden tubes for the fuses, and without fuses the shells were useless. An augur was found in the arm-chest, of the right bore for the tubes. Timber was found, and sawed to the right length. A New England regiment produced their pocket knives; each man cocked up his legs against a tree in front of him, sat, smoked, and whittled tubes, and the batteries were kept going all day. History is silent as to the accuracy of the practice.

Went in the evening, for the last time, to our kind friends the H——s, and met Mr. Commissioner Wells, who has been employed in drawing the new Tariff Bill. He proposes a visit to England in the Spring; and we will hope will return a convert to free trade. Mr. Wells may very possibly be converted; but it will be many a year before the majority of Americans are. All the old arguments for protection of everything are full of vitality here; and Willard's hotel will shortly be full of New England manufacturers come to Washington to look after their interests and lobby their members.

Jan. 14, '67, *Monday.*

Left Washington for Richmond at 6.30 a.m. by the Virginia Central Railway, viâ Gordonsville. The more direct route, the first part of which is done by steamboat, is closed; the Potomac being frozen. Our journey lay through a country every inch of which has been fought over. By the end of the war, most of the fences in Virginia had been burnt in camp-fires. At Alexandria, immediately after crossing the river, the line passes one of the large military cemeteries, with hundreds of recent graves still keeping the ranks in death. The long lines of little white headstones gave it the appearance of a newly-planted nursery-garden.

Unfortunately it snowed more or less all the way to Richmond, 172 miles by this circuitous route. Judging by the land you see from the railway, it is a country well adapted for war: made up of rounded knolls divided by swampy brooks; each little hill easily convertible into a strong military position. About half is woodland, the rest cleared and planted apparently with maize. About half the cleared land still has the black stumps left in the fields. Here and there along the line you see ruined block-houses pierced for musketry, and enclosures of palisades wherever there is a station or a ford to protect. The logs are laid horizontally, notched into one another at the ends where they cross, and so built up into walls

as in a log-hut. We passed through some of Beauregard's entrenchments just before crossing the Bull Run stream and at Manassas Junction. The battle-field is on the right of the line and close to it; but as the snow was lying deep and falling fast, we went on our way to Richmond without stopping to explore. Most of the stations in to-day's journey bore familiar names; Springfield, Fairfax, Manassas, Bristoe, and Culpepper, are known to all who used to read the newspapers. To-day the snow was playing winding-sheet over all the battle-fields; but in Spring there are said to be fields along the line where graves are visible, and rifle-pits not yet filled up. The names of the rivers we crossed to-day have been written often enough by 'Our own Correspondents'—the Potomac, the Rapidan, the Rappahannock, and the James River.

The feathered snow came softly down and froze upon the trees. You cannot imagine anything more beautiful than the fir-woods covered with snow through which we passed for miles, then through an interval of open country, and then through woods again. The American oak wears its russet dead leaves the winter through, which, with the dark green firs and broken banks of red iron sandstone, make a beautiful contrast with the snow background.

Upon this line, railway travelling costs half a

dollar every ten miles, being five cents, or 2*d.* a-mile. Our train kept its time very well; but stopped where its conductor pleased in a most independent way. The coloured folk travel by themselves in the front car. Some mean whites do not object to travel with them; we did so ourselves part of the way, but it was not the right thing. When I went in, an old negro stood up and said, 'This is the coloured gentlemen's car, sar.' Presently the guard, here called 'the Captain of the train,' came to a coloured gentleman, and asked for his ticket. The coloured gentleman unfortunately proved to have neither ticket nor money. The captain rang the bell which communicates with the engine-driver, stopped the train, and shoved the coloured gentleman off the step into the snow, to find his way forward or back as he should think best.

There are great advantages in this arrangement of the American cars, which enables you to walk from one end of the train to the other. If one car is too hot, you can go to another; if one car is too full, its surplus population can spread themselves; but there is also the disadvantage that everybody can get at you. The boy who sells newspapers and light literature, the man who deals in ice-cream candy, the woman with hard-boiled eggs, and the man who will insure your life against anything, in a company consisting probably of himself and his brother,

are not to be evaded. In this train there were two agents of insurance companies; one of them assured me that eighty-five per cent. of those who travelled on American railroads insured their lives. I admitted their wisdom, but declined to take a ticket. Then he tried me on the other tack, thinking I might perhaps like to take a share or two in the company, and told me a story of a dreadful accident at St. Louis, I think, in which hundreds of people had been injured, but the *seven* who had insurance tickets were not touched. The newspaper-boys are a study; they do not live on the platforms of the stations, but inhabit the cars. Probably an American news-boy by the time he is fifteen has travelled 50,000 miles. Each has a large chest, which represents his home, and in which he keeps his wares. First he perambulates the train and sells his daily papers; these are perishable merchandise, and will not keep; when no one will take another, he retires to the stove and eats an apple, and then goes and arranges his chest; when he is not going his rounds he is always arranging his chest. It is a sort of shell to him, only whereas the snail puts his tail inside the shell, the newspaper-boy put his head and shoulders, leaving his legs outside to be tumbled over. In half an hour's time he goes round with his illustrated weekly papers, dealing one to each passenger likely or unlikely (because the unlikelies

would be offended if omitted) as if he was distributing handbills. This is done on the same principle as that on which Sam Slick used to leave Dutch clocks on chimney-pieces until called for. Ten minutes afterwards he comes round to collect them again, and generally sells three or four to passengers who have only got half through the column of jokes. Half an hour after that, when travellers are getting weary of looking out of the windows, he distributes magazines to the public, and then his art is to return for the book at the moment when you have reached the most interesting part of the story. One of them confided to me that his profits on newspapers and light literature were fifty per cent., out of which he got twenty for himself. For a five-cent paper you pay ten cents. Also that he travelled for nothing, on condition that he found the captain of the train in newspapers.

Arrived at Richmond at dusk; went to the Exchange Hotel, which seems to be inferior to the Fifth Avenue, but better than Willard's.

Jan. 15, '67, *Tuesday.*

Got a carriage driven by a nice intelligent negro, and drove out to see the lines. Those we saw consisted of a line of forts, encircling Richmond, earthworks, generally open to the rear, about two miles from the town, and about half a mile apart, each road

approaching the town is also protected by earth-works. The most conspicuous weather-cock in the town is a golden trumpet on the spire of one of the churches—no bad symbol of beleaguered Richmond, to which the wind brought tidings of war from which-ever side it blew. Saw four turkey buzzards sitting on a rail, looking exactly like disreputable turkeys; they are the scavengers of this country. During the war time they are said all to have disappeared from Richmond, there was so much better feasting outside.

When the Confederates marched out, the town was set on fire in the tumult. It was nobody's business or care to put it out, and according to our landlord, 1,244 buildings, valued at 3,000,000 dollars, were burnt. About one-half of the space cleared by the fire is now covered again with large handsome stores, said to be double the size of those they replaced. These are being built by Richmond men, but not by the owners of the former stores. Richmond is very different in appearance from any city we have passed through yet; it looks nearly a century older. You see in the suburbs a great many houses which look like the town-residences of well-to-do gentry. Some of these have large Grecian porticoes for shade, and others verandas, story above story, large enough to be in fact a set of open-air summer-rooms, showing that

it is hot here sometimes, though cold enough at present.

Here follow memoranda of gossip with the negro driver, who does not know any one about here who has not been pardoned, and got his lands back again. The coloured people did think that some of the lands would have been distributed among them. Most of them are sending their children to school; they pay a dollar currency (3*s.* 4*d.*) a month. The teachers are all women from the North. Coloured persons never get justice done them in the State courts; their evidence is never believed. The juries are all composed of white men, and the verdicts are always for the white men against the coloured men. The cases are mostly cases of hiring and wages. Thinks the coloured people do quite as good a day's work for wages as they did as slaves. Was a slave himself, employed by the Confederates in the bullet-factory during the siege; but ran for it, and got to the Northern lines. Was a hack-driver (cabman) before the war. Could not get employment for six months after he returned to Richmond. The whites would not give employment to coloured persons who had joined the North. There was plenty of employment to be had if the whites liked to give it. Field-hands now are only getting from forty to sixty dollars currency (£6 13*s.* 4*d.* to £10) a-year and their keep, and have to find clothes and shoes and tools. A man

cannot buy clothes with it. The freedman's bureau somehow was no good. It was no use to go there and ask for employment. They had sent a delegate from Richmond to attend the convention of coloured people now sitting at Washington. They elected him at a mass-meeting of coloured people. He was a hack-owner (lets flies and carriages) and had been a freedman before the war. Thought he was a very good representative. They had started a coloured persons' newspaper in Richmond, called 'The New Nation,' edited by a white man.

In the course of the drive we saw some half-dozen negroes carrying army-rifles, and wandering about the fields in search of game. Towards the end of the war many arms were thrown away, and stores abandoned; and great numbers of the negroes seized the opportunity to possess themselves of good rifles. In some States the Governors have been apprehensive of negro insurrections, and applied for power to disarm them; but the President refused assent.

On our return we stopped at the Libby Prison, a good-sized old tobacco warehouse, by the roadside; it consists of a ground-floor, and two stories above, each story having fifteen windows in a row in front, and seven at the side, all covered with strong iron bars. It is now purged and whitewashed, and partitioned off inside into soldiers' quarters, a hospital, and prison. According to the corporal who showed

us over, the Confederates used to keep 1,500 prisoners in it, who all slept upon the floor, and were never upon any pretext allowed to go outside. If this was the case, the rest of his story is not to be wondered at, that sixty of those who were imprisoned in the ground-floor scratched a tunnel out through a cellar wall, and escaped, all except one, who was shot.

In the afternoon we went up to the Capitol, where for four years the Confederate Congress sat. The State Senate and House of Representatives were in session, and the latter were discussing the repeal of a statute which forbids any one to lend money at a higher rate of interest than six per cent. This sounds as if the statute law of Virginia was still somewhat Elizabethan.

Jan. 16, '67, *Wednesday.*

By rail to Petersburg, twenty-two miles. Starting at 4.20 a.m., we arrived at 5.40 a.m. at Jarratt's Hotel, Petersburg. The capture of this town was in fact the conclusion of the war; it held out for nine months, defended by Lee and besieged by Grant; and when General Lee was at length compelled to quit, and marched out westward without supplies or provisions, he surrendered a very few days after at Appomattox Court-house; and the Southern cause was lost.

The main attack was from the south and south-east. Richmond had been attempted in vain in front and in flank; General Grant sat himself down resolutely in rear, between Richmond and the South, to the siege of Petersburg, the key of the defences of the Southern capital. He seized and held the Weldon railroad, and so cut off the communication between Petersburg and Wilmington, a Southern port much frequented by blockade runners; and then constructed a military railroad to City Point, on the James River, by which his own stores and supplies could be brought in from the North. The general plan of the siege was very much that of the old siege of Platæa, as recorded by Thucydides: Lee at the head of the defending army, with his right and left flank resting on the Appomattox River, surrounded the south side of the town with a line of entrenchments—earthworks mounted with cannon. General Grant enclosed Lee and the town with one line of entrenchments, and protected his own rear by another similar line; so that the town, protected on the north by the Appomattox River, was girt on the south by a triple ring of earthworks. The Northern lines in front and rear, surrounding General Grant's entrenched camp, form a continuous stretch of earthworks of more than twenty-three miles. If you add to this the lines necessary to keep open the communications with the James River, the Federal

entrenchments measured more than thirty-two miles, comprising thirty-six forts and fifty batteries. At Fort Steadman, where we first got out, the opposing lines were not more than two hundred yards apart, and between these were the picket lines, about one hundred yards from one another. Fort Sedgwick in the besiegers' lines is also not more than two hundred yards from its rebel *vis-a-vis*, Fort Mahone. These two made it so hot for one another, that among the soldiers on either side they went commonly by the respective names of Fort Hell and Fort Damnation. The earthworks are still, after two years, in sufficient repair to be instructive as to the arts of war employed. You can still trace winding trenches going down to the picket trenches (the outworks in advance of the main lines). The embrasures for the guns, made with gabions (circular hurdles filled with soil), are still in repair. There are the ragged remains of the sand-bags with which the parapets were made, and between which the riflemen fired. The negroes are now living in Bombproofs (huts of strong timber, sunk in the ground and covered with three or four feet of sand, in which the soldiers in the trenches were sheltered from shot and shell). There are remains of the abatis (rows of sharp pointed rails, sloping forwards, planted like pikes in the ground, to check the approach of the enemy under fire, and prevent surprises); and there are still one or two

chevaux-de-frise (beams covered with spikes and hung on chains), for the same purpose as the abatis. But the negroes are using abatis to fence in their seed-plots, and *chevaux-de-frise* for firewood. The entrenchments are all scored and furrowed like an old rabbit-warren, by their digging for bullets. Some notion of the ammunition expended here may be got from our negro driver's statement, that when they first began digging after the siege, they often got two and three dollars a-day by gathering bullets and cannon-shot; selling the old lead at from five and a half to six and a half cents a pound. Bullets are risen in value now. I bought three of a little nigger for five cents; one was genuine, the other two had been expressly cast for sale by the little nigger's father.

We visited the 'Crater,' where a mine was driven by General Burnside, under one of the forts in the Confederate lines. These mining operations were conceived and executed by a Pennsylvania regiment, recruited from the coal country. They began to dig their tunnel at a point in a hollow out of sight of the enemy. They drove a passage 510 feet in length, right under the fort; and cut a cross tunnel at the end, like the letter T; and filled the cross-bar of the T with 8,000 lbs. of gunpowder. According to the report of the commanding officer, 'The charge consisted of 320 kegs of powder, each containing 25 lbs.—in all 8,000 lbs. of gunpowder;' and 'The

size of the crater formed by the explosion was at least 200 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 25 feet deep.' The hole has gone by the name of the 'Crater' ever since. The mine was fired at break of day, and shook the town and country for miles round. Two hundred and fifty men are said to have been killed by the explosion, and bodies and limbs were thrown even into the Federal lines. Burnside's troops, which had been massed in the hollow in the rear, rushed in, and got possession of about eight hundred yards of the Confederate lines; while the instant the roar of the mine died away, a tremendous cannonade began along the whole of the Federal entrenchments. In two days' hard fighting the Southerners drove them out again; and after the flags of truce were sent out, four days had passed before the dead were all buried and the wounded removed.

The 'Crater' and the mine are now partly surrounded by a fence; and are shown at twenty-five cents a head, by one Griffiths, who farmed the land before the siege, and now makes a living as showman. Take the showman for what he is worth. He said, 'Twice during the siege I have seen my farm nearly covered with dead men. It is calculated that upon the forty acres just round the 'Crater' 48,000 men were killed.' At last the besiegers effected a permanent lodgment in the Confederate lines, thus cutting them in two; and after a nine months' siege

Petersburg was no longer tenable. On the 15th of June, 1864, General Grant crossed the James River, and commenced the siege. On the 3rd of April, 1865, General Lee, abandoning his line of pickets at their posts, marched silently out by night.

Back to the hotel, past the old brick church and cemetery. In the cemetery is a wooden cross, with only this inscription, 'To our soldiers.' On the hills bordering the Mississippi valley, the future centre of American greatness, are the marks of great entrenchments, made by a race who lived before the red man came there, of whom nothing more is known, not even whether they were black, white, or red; only that they dug entrenchments. But I doubt if the siege of Petersburg will ever be thus forgotten on the continent of America.

> 'John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave,
> Yet his soul goes marching on.'

Pray that it march not on too fast.

At 1.30 p.m. we left Petersburg for Norfolk, by rail eighty-one miles. The line runs for seventy miles almost on a level, in a perfectly straight line through the forest. Ten miles of this, shortly before reaching Norfolk, traverse the northern end of 'the Dismal Swamp,' the refuge of runaway negroes in the Uncle Tom period. The Dismal Swamp is a belt running about a hundred and fifty miles from north to south, and from fifteen to twenty miles in width—

a first-rate place for concealment, if you are not afraid of shakes and agues. Cypress and firs and white oaks are the chief trees, with abundance of evergreen brushwood. One could imagine that there may be many negroes living still in the swamp, who have not yet heard that the war is over and they are free.

Along this line the forest has been regaining its lost ground, while the settlers have been fighting. Here and there are lonely stacks of brick chimneys, showing where houses used to be. Cleared land quickly relapses again into forest. Little fir-trees, self-sown, spring up like beds of *equisetæ*; and the forest closes in again. Deer and bears are said to be very plentiful in the swamp; and the wandering negroes, with their new army-rifles, are turning into a race of hunters. In every new clearance the stumps of the trees are left projecting some two feet above the soil. It has the appearance of a giant having been there, who has mowed a patch of forest with a scythe. A settler's life in an open country, where you can see some miles around you, may not be an unpleasant thing; but life in a small level clearing, surrounded on every side by the dark wall of gloomy forest, must be fearfully oppressive. I can imagine a continual doubt in the squatter's mind, as he smokes his evening pipe at the door of his log-hut, whether he is gaining on the forest, or the forest on him. There is

no natural open land in these parts; a settler commencing a clearance resembles the picture of Gulliver in the Brobdignag field of wheat; and it is a problem how to get the first tree to fall to the ground. The cleared patches lie along the sides of the railroad; and the line is used as the chief footpath from one to the other. The passenger who sat opposite me in the cars, was a rebel who had left Baltimore in 1861, for the war; and was now for the first time returning home to his friends. Those who have fought for the South, speak without hesitation of themselves as 'rebels.'

At Norfolk we took steamer for Fortress Monro, on the other side of the mouth of the James River; about an hour's voyage, on a beautiful moonlight night.

Jan. 17, '67, *Thursday.*

Before the war there was a huge hotel here; and Fortress Monro strove to be a fashionable watering-place. But the hotel was demolished because it was in the way of the guns of the fortress; and the Secretary of War objects to its being now rebuilt. The Hygeia Hotel, at which we put up, has wooden walls, and a tin roof, close under which we slept; so you may imagine the noise made by a big hail-storm, in the middle of a stormy night. The wind appeared to rejoice in three practical jokes; first, to

press against that corner of the wooden house in which we were trying to sleep, and howl, and shake the whole house; then to lift up the eaves of the tin roof, and blow in under them; and lastly, to make a tremendous noise by every now and then rattling and rumpling the sheets of tin overhead, as if a load of firewood had been emptied on to the top.

At 10 a.m., having got a pass without difficulty, and sent in our letter of introduction to Mrs. Jefferson Davis, we were admitted to see Mr. Davis. We found him in comfortable rooms, which might be described as good officers' quarters in barracks, supplied with books and newspapers, and able to produce the cake and wine of hospitality. Mrs. Davis and a niece were living with him. Three tasteful garlands of leaves and flowers were hung over the chimney-piece; and under them the illuminated text, painted on cardboard, 'With God all things are possible.' Mr. Davis was, I think, glad to see strangers; and we stayed more than an hour with him. Very few visitors find their way to this out-of-the-way place, and especially at this time of year.

He began by inveighing so strongly against the partiality of England for the North, in recognising a paper blockade, and in arranging the coaling stations to suit the Northern cruisers, that I was obliged to suggest that as Northern politicians held as strong views the other way, it was possible that

England had been tolerably neutral. Speaking of the past and future of the negro, Mr. Davis said, 'It is a gross misrepresentation on the part of the Abolitionists, that the marriage-tie and religion were not observed upon the plantations. It was simply a matter of interest with every planter that they should be regarded. Negroes were never prevented from learning to read; and some of them could write. They are a very imitative race, and quick to learn; there will be no difficulty in teaching them to do anything they see white men doing. But as regards their power of taking care of themselves, they are mere children. Our negroes were not living as the Abolitionists say; but were steady and happy and tolerably moral. Do you suppose that could have been a very bad mode of life for them, which has raised them to a position to which they have never anywhere been able to attain in Africa, by their own unaided efforts? The civilisation of the white man is the result of many centuries of training. You must give the negro time also; they are hardly fit for the franchise yet. I had an old negro servant, who had bought his freedom; and some one was advising him to go back to Africa, to Liberia. He said, "No, I am not so foolish as to trust my life and property in a country that is governed by black men." All the thinking men in the South recognised the fact, that as an economical question, it would be

much better for all parties that the negroes should be free, and work for wages: but there was another important question behind that; namely, if they were free, would they work; and if they would not work, what would become of them? I, for one, thought they would not work, and I think so still. Of course you can find a certain number of exceptions; exceptions prove the rule. They are thoughtless, careless fellows; if left to themselves, they will work until they get wages enough to enjoy themselves, and then no more work. If the negroes will not work, then all the rice plantations in the South, which cannot be cultivated by white men, must be abandoned, as they are at this present moment.'

Speaking of the subdivision of the large plantations now going on in the South, I suggested that one set of machinery could be made to do the work of two or three small plantations; as one thrashing or ploughing machine does the work of two or three farms in England. Mr. Davis said, 'I doubt if it would, unless you invent some other machinery from what we used to employ. A plantation is a big thing; and to make it pay well, should be worked under one head and one supervision. Cotton used to be produced at many cents per pound less than it will be produced at under the new system.'

He asked what progress Mr. Bright was making in England, and 'if he began to realise the meaning

of Universal Suffrage?' I said, we should certainly have a Reform Bill; but that English Conservatives were not the men to make any concessions until they had a considerable pressure put upon them. 'That,' said Mr. Davis, 'is their duty, and is one of the greatest advantages you have in England. Do not be too hasty in giving the franchise. It is a thing you can give, but can never take away again.' He spoke of the high opinion he had of Mr. Cobden, and the pleasure he had once had in travelling with him on the Illinois Central Railway, when Mr. Cobden was in the States. A suggestion of Mr. Cobden's was mentioned, that England should part with Gibraltar to Spain in exchange for a Free-trade Treaty. Mr. Davis said, 'Gibraltar is not perhaps of so much importance, now that steamships are used in war. Sailing vessels were obliged to have batteries and forts to take refuge under; but still you must have fortified coaling depôts for steamships. But England must take France into consideration, as well as Spain, when she thinks of giving up Gibraltar. Gibraltar is her basis of operations against France, and her heaviest blows at France have been struck through Spain.'

In alluding to the recent resolution passed by Congress, that no territories shall be admitted as States in which there is not an equal suffrage of all races and colours, Mr. Davis said, 'How would you like

it in England, if while your Reform Bill was going on, a Congress of European Powers should meet, and pass resolutions as to who should have the franchise in England? England especially ought to be conscious of the value of preserving the freedom of all local and municipal governments. The New England Republicans think they are strengthening their hands by admitting Western territories as States. They had better consider what they are doing. It may be that the result will be to strengthen the agricultural interest against the manufacturer, and overturn his tariff.'

Speaking of the curious friendship between Russia and the United States, Mr. Davis said, 'When Bodisco was Russian Minister at Washington, some one put the question to him, as to the origin of the friendly feeling between the two countries; and he replied, "That it arose from the fact of their being the two freest countries in the world."'

Jan. 18, '67, *Friday.*

Here we remain, still prisoners at Fortress Monro. It was so rough yesterday evening, that the steamboat never came to take passengers to Norfolk; and it is so cold this morning, that the ice in the river is forming fast. Shall we have to stop here until it bears? The mouth of the James River is comparatively narrow here, and in the middle an artificial

island, called the Ripraps, has been built up, to carry heavy batteries. The Ripraps and Fortress Monro are supposed to be able to stop the passage even against ironclads. We were getting very sick of the sight of the Ripraps, when in the afternoon a little steamer fortunately touched at our landing-stage, and took us back to Norfolk, just in time. Another night's frost like the last would have closed up Norfolk harbour. The half-frozen water was as thick as honey; and a steamer just arrived had her shrouds cased in ice half-way up the mast, and her nettings frozen into a solid wall.

The landlord at the Norfolk Hotel was engaged in teaching his mocking-bird to whistle 'Dixie;' a pretty bird, resembling a large fly-catcher; it is fed on chopped egg, boiled meal, and apples; but flies and spiders are a treat. Two in a cage always fight and kill one another; mockers never can stand being mocked.

At 3.50 p.m. we left Norfolk by rail for Charleston, four hundred and fifty-one miles, arriving at 6 p.m. the next day. Fare, twenty-four dollars each, about five and three-quarter cents per mile, equal to rather more than twopence per mile. Sleeping-car, two dollars extra. We carried a detachment of some hundred and fifty men, of the 8th U.S. Infantry; and, before we reached Weldon, life was diversified by a free fight between two of them, in the next car

to ours ; which ended in one soldier cutting another's head open with the door of the stove, so badly, that the doctor had to be called in to 'fix him up.'. After Weldon we took to the sleeping-car, the arrangements of which much resemble the berths on board ship ; save and except, that at 4 a.m. we had to turn out and dress, to cross the Cape Fear River at Wilmington, and take another train, without a sleeping-car in it, on the other side. Rivers in this part have appalling names ; last night we crossed the Roanoke, said to mean 'the River of Death.' There is a large Indian burying-ground on the bank, close to where we crossed, which possibly is the origin of the name.

Daybreak was very beautiful. The carpet of snow had gone from the forest. A pale rose tint flushed all the western sky, forming a background to the dark pine-woods. Tall straight pines, rising sixty feet without a branch, stood out against the sky above the lower wood, looking like the flower-stems of the yucca ; and the level morning sun striking on their tops, made the red bark glow. By our last night's journey we have left the Northern winter behind us at last.

Three parts of our way to-day lay through pine forest. This is the great district for making tar, pitch, and resin, by bleeding the tall pines to death. The bark is removed from the lower part of the trunk, in spring, on the south side ; and the exuding

sap scraped off and purified. A tree may be bled for several years before it dies. When it dies it is not succeeded by another tree of the same kind, the 'long-leaf yellow pine;' but the 'old field pine' takes its place; a different tree, which I noticed before as covering the fields directly cultivation ceases. Parasitic plants and rope-like lianas begin to appear; and the white oaks and cypresses in the swamps are hung with 'Indian moss,' also called 'Spanish beard,' a grey pendent lichen, which looks as if the trees had been used to sweep the cobwebs from the sky. This Indian moss is an article of trade, gathered, and sold by the bale, and used to stuff mattrasses. Sometimes the line was carried on trestles across a lagoon, a wide swamp studded with tufts of hassock grass, and enclosed by the black woods; all the trees round its edge muffled in the grey Indian moss. Wild ducks rose in all directions as we steamed across the lagoons, and there are said to be plenty of deer in the woods. At the 'breakfast house' on the line, a sort of farm house, two stations beyond Wilmington, the goodwife was willing to board and lodge us both for ten dollars (£1 13*s.* 4*d.*) a-week, and assured us that we could shoot duck and deer to our heart's content; but we had no dogs with us, and wanted to be getting on. Land in this level country may be divided into four kinds: first into 'land,' meaning dry land, forest or cleared; secondly, 'Savanna land,'

meaning wet land; thirdly, 'swamp,' meaning very wet land; and fourthly, 'lagoon,' or shallow stagnant lake.

The great curse of all this country, and in fact of all America, New York not excepted, is 'shakes and agues;' vide 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' If you go out before sunrise or after sunset, or sleep with your window open, any time between the first of September and the middle of November, you feel, first a chill which nothing can remove, until a fit of burning fever follows it, which is ended for the time by a copious sweat. And this will last you some six months; and, unless you have learned wisdom, you can catch it again next autumn. The attack comes every other day generally, but if you have it only every third day, it will last you much longer, and is more difficult to cure. The preventatives are, never to go out in a morning until you have had a good breakfast; to keep the windows on the south side of the house always shut; and all the windows shut when the sun is not shining. The complaint is familiarly spoken of as the 'Prevalent;' and is said not to be found north of New York. It appears to rise from the swamps like a malaria,—if it be true, as stated, that when north winds blow, the north side of a lagoon is healthy, and *vice versâ*. When the 'Prevalent' is very prevalent, families have to arrange not to have it all at the same time. A fellow

passenger told a story of his walking into a farm-house, where all, men, women and children, were 'down in the fever' at the same time; and he, the stranger, had to go to the well and draw water for them. Fortunately my informant had a never-failing remedy, by which he professed to be able to exorcise any shakes and agues in three days' time. The remedy is simple: take a pint bottle of London brown stout before breakfast, for three mornings running. This may be worth trying in the fen country, for the same complaint.

Jan. 20, '67, *Sunday.*

Tried to get a boat to take us to Fort Sumter, where the Confederates first opened fire upon the Stars and Stripes; but the boatman considered the day too windy to go out. So we promenaded through the town, which is full of once rich planters' residences, fine large houses with verandas on the south side from top to bottom. It was a perfect English summer's day, and in some of the gardens the roses were in full blow.

In spite of the supposed distress, there seemed to be very few houses to let in the suburbs. Very little mischief seems to have been done by the bombardment. If there was, the inhabitants will not own to it. They put the total of the killed and wounded during the whole bombardment at fifteen, one or

two of whom were boys who succeeded in making unexploded shells go off. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is considered that the bombarding guns were placed on Morris Island, certainly a good four miles off. They fired up into the clouds, at an angle of forty-five degrees; so that the shot dropped out of the skies, almost perpendicularly, into the town. One came through the roof of this house, the Charleston Hotel, passed through some stories of bedrooms, and out through the wall of the great dining-room into the street. In 1861, before the bombardment began, about a quarter of the town was swept away by one of those huge fires, which like prairie fires sweep all before them in American cities, and has never been rebuilt.

We walked straight through the town, and out into the fields, until we came to a field of cotton, now represented by dry sticks, but where we picked one or two of last year's seed-vessels, containing the genuine article; with which F—— proposed that we should fill our ears to celebrate the occasion of our first 'picking cotton in de field.' On the way back had a chat with an Irishman, who had been five years in Charleston, and seemed to think it was everyway inferior to the old country. One of his complaints was, that the learning they teach in the schools here was such poor stuff, compared with what you get from a real Irish schoolmaster.

His account of the way people suffer from shakes and agues was something awful.

I wandered out by myself in the evening; and smoking my pipe on the quay, descried a loggerhead turtle lying on the deck of a fishing-boat just come in. Turtle was asleep, floating on the water outside the harbour, when they espied him, lowered the boat, rowed quietly up behind him, and seizing him by the left leg, turned him on his back, in which position he cannot dive, and so handed him into the boat. The fisherman was a sturdy Rhode Islander, an obliging fellow, and took his scoop-net, and ladled strange bright fish out of the well, to show me bastard snappers and squirrel-fish, the like of which I had never seen before. Do the colours of the fish, as of the birds, get brighter under a southern sun? Then he made the turtle take a bite out of a board, to show off the power of his beak.

His crew consisted of a Spaniard, a Negro, an Italian, himself, and his brother. The boat was the property of an old man on shore; all expenses and gains were divided; of these the boat paid and received two-fifths, and the crew divided the remaining three-fifths equally among them. Each of the crew made about 120 dollars (£20) a-month. On this last trip they had been twenty days out at sea, and had only been able to fish five days out of the twenty, on account of the weather. Their fishing lay thirty

miles out. A man fishes with two lines. As soon as he has put one line over the side, he baits the other. Salt pork is the bait. Six hooks about a foot apart to each line. You pull up the lines as fast as you can bait, and sometimes get a fish on each hook.

The Rhode Islander was disposed to gossip; so we descended into his little cabin, and smoked there. He did not think the bombardment did much damage to the town; but then in war the important thing is, not how many you can kill, but how many you can frighten. He had fought all through the war in the First Rhode Island Artillery, until he got wounded. The First Rhode Island Artillery had covered the retreat of the Army of the Potomac, on every occasion on which it had retreated. There were two Englishmen, a Cornishman and a Yorkshireman, in the First Rhode Island Artillery, who exhausted the patience of the whole regiment, by teaching them on all occasions how much better everything was done in England—'with us;' until at last the First Rhode Island Artillery could stand it no longer; and when the Cornishman and the Yorkshireman began to lecture, used to stop their ears, and roar out '"With us" be d—d.'

He had been down here a good deal before the war. 'You had no idea of the intensity of the hatred between North and South when the war broke out. They would not pray together. In the same cities

there were churches for Northerners and churches for Southerners. At the beginning of the war, the Union men in the South had to fly for their lives. Some took to the woods ; they were hunted with dogs, shot, and hung. Those who escaped were the men who formed the spies and guides of the Northern invading armies. They led our cavalry in file through the woods, along the paths which lead among the turpentine farms. They knew every inch of the country.'

The South seems to have been very united in its counsels from the beginning of the war. By fair means or by foul, the Union men in the South had such a pressure put upon them that they dared not stay. They had notice given them to go, and if they remained, it was at the peril of their lives. When the war began, they all fled northward ; since the war has terminated, they have been returning to their own homes. These are the 'loyal men' of whom we read in the debates in Congress, who find that life and property is not safe in the South, for whose protection in some parts martial law is still necessary. It is not difficult to conceive with what feelings those who have fought to their last man, and were defeated chiefly for want of men, are welcoming the loyal men back to their homes.

'That raiding used to be hardish work for the cavalry. Sheridan's men had three horses to a trooper ; they had often ridden two hundred miles

in three following days. I have seen the men come in looking half-dead, with their eyes sunk in their heads, and their faces quite black. They had had no sleep since they went out but what they got in their saddles. You would think they could not fight when they came to an enemy, but they could.'

'Sheridan was a great officer. In one of the battles (I forget which), he planted all his artillery in a cedar thicket, and drew the rebels on to it. There were two divisions, which fought and retired, fought and retired alternately, until the rebels were drawn on to a point, on which the fire of two hundred guns had been brought to bear; then the two divisions retreated right and left; and the guns in ambush opened with a roar; and you might have picked up any particular piece of a man that you wanted.—One of the rebels here in Charleston told me that out of fifty men in his company, there were only six escaped from that fire. We did knock the spots off them that time.' (This metaphor, I take it, is from shooting the panther.)

'General Grant was a regular fighter. He had a military education at West Point, and served as a lieutenant in the Mexican war. After the Mexican war he retired, and married. When the war broke out, Grant he wanted to join again; but his father-in-law didn't like it, and said, "Grant, if you join, you go as a private soldier; don't you take any

command, or you will disgrace the family;"—and he did as his father-in-law told him, he joined without any command at first; and now he is General in chief.'

Had a small talk also with an old gentleman, who scorned to acknowledge that the bombardment had frightened or hurt any one; but mentioned that one evening as he was smoking a cigar on his veranda, a shot had fallen from the skies, and carried one of his pillars away.

Jan. 21, '67, *Monday.*

We got a small boat, manned by three negroes, hoisted sail, and went off to see the famous Fort Sumter; or rather what remains of it. It was originally a casemated brick fort, with walls of great thickness, carrying three rows of guns, like a three-decker ship. The sea face is now a bank of rubbish, sloping straight down to the beach. When the ships, and the guns on Morris Island, began to batter the fort, it was very weak, as modern guns can knock down any wall. When they had knocked the walls all down, it was very strong, as no guns can produce any effect upon a bank of rubbish. The earth forts extemporised by Todleben at Sebastopol seem to have been the models for fortifications since. Some of the dismounted guns still lie on the shore, at the foot of the rampart of rubbish on which they once

stood. Solid shot and splinters of shell abound among the brick-ends.

We tried to row across to Morris Island, a mile and a half from Sumter, where some of the guns which bombarded the town are still in position; but the tide was running out fast, and we stuck several times on the shoals; and were very near being left on a sand-bank until the next tide came to pick us up. Either our boatmen were profoundly ignorant of the navigation, or the harbour wants a good deal of looking to, as the obstructions put down are causing the channels to change and fill up.

Niggers (they are not 'coloured persons' yet in the South) are most artful flatterers. Having discovered that we came from England, and having inquired whether we had come by sea or by land, they began to praise English guns and English boots; no boots had ever come to Charleston equal to those brought in by the blockade-runners from Nassau; and there was no cloth like the English cloth. One of our three negroes was a field-hand; the owner was to have half the produce, and the field-hand half; the labourer to keep himself, and find his own clothes, shoes, and tools. This is a very general arrangement; which will result in the master having to make advances, after which the negro will be greatly tempted to decline to work. Nothing exists in the nature of benefit clubs, which would be a substitute

for the former owners' care of the sick and aged. I do not see how it could be made to work. The three coloured gentlemen looked extremely sagacious and provident, when I expounded the scheme to them; but they never would pay up a second contribution. The negroes are emigrating in large numbers from South Carolina and the provinces which have suffered most by the war. They are going westward and southward, to Mississippi and to Texas; where the soil yields better harvests, being newer and less impoverished; and where the planters also have suffered less. South Carolina has fought to the last gasp, and will still be very desolate next year.

Jan. 22, '67, *Tuesday.*

Started at 8 a.m. for Augusta, 137 miles, where we arrived just at dusk, after travelling almost all day through interminable forest. Strolled through the town, which has the most enormous sandy wastes of streets, wider even than those of Washington; yet we observed some show of evening toilet; which must mean some amount of trade being done successfully by the husbands and fathers. The small amount of our fellow-passengers' luggage impressed us very much to-day.

Jan. 23, '67, *Wednesday.*

Started again shortly after midnight for Atlanta, 171 miles, making 308 from Charleston. Sleeping cars are proving themselves to be a great invention. At 10.30 a.m. we arrived at Atlanta. Here we come upon the track of Sherman's terrible march. He burnt Atlanta to the ground, leaving only two stores standing. The old wooden town is now nearly re-built of brick. We have now glorious summer weather; making us rejoice that we have postponed going north, where all the world is snowed up, and trains are being dug out of the drifts: many stories in the papers also of gales upon the eastern coast, and wrecks about Cape Hatteras, causing me to rejoice that we had not gone south by ship as proposed at one time.

As we approached Atlanta the country became more cleared and cultivated. Sixteen miles before reaching it, our eyes were rejoiced by the sight of Stone Mountain, a bare granite bluff, the first hill we have seen in America. The whole coast-line, down which we have travelled, appears to be one level flat. A good deal of stone is being quarried here for the new buildings at Atlanta. The city of Atlanta seems to have no particular natural advantages, but derives its importance from being situated at the junction of four railroads, which run north to

Chattanooga, south to Macon, east to Charleston, and west to Montgomery.

We dined this evening with a gentleman who left Europe for America some years ago to repair a damaged fortune. He had never taken root in the new country, but while speculating in cotton and in building land, had never ceased to yearn after the land of his birth. He has lived in troubled times, and during the six years he has been out has lost three children. I jot down memoranda of our conversation; but the statements contained in them must be discounted with a due consideration for the bias of the speaker.

He inveighed against the society of his city, which had but three topics of conversation, religion, dollars, and politics. Mind you, this comprises a good deal. He described the failures in the administration of justice. The judges are chosen by popular election guided by bribery; they are generally young, ignorant, and corrupt. The juries are often picked by the sheriff from the bystanders, the loafers who attend courts of justice, sometimes the friends of the prisoner, or of one or other of the parties to the suit. The cost of law proceedings is immense, without any certainty of a fair trial. As regards the medical profession, there are no doctors upon whom any reliance can be placed: they study for their diploma six months only, two months in each of the three years

of preparation, and then consider themselves competent to treat all human complaints.

He described the Usury laws, by which in Georgia you are prohibited from lending money at a higher rate than seven per cent.; and the effect of the 'Stay Laws,' by which it has been enacted, that no man, for some months yet to run, shall be entitled to recover any debts. He spoke of the bribes supposed to be taken by Northern Congress men for obtaining pardons for Southern rebels; and of the way in which contracts were given away during the war, by the War Department at Washington, as matters of favouritism, without regard to competition. He described the former easy life of the slaves; their copious diet, their short hours of work, and provision in sickness, infancy, and age, as compared with their present condition; and asserted that cases of cruelty were as rare as cases of cruelty to his cows and horses inflicted by an English farmer. Cases, he admitted, there were, but very rare; and the love which a man always has for his own property was sufficient to ensure the slave being still cared for in his old age, after the motive from self-interest had ceased. Nor did the arrangements of married life please him; the style of the wife's dress and equipage being regarded as an advertisement of the success of the husband's speculations, instead of the wife's contributing, as in the old country, to keep the gear together.

He explained the nature of the National Banks invented by Mr. Chase, which are all interested in upholding the national credit. Formerly the country was flooded with paper money, and it was the interest of the Banks to depreciate the Government currency, and push their own bank-notes. But now, if any of the National Banks break, the Government is responsible for its debts; and it is the interest of all the capitalists engaged in banking to uphold the national credit.

This was Mr. Chase's device:—A banker wishing to issue notes to the value of 90,000 dollars, was compelled to buy Government bonds to the value of 100,000 dollars: these bonds are deposited at the Treasury, so that if the bank fails, the Government holds security supposed to be equal to one-tenth more than is necessary to pay the creditors. On all bonds so deposited, the Government pays the banker six per cent. in gold. Other bankers are not prohibited from issuing notes; but if they do not purchase the due proportion of Government bonds, they have to pay the Treasury ten per cent. on all notes issued; and of the amount so issued by them they have to make a weekly declaration on oath. This ten per cent. has had the effect of exterminating all the private banks, and there are now in America some 5,000 National Banks.

Some managers of National Banks are said to

have played the following trick upon Mr. Chase. Depositing with the Treasury 100,000 dollars' worth of bonds, they issued and received value for 90,000 dollars' worth of notes; depositing the 90,000 dollars, they issued and received value for 81,000 dollars' worth of notes; depositing the 81,000 dollars, they issued and received value for 72,900 dollars' worth of notes, and so on, the balance standing thus :—

Deposits—Gold.	Issues—Notes.
100,000	90,000
90,000	81,000
81,000	72,900
271,000	243,900

An original purchase of 100,000 dollars' worth of bonds thus entitling the banker to receive 6 per cent. interest in gold upon 271,000 dollars deposited in the Treasury, and to issue notes to the value of 243,900 dollars. This must have required a little 'financing.' Our host was of opinion that England had acted foolishly in not backing the Confederates, in order to split up the great power of the United States; and that Louis Napoleon had made a wise move towards helping them, in his Mexican expedition, although it had not turned out prosperously.

Jan. 24, '67, *Thursday.*

We made another long stride south to-day. Atlanta to West Point is 87 miles; West Point to

Montgomery 88 ; Montgomery to Mobile, where we arrived on Friday at 2.30 p. m., 126 miles. Total 301 miles.

In the matter of cultivation and clearing, Georgia is the best of the States we have seen. We passed through cotton-fields great part of our journey. Conversation ran mostly on cotton. The soil of Georgia is spoken of as exhausted, in comparison with that of Texas or Missouri, which is hardly to be wondered at, as wheat, maize, and cotton are said to be the usual rotation of crops. The soil, judging by the occasional sections in the railway cuttings, is a deep friable decomposed red sand-stone. The strata of the red sand-rock are often curiously folded and undulated, and streaked with white veins, in appearance like fuller's earth.

The land ought to be in preparation now for sowing the cotton ; but owing to the scarcity of labour, we see little ploughing going on. Cotton is very sensitive to frost ; it is therefore sown as late as possible, even in March. If the young plants are frost-bitten, there is an immediate second sowing. One of my fellow-passengers thinks that, if you procure seed of the long-stapled Sea-island cotton, and sow it in the uplands, where the cotton produced is of short staple, the quality of the short-stapled upland Georgia cotton can be improved. But others are of opinion that the shortness of the fibre is a result

of the soil, and not to be amended by a change of the seed. The seed is put in chiefly by hand, in rows about two feet apart, guano being dropped in with the seed. The next great labour is the repeated hoeings, to keep the crop free from weeds; and this also is done chiefly by hand. The object now being to save labour, drills and horse-hoes will, no doubt, be much more largely used. The mule is much more used here than the horse. Kentucky breeds mules for the South, as Virginia used to breed negroes. You see my morals in these matters are getting corrupted by Southern communications. It was a curious fact, that in the alluvial hot rice districts, where the climate was similar to that of the regions from which their fathers came, the negroes did not multiply. By planting geometrically, a mule will be made to draw a horse-hoe, or small plough, both along and across the drills; and probably, as we have found in England in the case of wheat, (with us) the plants will grow all the stronger for being planted further apart.

The part of cotton cultivation to which machinery seems to be inapplicable, is the picking. This goes on from September even to January. The cotton cannot be harvested all at once, like a grain crop; but must be continually watched, and the fields continually picked over by intelligent fingers, as the seed-pods ripen. When picked, it is taken to the

cotton-gin, is carded to get rid of the seeds, and squeezed into bales by the great 'Plantation Screw.' Bales vary in weight. In Georgia a bale is supposed to average 500 lbs., and in Louisiana, 400 lbs. The difficulty of betting on the British hop crop is nothing compared with the difficulty of judging of the amount of the cotton crop of the South, inasmuch as it takes so much longer time to harvest. Judges estimate the crop of 1866 at 2,250,000 bales; but even when gathered, it takes a long time to find its way to market; and is now draining down by rail and river to the cotton ports, to Charleston and Savanna, Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston. Probably the crop of 1867 will be smaller still than that of 1866, in consequence of the want of money and the derangement of the labour market; and yet cotton is falling rapidly in price; and this at a time when most of the Southern States are verging on bankruptcy, and their chances of future prosperity based upon their cotton crop.

A very considerable amount of cotton is destroyed by fire on its way down the rivers. The huge steamboats are piled and hung all round with cotton bales, often tied only with rope, and dry as tinder, under the burning sun. If a spark from funnel or cigar sets them alight, no human power can extinguish the fire; it runs round the ship, from bale to bale, and the only thing to be done is to run her ashore,

and get out of her as quickly as may be. They are taking to bind the bales now with iron-hooping, which prevents them from bursting open in a fire, and renders the compressed cotton nearly incombustible. There are three dangers in American river travelling; fires from cotton going down stream; snags, or sunken trees, which poke holes in the ship's bottom when the water is low; and blowing up of boilers. If you go up the Mississippi at this season of the year, when there is plenty of water, you are in no danger from snags or cotton. Boilers will burst at all times; but they too are said to burst chiefly in going down stream, when they have cargoes of bacon on board, and captains of a racing turn of mind. It is still a doubtful point which of the Southern States produced most cotton last year; the doubt lies between Alabama and Texas.

The data for forming a judgment as to the relative productiveness of free and slave labour are as yet very imperfect. One of my fellow-passengers put it thus:—A slave, between the ages of ten and forty, costs on an average 750 dollars, and was good for work on an average for ten years. The usual planter's calculation was, that a slave's keep cost 100 dollars a-year; and that his labour ought to produce annually five bales of cotton. This, be it remembered, was in the days of good crops; while

in the only year in which experience has been had as yet of free labour, the season has been unusually bad. On the other hand, as regards the freedman; wages in Georgia and Alabama range from 10 to 15 dollars per month, and in Mississippi and Texas from 20 to 25 dollars per month; let us take them at an average of 15 dollars per month. The freedman's average production this last year is said to have been about three bales per man; but it may be expected that in future years, when the market is more settled, and labour contracts are on a more satisfactory footing, free labour will be much more productive. At present the two accounts stand thus:—

SLAVE—TEN YEARS. (*50 Dollars per Bale.*)

	Dols.		*Dols.*
Cost	750	Production for ten years, at five bales a-year = Fifty bales at 50 dollars per bale ...	2500
Interest on cost for ten years at ten per cent.	750		
Keep for ten years at 100 dollars a-year ...	1000		
	2500		

FREEDMAN—ONE YEAR. (*60 Dollars per Bale.*)

	Dols.		*Dols.*
Wages for one year at 15 dollars per month	180	Production for one year = Three bales at 60 dollars per bale ...	180

In this no allowance is made for the expenditure upon the slave in infancy or illness or old age,

to the advantage of the employer of free labour at the present rate of wages, and goes to prove that the freedman is at the present rate underpaid, not being paid sufficient (according to the old scale of living befitting a slave) to allow him to provide for illness, and old age, and the bringing up of his children. If this be so, the prospect is not good for the planter, as with a falling market his scale of wages will have to rise.

In the night we passed a part of the forest in which the farmer was burning the dead trees on his clearing. The effect by night was very beautiful; the tall dead trunks are all aglow and sparkling from top to root. The ordinary mode of clearing forest land is after this fashion:—You cut what timber you require for log-hut and fences. But labour is precious; and for the rest, you destroy it in the way which gives you least trouble. Each tree is notched round the foot with an axe. In from two to three years the branches and bark have fallen off, and the timber is rotten nearly to the heart. Then fire is set to the root, and the tree blazes from butt to bough until reduced to ashes. The hard stumps are not sufficiently decayed for burning until two or three more years have passed; but, in the meantime, the farmer ploughs tortuously in and out among the stumps, and raises crops from the soil. Machines have been invented in prosperous parts

of the States, which extract the old stumps as dentists take out decayed teeth.

Jan. 25, '67, *Friday.*

Sat down next to a fellow-passenger on his way home to Texas. As we advanced, the forest became more and more densely filled with cane-brake and undergrowth of evergreens. Here and there magnolias appeared almost of the size of forest trees. 'It is a sign of a mighty poor soil,' said my friend, 'where magnolias grow. You find them mostly on sandy bluffs, but not far from water.' Montgomery to Mobile by rail is 126 miles; by steamboat and the Alabama river it is 333. We decided in favour of the rail, preferring speed to ease and river scenery; and congratulated ourselves upon our decision, as to-day we had a great amount of heavy, soft, warm spring rain.

At several of the stations we passed this morning were assembled groups of migratory negro families, working their way westward, their luggage consisting generally of a bed rolled up, a bundle, and half a barrel of potatoes. The first effect of freedom is a great feeling of restlessness, a desire to leave the old home and see the world. Thirty-seven thousand negroes, according to newspaper estimates, have left South Carolina already, travelling west. The meaning of the Indian name Alabama is said to be 'Here we

rest,' but the migratory negro still moves on westward towards Mississippi and Texas. 'The quicker he moves, the better,' say the Southern newspapers; 'we must have white labour now.' How are they to get it? It is too much to expect of the Northern Government that they will divert emigration and cotton from the North in order to help the South; but what seems to be wanted is a line of steamers running from the South to the European ports of emigration, say from Charleston and Savannna to Liverpool and Hamburgh. These would carry the cotton direct to Europe, instead of its passing through the hands of the New York brokers, and would return with emigrants direct to the South, instead of their landing at New York and going off to the West. Such a line of steamers will never be started except by a Government subsidy. American speculators will speculate in anything except lines of steamers. But will emigrants come merely to supply an under-stocked labour-market, in a land of bankrupt landlords? To attract emigrants, you must subdivide plantations, and offer land for sale. The impoverished emigrant, when he lands in America, may profess himself a radical; but his desire is to possess land, and at heart he is simply an unbloated aristocrat without the slightest intention of working for anybody except himself. He has had enough experience of that; his object is to obtain land of his own.

The idea seems to be spreading that it would be well if greater facilities could be established for education in the South, instead of having to seek it in the New England States. The money made in the South used to be spent in the North; for which reason, among many others, the South has always been short of the money requisite for the development of her railroads and manufactures. And one good reason for going North was to get your children educated, although there were a certain amount of good schools in the South for the higher class of education. They are talking now of establishing a University in some healthy upland position in Alabama, and there is a notice in to-day's paper of a meeting to be held at Galveston, to consider the best position for a Texas State University. If there were money enough in the South to ensure liberal payment, it would not be a bad speculation for men well recommended from the English Universities to open colleges in these parts. I think they would be very well received.

Texas, according to my fellow-passenger, is the most prosperous State in the South. At the beginning of last year, Galveston, its chief port, contained 8,000 inhabitants; and at the present time contains 20,000; and the rest of the State is supposed to have nearly doubled its population in the course of the year. For emigrants the fare from Liverpool to Galveston is about 40 dollars gold, or £9. My

informant keeps two English maid-servants, and pays them each 25 dollars gold, or £5 a month.

We stopped to dine at a depot, or station in the woods, where the beef collops, judging by their shape and hardness, must have been cut off the animal with an axe. Gas not being at hand, in front of the station, where the platform should have been, were two rough tables covered with about three inches of earth, on which at night they lit fires of pine knots. As we drew towards the end of our journey, the depots were defended by stockades against raiders from Pensacola, where during the war the North held possession of the navy yard.

At Blakesley the railway came to a most abrupt and unexpected end on the bank of the Alabama river, and we were shipped on board a great white steamboat, the first of the American river steamboats we have seen. Ours, being a comparatively small boat, was a huge flat barge, on which was erected only a one-storied block of buildings. On the ground floor we carried the engine, the fire-wood, cotton and sugar, horses and pigs, and the negroes. The upper story is a long saloon running the length of the vessel, with a row of cabins containing berths, opening out of the saloon on either side. At each end and on either side of this upper story is a veranda running round, as on the houses on land. Here you sit and smoke, while the banks glide past you, watching the

panorama. On each side an enormous paddle-box, reaching from the topmost attic to the surface of the water; and from side to side of each paddle-box the name of the ship, written in enormous letters.

We had to wait to take in the luggage, and more wood for the engine; and stood in the gallery lazily watching the negroes work. You can form no idea of the perfect mellowness of a happy negro's laughter. The yah-yah of the Ethiopian Serenader is derived from it, but gives no idea of it. Their voices singing hymns are very melodious. Dinah will be coming out some day soon as Prima Donna at the Opera. A gentleman of colour, working on one of the boats, was asked the other day whether he was best off now or before he was free. He scratched his wool and said, 'Wall, when I tumbled overboard before, the captain he stopped the ship, and put back and picked me up; and they gave me a glass of hot whisky and water; and then they gave me twenty lashes for falling overboard. But now if I tumble overboard, the captain he'd say, What's dat? oh! only dat dam nigger —go ahead.' The childish trustful look of the young darkey is very touching. Most of the negroes look you very straight in the face. I cannot imagine any one ill using them.

Just at the mouth of he river, coming out into Mobile Bay, we scattered a flock of some hundreds of wild ducks; this provoked a shot or two from those

who wanted to empty their revolvers; and disclosed the fact that a fair proportion of the junior passengers carried arms. Landed at 2.30 p.m. at Mobile, upon a wharf covered with huge cotton-bales; and went to the Battle House Hotel.

Jan. 26, '67, Saturday.

Mobile seems to have suffered little from the war, except by impoverishment and stagnation of trade. It was one of the last places which surrendered to the North. Admiral Farragut defeated the Confederate gun-boats in Mobile Bay, and took the town without its passing through the ordeal of either burning or bombardment. The great devastation was committed by the inhabitants themselves, who now lament bitterly that, in clearing the ground for fortifications which were never used, they cut down the whole of the fine evergreen oaks and magnolias which formerly shaded the suburbs.

We were driven to-day along the 'Shell-road,' which skirts the western side of the bay. Mobile oysters are beautiful when fried, and after death the shells are made into the smoothest of turnpike roads. Before the war this road ran through a wood of magnificent magnolias, which when in blossom used to fill the air with perfume. The part of the grove next to the town is all swept away, the trees which shaded the citizens' summer evening drive have been

felled. Camellias grow here in the gardens, ten feet high; and roses and jonquils are in blossom. Palmettoes grow along the shore, and one house in Government Street had an orange-tree growing on the turf, covered with large dark-red oranges. Several of the best houses in Government Street are said to be tenanted by the former owners of blockade-runners; a trade in which the Jews largely embarked.

Jan. 27, '67, *Sunday.*

We went to a church where the bonnets were fashionable and the preacher apparently orthodox. I imagine that in Mobile more attention is paid to bonnets than to doctrine; but have collected very little evidence on the point. I fancy we notice here the influence of the French colony of New Orleans, of whom Mr. Davis said to F., 'Commerce and government have both passed away into American hands, but still you will find them controlling the fashions and the amusements.' Mobile bonnets suggest New Orleans.

Jan. 28, '67, *Monday.*

Paid ten dollars each for our passage to New Orleans, 182 miles, and sailed at 2.30 p.m., by steamship Mary. We drew a long red line down Mobile Bay, stirring the sand up with our paddles (vessels drawing more than ten feet of water cannot get up

to the town), and picked our way carefully through two lines of great piles which were driven down across the harbour-mouth, to make things unpleasant for Admiral Farragut.

There seem to be the same sea-gulls in all parts of the world. I imagine they fly from shore to shore of Pacific or Atlantic. The flock that hovered over our stern this evening, and fought like chickens for the crumbs shaken from the table-cloths, looked like the identical birds which escorted us out of Queenstown Harbour, and were found again at Sandy Hook waiting to welcome us to New York. As it grew dusk, great loons, looking like geese with the heads of pelicans, passed across our bows two and two, gliding as in a dream, almost touching the water, without movement of their wings.

Passed eighteen large vessels waiting for cargoes of cotton, and one which had completed her loading two days ago, and since that time had been burned to the water's edge. Passed Fort Gaines and Fort Morgan, one on each side the harbour mouth; and out into the Gulf of Mexico, on which the only ripple was that made by our own paddle-wheels. It was dark foggy night by the time we lost sight of the light-house at the mouth of Mobile Bay. Woke up at midnight to find ourselves at the railway pier on the bank of Lake Pont Chartrain. Lake Pont Chartrain is not strictly a lake, but an inlet of the sea; so the steam-

boat is able to enter it and deposit you in rear of the city. A railroad running through the swamps brought us in half an hour from the steam-boat pier into the suburbs; and an early cabman pounced upon us in the grey of the morning, and deposited us, sleepy and stupid, at the door of the Saint Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

Jan. 29, '67, *Tuesday.*

New Orleans is called 'the Crescent City,' from its curving round a bend of the Mississippi. It contains about 200,000 inhabitants, and before the war was the chief market of the world for cotton, and the chief market of the United States for sugar. During the war, the market of New Orleans was closed. The year before the war, Louisiana could show 1,292 plantations under cultivation, producing 500,000 hogsheads of sugar. In 1864 there were but 180 plantations at work, and their production of sugar was but 6,750 hogsheads. Nine-tenths of the sugar-cane raised in the U. S. is grown in Louisiana. Before the war, Cuba sent her sugars to New Orleans to be sold; at present they go to New York. The natural market is beginning now, as the Americans say, to 'recuperate;' and our walk on the Levée was very amusing.

The Mississippi, the great 'Father of Waters,' does not surprise you by its breadth. It does not look

much wider than the Thames at Greenwich; but the turbid yellow stream is of enormous depth, and runs at the rate of some three miles an hour, with a resistless volume of water. The crescent bank is lined with a row of the great steamboats, which can run in ordinary times from the Gulf of Mexico to the great falls on the Upper Missouri, a distance of 3,900 miles. We sat on the edge of the quay, looking down into a fruit-boat; she was ballasted with a golden groundwork of oranges; at one end was a heap of pine-apples, and at the other a great pile of bunches of bananas, some green, some bright yellow, some brown like bunches of sausages. We selected two ripe oranges, which were growing on a little twig with a dark green leaf attached, and ate them because they looked so pretty; and then regaled ourselves with ripe bananas, which have a mingled flavour of figs, pine-apples, and pomatum. They are very pleasant to eat when you begin, but when you have eaten too many, you can taste the pomatum distinctly. The next boat to the fruit-boat was full of shells from the Gulf, spread out to catch the eyes of inland folk who might like to take some back to their friends a thousand miles up the yellow river. Then we went on board the 'Robert E. Lee,' a new steamer, considered one of the largest and handsomest on the Mississippi. I paced the length of her saloon carefully. It was 76 yards from end to end, handsomely fitted with

mirrors and decorated in white and gold, opening at each end on the gallery which runs all round the ship.

Negroes on the Levée swarm like black ants, dragging bales of cotton, rolling hogsheads of sugar, and trotting to and fro from the steamers, carrying rice and Indian corn in little square bags, from which the grains drop as they move. The quay is floored with planks raised on piles. Through the interstices of the planks the grain drops down. Under the Levée must be the paradise of rats; it is also frequented by thieves. The art of the Levée thief is to cut out a plank under a stack of costly goods above, coffee for instance, and to abstract the core of the pile, leaving the stack apparently intact. The quay is gay with little flags in all directions; each cargo has to be sorted as it is unloaded, and the goods of one owner are brought together at the red flag, and those of another at the yellow, and so forth. A negro of education stands with a stick in his hand at the plank by which the black porters come on shore, reads the marks on the sack, and names the flag at which the load is to be stacked. He touches each sack as it passes with his stick, and if one escapes him, he looks as unhappy as Dr. Johnson when he had missed a post.

Here is a heap of spades, there a pile of ploughs and plantation-hoes and carts and waggons, come down from some manufactory in the north: railway

iron, and barrels of pork, barrels of flour, big bales of cotton and little bags of Indian corn, big barrels of sugar and small barrels of molasses, and barrels without end. Acres of bales, and acres of barrels. Nobody seems to care about warehousing his goods. I suppose in this climate they do not suffer from being left in the open air. In and out through the stacks and bales come negresses with bright handkerchiefs round their heads, carrying baskets and basins containing dinners for the black ants, terrible abominations of dried and fried meats and fishes, which had a smell of Drury Lane or Wych Street about them.

Went to the 'Mechanics' Hall,' a large brick building, where, on the 30th of July last, the small minority of Union men in the State were injudicious or judicious enough (for much political capital has been made out of the riot) to hold a meeting. General Sheridan was away, and the city police were no friends to the convention. A crowd of negroes assembled in the street round the building, in which their Union friends had met. The irritated citizens of New Orleans assembled also, fired upon the negroes in the street, broke into the hall, and turned the convention, after stout resistance, out of the windows. After the hall had been sacked, the victorious mob amused itself by murdering negroes up and down the city; standing on the side-walls and shooting at them as they drove past in their carts. It

was a savage outbreak, showing the bitterness with which some of the Southerners regard the negro race as a chief cause of their misfortunes.

General Sheridan puts the number of killed at about 40, and the wounded at about 270. We were shown over the hall by a negro who had been in the building at the time the rioters broke in. He concealed himself under a table, but somebody espied him and caught him a crack on the head with a 'slung-shot'—a weapon of the same class as the stone in the toe of a stocking sometimes used in Irish rows, a handy thing to hit round a corner with; fortunately among gentlemen of colour the head is not a vital part; then he was thrust into the street with the blood running down his face, and was further maltreated before he made his escape. According to his account, there were men shot dead in every story of the building. All the chairs in the large hall were smashed to splinters in the fight. And when he was being taken away to the hospital the pavements on both sides of the street in front of the building were strewn with dead and wounded men. We noticed on walls and windows between the front door and the entrance to the hall the marks of about a dozen pistol shots.

Called with a letter of introduction upon General Beauregard, now manager of the New Orleans and Ohio Railway, but unfortunately the General was

somewhere up the line, and though we called more than once afterwards, he did not return while we were there. It seems strange to find famous generals, like Lee and Beauregard, turning into managers of colleges and railways; but an American general is much more easily made into a civilian, than a civilian is into a general. Called also upon our hospitable banker Mr. Forstal, to whom we are indebted for innumerable kindnesses.

Went off by car to the Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair Exhibition to see Fowler's steam-plough exhibited. This is interesting at the present time; it being a question of importance how far machinery can be made to supplement the want of negro labour. Bankers from Chicago, and speculators from New York, and Northern men who served under General Banks and General Butler, and saw the pleasantness of the land, have been buying up plantations in Louisiana at very low prices, and are beginning to be desperate at getting no labour to cultivate them; they have even been talking of introducing coolie labour from China. It was one of Fowler's large ploughs drawn by two 14-horse-power engines, one at each end of the field, warranted with four ploughs to plough ten acres a day, or an acre an hour, one foot deep; or with the cultivator of seven tynes, to break up two acres an hour of fourteen inches deep. The plough did its work

well; but the objections taken to it by an obstructive agriculturist near, were these:—First, its enormous price, £1,645 for the two engines, plough, and cultivator, delivered in England, with carriage and 500 dollars' duty to pay on importation; then all the estates in Louisiana are intersected by deep ditches, crossed by slight wooden bridges, and you cannot introduce the engines without rebuilding all your bridges. Again, deep ploughing is of no use for cotton. Moreover, on a plantation where sugar is grown, you must keep a certain number of mules, even when not ploughing, to draw wood for the engine and cane from the field, and for general work, and if you plough by steam your mules will all be idle when they might do the ploughing; and, lastly, even in the sugar lands of Louisiana there are a large number of old stumps left in the ground.

The exhibitor told him of the success of the steam-plough in Cuba; and how, when the Southern cotton-markets were closed, the Viceroy of Egypt had sent Mr. Fowler an order for 200 steam-ploughs to be delivered in half a year; and how this was found to be impossible with the then existing plant and machinery; and how the Viceroy had immediately remitted the money necessary to rebuild the premises, but it was all of no avail. It is not easy in this land to find a planter now who has got £1,645 to spend upon a plough. Had negro

emancipation been adopted peacefully, Mr. Fowler would probably have sold many more ploughs in Louisiana than even the Viceroy has ordered.

Jan. 30, '67, *Wednesday.*

We called to-day upon General Sheridan, now in military command of the 'Department of the Gulf,' which embraces the states of Florida, Louisiana, and Texas. His head-quarters are at New Orleans. General Sheridan is short of stature, and a light-weight for the saddle, no disadvantage for a cavalry officer. Exposure to sun and weather in campaigning has made its mark upon him; but he is careful in his dress, and stepped out of a well-appointed carriage drawn by two fine horses. He mentioned that before the war he had lived nine years among the Indians, had gone over most of the Indian frontier, and learnt to speak three Indian dialects. This was no bad training for the work he afterwards had to do; it had given him the art of travelling by landmarks and carrying the geography of the country in his head. In his opinion, the Indians were 'bound to be exterminated,' because no chastisement or evidence could convince them that the white man was too strong for them. The white man's statements were not credited; and when Indian embassies returned from Washington, and told their tribes of the strength and power of the

pale faces, they were set down from that time forth as liars, and not believed. Yet the imagination of the Indians is strong enough. He spoke of the power exercised by their 'medicine men,' who are believed to be able to kill or cure at will, according as they may choose to curse or bless; and the imagination of their victims is so strong, that when an Indian is convinced that he is going to die on a certain day, he does it. 'I have known them name the day on which they were bound to die, and when the day came, they would sit down and die "right off"—strong men without apparent disease. I used to laugh at them, and tell them to send the doctors to kill me; their answer was, "You are not an Indian, but another sort of man." It is impossible to civilize them; they are bound to be exterminated: they believe in the entire superiority of the Indian race to the white. They say, "that will do very well for the white man;" and "you are not an Indian, but another sort of man;" and that accounts for all things which they do not comprehend. We shall very likely have a war with them soon, as we are crowding them now. They are brave enough, and will fight it out to the last man.' He said, he himself was pining to go out West again.

The General, as you may suppose, has a great belief in the powers of cavalry. The numbers of the cavalry under his command was very much

exaggerated; he never had at any one time a larger force in the field than 11,000 sabres. In skirmishing, his troopers used to fight after the manner of our dragoons, three men used to dismount and advance, and the fourth remain holding the four horses. Sometimes he had used half the force as dismounted skirmishers, keeping the other half as mounted reserves; 'But I never would dismount the men in a country where they could fight on horseback. I prefer to use the sabre.' Some modification of the Spencer rifle must be adopted for the infantry. As for rifles, the Henry will not do, because the 'magazine' is too much exposed, and the soldier cannot keep it clean and free from rust in wet weather, and the long spiral spring gets weak in time. The infantry will have to be armed with the Spencer. 'In our country, guns are of little use with cavalry, except that the sound of them frightens raw troops. They are a great incumbrance in marching, and in fighting. I have sometimes been only able to use two or three guns; and perhaps one-half of the cavalry could not be moved, because the guns had to be covered lest the enemy should take them. At the beginning of one year I had seventy-two guns attached to my three divisions of cavalry, divided into six-gun batteries; then I made them into batteries of four guns each; and by the end of the year I had sent every one of the guns to the rear except six, as being

a useless encumbrance. In a general way we came to consider that one gun was equal to one Minie rifle and no more. Before the end of the war we had taken every gun opposed to us. The men never hesitated about riding for the enemy's batteries; they used to say, "Now let us have a go for the guns."'

In the afternoon we went up to the Metairie racecourse (pronounced Metary), hoping to see a trotting-match, but these came off on Fridays and Sundays. The course is small and circular, four times make a mile: it is a soft roadway, no turf being to be had. The straight piece of road between the town and the Metairie is the favourite exercise-ground and show-off place for the trotters; and we saw some wonderful horses on our way back, making their time. Two minutes and forty seconds is the least time in which a match horse is expected to do his mile, and 'a regular 2·40' is a slang phrase expressive of anything 'fast' all through the States. The splendid action and enormous stride of the hind-quarters of some of these American trotters astonished me. The horses of new Orleans have rather a good time of it. They are to the mules what the white man was to the negro—they do the trotting matches, draw the carriages, and carry the gentlemen, while their servants the mules do all the hard work, draw the carts, and do the ploughing and field work.

In the evening we went to a Creole party ; but do not suppose there was any black blood in the room, nothing was spoken but French, the toilettes were Parisian, and the lady of the house was not unlike the Empress Eugenie. 'Creole' has a very different meaning here from that which we give it. A Creole of Louisiana is one who traces back through one parent or another to the colonists ; and the colonists were those who dwelt in the land at the time Louisiana was sold by France to the United States in 1803. Creole society holds itself as distinct from all that comes from the North, as the old families in Virginia did. They have pedigrees and traditions of ancestors, and before the war had enormous wealth. They took their part in the struggle ; Beauregard was one of their representatives, and they have lost with the rest. You may imagine how such ladies with Parisian tongues could vex the soul of a Butler.

The French element seems to keep itself very distinct. The suburbs or outer part of the city, 'la ville,' are composed of all nations ; but in the centre is the old French town, a square, with one side facing the river, and the other three sides bounded by Boulvarts (which I spell with a *t*, because the Parisians have taken to doing so) planted with trees, called Rue de l'Esplanade, Rue des Ramparts, and Canal Street. In the French market you find old

women selling vegetables who cannot speak a word of any language but French. And French is understood, if not spoken, in all parts of the State. They build their tombs and plant their cemeteries in imitation of Père la Chaise. It is supposed that Louis Napoleon had an eye to this French bond of union with the Southern States when he established a French protectorate in Mexico.

When we returned from our dance, I found that while I was writing the first part of this letter in my bedroom, we had missed being present at a free fight in the hall of the hotel. The halls of these huge hotels (this one is said to make up nearer 1,000 than 700 beds) in an evening are the lounging-places of all the loafing strangers and idle men about town. Two men quarrelled about a gambling debt. There is a saying in the South, that if a man has three chimneys to his house he is a judge, if two, a colonel. One bore the title of judge, the other that of colonel; the judge kept a gambling-house, and the colonel had introduced a friend who had passed a bad 1,000 dollar bill. One poured forth torrents of abuse, the other pushed him away; the push was returned by a blow with a dagger; upon which the man who had been stabbed drew his revolver, and fired three shots one after the other, each a mortal wound. The dagger was a remarkable one, with a cross handle like a corkscrew, whence they are called

'T,' or 'cotton-hook' daggers. The man who stabs with one appears to strike only with his unarmed fist, the thin sharp blade coming out between his fingers. You may conclude, I think, that the man who carries a T dagger is not opposed on principle to assassination.

Society at large seems to think that neither of the combatants will be much lamented, but the stabbed man means to recover. He is said to have killed more than one man before in the same style. A large proportion of the men here carry arms; you see trousers hanging up in the tailors' shops with a pocket on the hip behind for knife or pistol under the skirt of the coat. If a man gets into an altercation, let him keep his hands from under his coat-tails, or the chances are that he will get shot, the presumption being that he is feeling for his revolver. To put your hand behind you is equivalent to striking the first blow in an English row; and many an unarmed man has been shot for doing it. The argument is strong for carrying arms in a country where the majority go armed, but stronger still for putting a forcible end to the custom altogether.

Feb. 1, '67, *Friday.*

I do not remember that I did anything all morning, except make the two following reflections on costume: first, that inasmuch as a red flannel shirt is a

common dress among sailors in Southern ships, the chances are, that when Garibaldi adopted it, he did not invent a new uniform, but wore his old clothes. Second reflection—The bonnet of the *Sœurs de Charité* in England looks very ridiculous; but here it is only a modification of the great white head-dresses of the common people. The ridiculousness of the dress of a religious order in England may be a sign that it is spread over the Tropics.

In the evening we started in a steamboat to San Jaques, about sixty miles up the Mississippi, to visit the sugar-plantation of some relations of Mr. Forstal's. We started at the same moment with another steamboat, and I thought we were going to race in orthodox Mississippi style; but luckily our captain was not in the humour for sitting on the safety-valve; and, after a spurt, we considered ourselves beaten, and proceeded leisurely along, dodging from one bank to the other to pick up passengers. We were boarded at one landing-place by a herd of cows, who came down the bank with great reluctance, and at last came in with a stampede. The process of landing passengers at night is highly picturesque. A tall iron cresset, filled with blazing pine-knots, is stuck in the side of the ship, and a long plank landing-stage thrust out towards the land by some ten negroes, with great clamour and grunting. Then the traveller, with his carpet-bag in his hand, walks

the plank into outer darkness; and if you hear a splash and a struggle it means that the bank is rather muddy just there. We had ten mules with us, as part of our luggage, destined for the plantation. Landed by the plank at 4.30 a.m., and were driven up to the house; leaving the captain to get the mules on shore as best he could.

Feb. 2, '67, *Saturday.*

Was woke by a most attentive black butler insinuating a small cup of coffee and chasse under my mosquito curtains. This house is a fine specimen of a planter's residence. It is in form a Grecian temple, the colonnade surrounding a large two-storied house, with verandas to each story, about fourteen feet wide, running entirely round, between the columns and the walls of the house. A clear space of gravel, about forty feet in width, runs round it; and, outside the gravel, the house is surrounded by a row of magnolia-trees, which afford a shade at all seasons of the year; and shade is pleasant here at almost all seasons. Although it is not required just now, the dining-room is fitted for a punkah-fan to swing from the ceiling, as in India. Outside the magnolias is a formal garden, once trim, filled with clipped trees of names unknown to me, and orange-trees bearing their fruit. The kitchen and offices, and negroes' lodgings, form a number of

small temples among the trees, ranged in a semi-circle facing the front of the house. The offices are somewhat dilapidated, and the grounds somewhat overrun with weeds. During the war the family had several times to take to the woods, and leave house and furniture to the mercy of the Northern soldiers; and the negroes soon acquired the arts of thieving and destroying. I met a gentleman once, whose house was occupied by soldiers in this way for several days. When the family fled, they had no time to think of removing papers. When they came back, of course all boxes and desks had been broken open. In one gentleman's desk the soldiers had found a series of letters from a lady, and in that lady's desk they had discovered the corresponding series of letters from that gentleman; and the two sets of letters had been read together and largely annotated. As the victim remarked, 'They were pretty well posted up about his courtship.'

The geography and arrangement of Louisiana is very curious. No part of the State rises more than 200 feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico, and it is traversed in all directions by river-ways, the Mississippi, and its branches, called bayous. These bayous differ from the branches of ordinary rivers in this: they are a network of streams, and the Mississippi generally runs into them, instead of water running down them to fill the body of the main stream.

These streams and bayous are the highways traversed by the steamboats, by which communication is carried on, and all the produce conveyed to New Orleans. Each bank of the Mississippi, and each bank of each bayou, is cleared of forest to the depth of from a mile to a mile and a half from the river-bank (the bank of the great river is called 'la cote,' the coast), and these strips of land are divided, at right angles to the river, into plantations; so that each plantation has a river frontage, and the great white houses of the planters stand facing the river about 300 yards back from the bank.

Now you see the meaning of the struggle for the possession of the river mouths. When the iron-clad gunboats had once made their way in, they had the whole country at their mercy, and all the houses within range of their guns. They could land where they pleased, and plunder the houses of the rich Creole planters; the women and children flying for refuge to the swampy forest at the back of each plantation. When the Confederate guerrillas fired upon the gunboats from the banks, the crews of the gunboats generally wreaked their vengeance upon the plantation from which they had been fired upon. With the exception of these lines of plantations upon either side of the river banks, the greater part of the country is uncleared swampy forest. The forest, abounding in deer and all kinds of game, is

within a couple of miles of every house. Small black bears come up at night out of the woods and damage your crops of maize; and you are liable to find alligators lying in your dry ditches. But the bears are shy, and run away when spoken to; and the alligators are stupid, and take little notice of insults, and are not much more respected than frogs. Before the war, the people of this part of the country must have been rolling in wealth; they had their houses in New Orleans, and their houses on the 'cote.' Now they are comparatively poor. Mortgagees are foreclosing every day; and plantations selling for one-third their former prices. Plantations of 1,000 acres in cultivation are to be bought, with all the buildings on them, for 50,000 dollars.

We drove with Mr. Forstal, sen., along the levée to a plantation of his own about two miles off, where by the aid of Mr. Brook, his superintendent, a most energetic Cornish man, he is attempting to organize a system of black free labour. We found the negroes, men and women, all at work in the fields, planting the seed-cane. A trench about a foot deep is made by the plough; and the canes, as thick as your wrist, cut into lengths of about three feet, with the ends slightly overlapping, are laid in lengthways in a double row. When the trenches have been earthed up, the young canes shoot up from

the joints at intervals of about four inches. You may sink a shaft here seventy feet deep through rich alluvial soil, before you reach the bed of sea shells, which marks the bottom of the old inlet of the Gulf of Mexico. In this soil the sugar-canes are almost seen to grow, two inches in a day; and cane is grown year after year upon the same ground without any rotation of crops.

The freedmen working on this plantation are receiving for wages a dollar a day, subject to deductions if they do not do a whole day's work. Some planters are paying 20 dollars a month. The labourers are settled with at the end of each day; not in cash, or they would never work the week out, but in printed tickets, red, green, yellow, and blue, representing respectively 1 dollar, 50 cents, 25 cents, and 10 cents; and these are cashed into money on the Saturday night. In a few days there will be a large grocery, or general store, established, at which these tickets will be taken at all times as money; so that the freedmen need never be in difficulties, or have, as at present, a long way to go for their purchases. Each freedman has an acre of land at a nominal rent to cultivate for himself.

For the cultivation of a large plantation, say one of 1,000 acres of arable land, which is rather above the average, 70 working negroes used to be required, and 75 mules (there would have been about

115 slaves, of whom about 45 would be sick or superannuated). Of 700 acres planted with cane, 100 acres are set apart for seed-cane for next year. About 300 acres used to be planted with Indian corn, producing about 30 barrels to the acre (the barrel containing about four cubic feet); this corn was required for the consumption of the slaves on the plantation under the old system; but now of course the free labourer will have to provide food for himself. The planter's house and grounds, the sugar-house and offices, and the negroes' cottages and gardens, will occupy another 150 acres. Sugar is at the present time selling at New Orleans at 12 cents a pound; one acre of cane is calculated to produce a hogshead of sugar, weighing 1,000 lbs. At present, therefore, the sugar from each acre ought to be worth 120 dollars; or, after deducting commission, freight, and brokerage, amounting to 30 dollars a hogshead, and the Government tax of $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents per lb., equal to 15 dollars a hogshead, a net result of 70 dollars per acre. Further, each hogshead or barrel of sugar will produce 40 gallons of molasses worth 50 cents a gallon. So that, without considering the corn, and taking the present prices of labour and of produce, and the former rates of production, it seems to me that a plantation worked with freedmen may produce the following balance-sheet; and I have great doubt whether the most

experienced of planters could produce any more reliable statistics :—

	Dollars.		Dollars.
To wages of 70 negroes at 1 dollar a day, say 300 working days	21,000	Sugar, 600 barrels at 70 dollars	42,000
10 per cent. wear and tear upon 30,000 dols. the cost of plant and mules	3,000	Molasses, 24,000 gallons at 50 cents.	1,200
Management	1,200	(Corn, 9,000 barrels.)	
Gross profit	18,000		
	43,200		43,200

The capital required for this would be, according to my estimate at the present time,—

	Dollars.
Purchase-money of a plantation of 1,000 acres, with building and machinery, requiring considerable outlay...	50,000
Plant and mules	30,000
Working capital	10,000
	90,000

Upon which 18,000 dollars would represent a profit of 20 per cent.

The following figures, which I borrow from a letter addressed by Mr. Forstal to Mr. Commissioner Wells, will give some idea of the ruin brought on Louisiana by the war. When it began, there were 1,292 sugar

estates at work, upon which 139,000 slaves, worth on an average 750 dollars each, were employed. Upon 1,009 plantations the plant and machinery was considered as worth, on an average, 50,000 dollars; upon the other 283 plantations, the plant and machinery may be taken at 20,000 dollars. The stock and implements upon each of these 1,292 estates, consisting of horses and mules, cows, waggons, ploughs, seed-cane, and tools, were worth on an average 10,000 dollars. The sugar-grower and his factor in New Orleans were in effect partners; the planter's next year's crop was always pledged for advances made by the factor to enable him to get his crop in. The chief paper held by the New Orleans banks was factors' notes, which circulated almost as currency. When General Butler's invading army entered the country, they emancipated all the slaves, and took away all the cattle, annihilating all the plantation labour at a blow. The whole sugar crop, which after every expense had been incurred, was just at its maturity, was entirely lost, and left to spoil upon the ground. The seed-cane rotted, or was not preserved. The whole system of credit collapsed, the banks all broke, and the factors' capital was swallowed up. After this, the Government imposed a duty upon sugar of three cents per lb. This has since been reduced one-half, and is now one cent and a half per lb.

The losses of Louisiana may be stated thus :—

	Dollars.
Plant and machinery	
Upon 1,009 plantations at 50,000 dolls....	50,450,000
Upon 283 plantations at 20,000 dollars...	5,660,000
Stock and implements upon 1,292 plantations at 10,000 dollars	12,920,000
Slaves, 139,000 at 750 dollars	104,254,000
Growing crops upon 1,292,000 acres at 20 dollars an acre	25,840,000
	199,124,000
Or ...	£40,000,000

On Sunday evening we returned by the same steamboat by which we had come, the G. M. Sharp, to New Orleans, gliding down the dark river with our lights and coloured lamps like a spectral Chinese junk, and reached the St. Charles Hotel about 3 a.m.

Feb. 4, '67, *Monday.*

In 1850 Mr. Forstal resided some time in Mexico, arranging some matters of finance for Messrs. Baring Brothers. He paid great attention at that time to Mexican politics, and was brought a good deal in contact with General Arista. He traces everything that is great and permanent in Mexican institutions to the mind of Cortez. It was natural at that time that an American should be taking stock curiously of all he saw; as during the four preceding years one-third of the territory of the Republic of Mexico had been absorbed by the United States. Texas had been annexed in 1846, and New Mexico and

Arizona in 1848. These last do not appear to have been any great loss to Mexico, as the Government was much too weak to coerce the tribes of savage Indians who overran them, and from the time of Cortez had resisted civilisation and restraint. According to General Sherman's last report, New Mexico has up to the present time been a somewhat costly acquisition to the United States. He assumes the present entire population not to exceed 100,000 souls, living on 'a thin line of fields along the banks of the Rio Grande, liable at all times to be swept by the inroads of the nomade Indians that surround it,' and requiring a minimum force of 2,500 United States troops, mostly cavalry, continually to protect them. 'During the twenty years since its acquisition this territory has cost the National Treasury full a hundred millions of dollars.' Texas having a coast line and more fertile lands, was an acquisition of a very different kind. It is doubtful still, whether the state of Texas did not last year produce more cotton than any state in the South.

In 1850 the Mexican Government considered the population of their reduced territory to be 6,000,000, divided by Alamon in his work on Mexico, then published, into whites 1,200,000, Indians 2,400,000, and half-breeds 2,400,000. The Indians were represented by General Arista as a peaceable and manageable people, so long as they were left to their own

customs and habits, which with the greater part of them have remained unchanged for centuries. Over all the territory of Mexico the Indians are the cultivators of the land, living by themselves in villages, 'pueblos,' selling their labour in advance to the large proprietors. As soon as they are under advances to the landowner, they become 'peons,' subject to the stringent laws regulating 'peonage;' and until the mortgage on their labour is paid off, they are bound to the soil, and transferable with the property—slaves to all intents and purposes. They are indolent in the extreme, and except under compulsion will do no more work than is necessary to sustain life; so 'peons' they invariably remain until death.

The Mezticos, or half-bloods, are the most turbulent and unmanageable part of the population; they stand between the Indians and the whites, related to both, and ally themselves first with one and then with the other. This conflict of races is the chief cause of revolution in Mexico. While Mexico was a colony, the power of Spain secured and maintained the preponderance of the Spanish element, and the half-bloods and Indians remained in quiet submission. When the independence of the country was proclaimed, the white race without external support was unable to maintain its ascendancy over the rest; and revolution, anarchy, and national bankruptcy commenced, and have continued ever since.

The Emperor of the French miscalculated the result of the civil war, but his move was appreciated by the South. The Southern newspapers generally expressed their sympathy with the cause of Maximilian; and, according to General Sheridan, previous to the surrender, and in anticipation of the successful escape of Jefferson Davis, it had been contemplated to organize a column of 15,000 Confederates at Marshall, Texas, for the invasion of Mexico. This scheme failed, perhaps from the capture of Mr. Davis. But while the main scheme of sending the 15,000 men to Mexico failed, numerous bands, squads, and parties, numbering perhaps 3,000 or 4,000 men, crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico.

At the end of May, 1865, General Sheridan was appointed to the command of all the territory west of the Mississippi and south of the Arkansaw. He lost no time in occupying the line of the Rio Grande, the Mexican frontier, with a considerable force. This had the double effect of inspiriting the Republican party in Mexico, and of barring the passage of many Confederate soldiers who would probably have joined the fortunes of Maximilian. He also broke up a scheme of emigration to Cordova in Mexico, under the belief that it was only a pretext for the formation of a Maximilian party, and prohibited the sailing of any emigrants to Mexico from Southern ports.

We still read such accounts of the severity of winter in the North, that we mean to give up our proposed route northward by the Mississippi, San Louis, and Chicago, and to go instead to the Havanna. In the meanwhile we shall make an expedition up the Bayou Tesch. The Tesch valley is called the garden of Louisiana; it is the richest part of the sugar districts, and had made a great impression upon General Sheridan, who spoke of it as well worth a visit.

Feb. 7, '67, Thursday.

The communications between New Orleans and the Havanna are so irregular, that we waited two days before we could hit upon a satisfactory vessel.

Started at 8 a.m. by New Orleans, Opelousas, and Great Western Railway on our expedition up the Tesch, eighty miles by rail, and then seventy-two by steamboat up the Bayou, from Braschia City to New Iberia. Our railway journey lay through the swampy level forest, varied by an occasional plain of reeds, the home of innumerable wild-ducks. We crossed Bayou Gazelma, 'ducks' river,' from which station they used before the war, in the season, to run a regular duck-truck every day, bringing from fifteen to twenty sacks of ducks to the New Orleans market.

Passed Tigerville, which takes its name, I suppose,

from the tiger of Louisiana (spotted, not striped), still sometimes found in these parts; a beast measuring five feet from his nose to the root of his tale. The cougar, another wild cat of nearly the same size, is much more common, and destroys sheep, calves, and hogs, and will sometimes attack larger cattle. We passed at one stopping-place some Indian mounds, largely made up of oyster-shells, much of the nature of the 'kitchen middens' of European archæologists. We English have eaten our oysters; but on this coast they abound so plentifully as to assist the corallines in making reefs. The railway ends for the present at Berwick's Bay, the mouth of the Achafalaya River, a bayou which joins the Red River just before it falls into the Mississippi. Here, according to the map, ought to stand Braschia City; but there are at present only very slight traces of its future greatness; and it appeared to me that Captain Kerr, the obliging station-master, an Englishman, who extended a cordial hand to welcome a fellow-countryman, was wasting his talents in the wilderness. The fact that both the conductor of the train and the captain of the steamboat, on our journey to-day, had been well-to-do planters before the war, will give an idea of the blow this country has received. The steamboat Anna E., Captain Trinidad, took us two miles up the Achafalaya and then turned westward into the Bayou Tesch.

This river navigation is very pleasant work, as the banks of the bayous are never so high that you cannot get a view from the gallery of the steamboat. The difficulty is in this level land to get the banks high enough. When the levées on the right bank of the Mississippi break, the country is flooded right down to the left bank of the Tesch. The right bank of the Tesch is higher and free from floods, so the line of planters' houses stand generally on the right; but each man also cultivates the land on the other bank, and the two halves of the plantation were connected by floating bridges. Cultivation is almost at a standstill, and ruined planters are selling for 15 and 20 dollars an acre, lands which before the war would have fetched 100 and 120 dollars. The mode of sale did not appear to me to give the lands a chance of fetching a fair market price; as when a mortgagee forecloses, the plantation is sold by the sheriff by auction on the spot, after a very limited amount of advertising. Many of the sugar-houses had been burnt in the war. At one point we had to go carefully through some rows of piles which had been driven down to stop the navigation; and at another to beware of running over the wreck of the Confederate gunboat 'Cotton;' which, after a fight in which most of her crew were killed, was sunk by the artillery on the bank. The only plantation which showed real signs of life in the shape of

repairs of new buildings was Judge Baker's, which was pointed out to us as having once been the scene of an extraordinary attack by a cougar or panther. The servants were laying the cloth for dinner, when a large cougar walked into the house through the front door, and attacked them. The negroes showed fight, and one of them killed it bravely with an axe. I had this story from two different sources.

The banks of the Tesch are fringed with splendid 'live oaks,' once much valued for ship-building, before the iron age. The orange-trees are very fruitful and abundant round the houses, but their season is nearly over now. In summer the alligators lie like logs all along the shore, but now, after the manner of other lizards, they are all down in the mud. Every now and then we disturbed a beautiful white crane from his fishing, and sent the large kingfishers flitting along the bank. In the dusk we passed an Indian village, inhabited by living Indians, the last of a great tribe, the Attakapas, now stationary and half civilized, and earning their living by making baskets.

At 1 a.m. we reached New Iberia, a village of about 1000 inhabitants, took leave of Captain Trinidad, and slept at a public house of limited accommodation, kept by 'Little Joe,' once a French Zouave.

Feb. 8, '67, *Friday.*

In the morning we hired a vehicle from a gentleman who had lost his arm in the war, and drove off nine miles across the country to Salt Island, sometimes called Petit Aunce Island, more commonly Avery's Island, from the name of the proprietor, Judge Avery, who takes his title, not from the number of his chimneys, but from his having been a Circuit Judge of the state of Louisiana. Driving across country here does not imply any difficulties from fences. Except in one place near the town, where a farmer, regardless of the public and its rights of way, had run a rail fence straight across the track, we drove all the way across open prairie. Sitting on the box of the carriage, I shot several little plovers, and one snipe, to all appearance the same as our English full snipe. Shooting from the buggy, or four-wheeled gig, is a favourite sport on the prairies above here in the direction of Opelousas. After heavy rain has fallen, and the young grass is springing, geese and wild fowl of all species assemble on the open prairie. They will let themselves be approached without difficulty by a man in a buggy. The sportsman drives through the feeding flocks of wild fowl, and his retriever is trained to pick up the birds, and deliver them on his hind legs at the vehicle. Sometimes they make use of

a trained ox, who walks between the sportsman and foolish fowl, and is expected not to be discomposed when the shooter fires under his belly.

Salt Island is a hummock of sandstone, rising from the level plain, and visible from a great distance round; an island by virtue of its being surrounded by bayou and marsh. We crossed the marsh, in the middle of which ten great slate-coloured hooping cranes were holding a conclave, by two miles of plank road on a causeway, laid down during the war to accommodate the salt transportation. We met the Judge upon our road, presented our letters of introduction, and were bidden to go on to the house, where we were made welcome by his sons. From the veranda of this house you get a splendid view, looking south across the bayou at the foot of the hill, over a wide plain of prairie and sea marsh, on some part of which there is generally a fire at night, to Vermilion Bay, five miles off, on the Gulf of Mexico. On one tree, within sight of the veranda, a pair of bald-headed eagles build a nest every year.

The shooting in these marshes, if you do not mind alligators, is something to make the mouth of the British sportsman water. At different seasons of the year, I am told by John Avery, a mighty hunter, you may see the pelican, the spoonbill, and the pink flamingo; we saw the beautiful white, or sandhill

crane, and the great hooping cranes. Of ducks and geese they bag twenty-four different kinds. I say nothing of the soft-shelled turtles, the most delicate of all turtles, nor of the terrapins, more delicious than turtles. In the woods around there are plenty of deer and plenty of black bears; fourteen were killed on our neighbour's plantation in one year. They come by night to feed on the cobs of the Indian corn; and being very particular that it shall be of a certain ripeness, break down and spoil a great deal more than they eat. Indian corn being the chief food of the negroes, they naturally resent this conduct on the part of the bears, waylay them by night, and cut off their retreat to the woods. The bear is slain, and his hams taken from him; and the corn which is spoilt by the dogs and the negroes is probably more than that which was spoilt by the bear.

One afternoon we went out snipe-shooting, on ground where four guns once killed 216 snipe in the day's work. We did not have such luck, as the snipe are now mostly up on the prairie; and the day being cloudy, they went away very wild; but we were not long in getting four-and-twenty. F—— was nearly lost in the bog in retrieving a big bittern which he shot. Ducks and geese did not show much; but after firing your gun, you could hear cackles and quacks in the reedy fortresses all

round. We beat the same ground over again another day, and in two hours got nineteen snipe, but this is considered very poor sport.

I have been making inquiries into the manners and customs of the alligators in these parts. Everybody gives them a bad character. Negroes hate them because they snap up stray pigs. Sportsmen hate them because they have a peculiar fancy for dogs. Every one hates them because they are hideous; nobody ever saw a good-looking alligator. Every one owes them a grudge also, because an alligator in love has no command over his feelings, and bellows all night long, which prevents other people from sleeping. The alligators have no friends, and seem in consequence to get hit pretty hard. If a rifle has to be emptied, and an alligator is near, it is always emptied into the alligator. A certain amount of lying and slandering must, as they say, be discounted off this evil-speaking. All negro babies and pigs that are missing are laid to the alligators, but the number of babies made away with since freedmen took to wandering has been considerable, and the number of pigs killed and eaten by negroes to whom they did not belong is larger still.

The alligator is a treacherous beast, catching his prey on land by feigning stupidity; he crawls out of the water and lies on the mud like a log, motion-

less, but in reality wide awake. J. A—— was one day shooting rabbits, and put his dog into a reed-bed. The water in the bayou had fallen a little, and between the reed-bed and the water was a strip of mud. A rabbit slipped out of the reeds and was stealing along the edge of the bayou, where an alligator, with his tail in the water, lay apparently asleep. As the rabbit passed, he swung his head round, open-mouthed, and snapped it up as quickly as a greyhound does a hare, backed leisurely into the water until his head only appeared perpendicularly above the surface; there was a shake and a crunch, the rabbit dropped down his throat, and the alligator disappeared. D. A—— was shooting ducks on the bayou one day, paddling himself in a little dug-out canoe, while his dog beat along the shore. Presently he heard his dog shrieking in the most heart-rending manner, and about fifty yards off saw an old alligator backing quietly into the water, dragging the poor dog after him, having snapped hold of him by the very tip of the nose. Being a man who knows how to paddle his own canoe, he reached the spot just in time to save his favourite dog by planting a charge of shot satisfactorily in the alligator's eye. Going along one day in the canoe he saw something which at a distance looked like the head of a deer swimming across the bayou. On approaching, it turned out to be the body of an

unfortunate coon all alive, held up by an alligator who had seized it by the hind-legs as it was swimming across. The alligator looked up at him open-eyed through about eight inches of water and did not appear at all disturbed at being found out. So he drew his revolver, and fired it down into the water between the eyes. Alligator and coon went down together, and the coon came to the surface, without the alligator, about twenty yards off. They seldom attack men in these parts, but there is a gun in the house with the marks of an alligator's teeth on it. A friend of the family was out shooting on the marsh one day, and came across a great reptile lying in the path. He had formed a low opinion of the brute's courage, and administered a kick in the ribs, expecting to see it scuttle off; but to his horror it came at him open-mouthed, and had him at close quarters. He crammed his gun into the alligator's mouth and took to his heels, while the alligator, apparently satisfied at having disarmed the enemy, went off in an opposite direction.

Before the war, the island was belted round with splendid live oaks; but when General Banks was expected to attack, for the purpose of destroying the salt works, these were all cut down by the enthusiastic officer charged with the defence, in order that they might not intercept the fire from the rifle-pits he had dug on the slope of the hill. Afterwards

came other military authorities, and said that no rifle-pits would have afforded so good a cover for the sharp-shooters as that belt of oaks, and that it was the greatest of mistakes to cut them down. The ladies of the family lament greatly the destruction of a great magnolia which stood near the house, the special home of the humming-birds, who used to build innumerable nests in it; and when it was in flower, used to sparkle and glance in the sun among the great white blossoms, and hum like swarming bees. I shot a woodcock by the salt works close to a little glade of marvellous beauty. The bright sun overhead was shut out by some huge live oaks, from every twig of which hung long floating filaments of Indian moss, catching the broken sunbeams like a great gauzy veil. Underneath the oaks, the prospect was not shut out by any underwood, but the ground was hidden by a thick covering of palmettoes, a dwarf palm about four feet high. Beverley never put such a fairy glen on the stage.

The Cape jessamine grows to a little tree here. The orange-trees are just beginning to show the white blossom. At one plantation near this they grow acres of orange-trees for the New Orleans market. Lemon-trees are more delicate here than orange-trees; but you could grow on this plantation, beside sugar above and salt below, orange, lemon and citron, cotton, indigo, and tobacco. The

green peas are just ready to eat in the garden; but are devoured before the gardener can pick them, by the 'red birds,' the bright red cardinals. The choice little bird for the table now, on whom war is waged all day long, is the robin; not cock-robin, as I said before, but a red-breasted thrush. They are so fat, that when shot, they fall to the ground, as somebody remarked, like pats of butter. If he had been cock-robin, we should have held him sacred, but being distinctly a thrush, we had good classical authority for eating him.

One day we got together all the idle negroes and stray dogs that were to be found, and went across the bayou for a deer hunt. From the veranda of the house a stray deer or two had been seen feeding on the nearest 'burn,' as the bare track left by a fire running over the long dry grass is called. Here and there on the marsh were patches of woodland, and these we proceeded to beat. The guns were posted at points from which it seemed likely the deer would break cover; and the negroes with the dogs were sent in to beat. Our dogs were not dogs of discretion, and increased the excitement by giving tongue whenever they came across a rabbit. But the excitement did not require increasing; for at the first bit of cover, a buck came out about forty yards from where F—— was posted. Unfortunately he did not see it, and the deer slipped back into

the wood, and was out at the other end and across the bayou before we could stop him. At the next beat, a doe came out near me. I had my old double-barrel loaded with buckshot, and hit her hard with both barrels, but still she went on with a broken foreleg, until Avery ran her down and finished her with a shot in the head; and we returned to the house in a triumphal procession, with the deer carried between two negroes.

The oldest inhabitant upon the island is old John Hays, a Pennsylvanian by birth, who settled here in 1790, at the age of fifteen, and has lived here seventy-seven years. When he arrived he found it densely covered with wood, uninhabited, and without traces of human habitation. He invited the Attakapas living in the vicinity to join him in hunting; but they always refused, saying that the spot had once been the scene of a great calamity to their race, and that they had never visited it since. The nature of the calamity they never would explain. At one time it must have been frequented by them, as pottery, stone arrow-heads, stone lasts for mocassins, and basket-work of split wild-cane, such as they still make, have been turned up in abundance.

In hunting in 1791, John Hays discovered a brine-spring in a ravine near the centre of the island. Salt was procured at different times by boiling the brine, but in 1861, when the supply from England was cut

off, and salt had become very dear in the Southern States by reason of the blockade, they began to work the brine-spring systematically. John Avery, a youth of nineteen, set himself to work to see if the spring could not be increased by digging; but without much success. He got hold of some books on geology, and determined to have a dig for the rock-salt. They dug down sixteen feet without success, when, on the 4th of May, 1862, the negro at the bottom of the hole shouted out that he had found a log; on being told to dig it out, he replied that he could not get down round it on any side. It was a bed of rock-salt, purer than any found elsewhere.

The Confederate Government took it in hand; shafts were sunk, and the salt got by blasting; and they have had at one time on the island as many as 500 teams from every Southern State, waiting for their loads. This activity continued until on the 20th of April, 1863, General Banks attacked the island and burnt up the works. A company is now in process of formation in New York, for the purpose of working the mine, with an adequate capital; and I should say it would be good for them, but bad for Cheshire, as at the present time the chief supply of salt to the Southern States comes to the port of New Orleans, as return cargo in the cotton-ships from Liverpool. It may be interesting to Cheshire salt-

owners to know the facts on which the Petit Aunce Salt Company calculate their future profits.

They quote the 'Mineral Statistics,' London, 1865, to show that the yield of the British salt-fields in 1864 was as follows :—

		Tons.
Cheshire,	Rock Salt,	58,030
	Refined,	695,598
Worcestershire,		167,000
Belfast—Ireland,		17,245
		937,873

Of this 86,208 tons, value £36,623, were exported to America. Before the war, a quarter of all the salt imported from England used to be brought to New Orleans by cotton-ships as return cargo. English 'coarse-fine' salt is now selling at New Orleans at 16 dollars currency (£2 13*s.* 4*d.*) a ton; 6 dollars (£1) of which is duty payable to the United States' Government on importation, from which the Petit Aunce salt would be free. Taking the cost of transportation from the mine to New Orleans at 3 dollars per ton, they estimate that it can be placed in the New Orleans market at 4 dollars a ton, and at St. Louis at 8 dollars as return cargo by the Mississippi steam-boats. The area of the salt, as at present ascertained, is about 140 acres. It has been bored into 36 feet without showing any change of quality, but the boring-tools were too imperfect to penetrate

further. It is hard and dry, and in appearance pure and white as glass. The specimens I brought away are masses of agglomerated distinct crystals. The analysis is as follows :—

Chloride of Sodium,	98.88
Sulphate of Lime,	0.76
Chloride of Magnesium,	0.23
Chloride of Calcicum,	0.13
Moisture,	0.0
	100.0

Not far from the brine-spring they once dug up the skeleton of a Mammoth. I think I have read of similar discoveries in the vicinity of other salt-springs. Do the African and Indian elephants frequent 'salt-licks,' as the antelopes and the Cheshire cows do ?

Feb. 11, '67, *Monday.*

It was proposed to go grouse-shooting on some moors about twenty miles off; but we determined not to yield to temptations. Bade adieu to the hospitable Judge and his family, and were driven back that evening to New Iberia, not without adventures, for in the dusk on the prairie we stuck fast in a large ditch, where one of the mules broke first the swingle-bar and then the trace. Jube, the driver, had to take off his shoes and stockings and descend calmly into the ditch. He mended the swingle-bar with the straps

from our rugs, and the trace with the thong of the whip; and we had yet time to take a drink at 'Little Joe's,' before the arrival of Captain Trinidad and the 'Anna E.'

Feb. 12, '67, *Tuesday.*

We returned to New Orleans by the same route by which we had left it. One of the most remarkable things about America is the amount of hope existing in the atmosphere. All the air above this great continent is full of magnificent castles, with cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces. New Iberia is at this time an assemblage of very ordinary wooden houses; but the New Orleans and Opelousas Railway has a great future before it. Whenever it can get funds to make 120 more miles of 'track,' it becomes the highway to Texas; and when its visionary extensions are carried out, two railways, one from Mexico and the other from California, meet at New Iberia, which thus becomes a city of the first magnitude.

The uncertainties of communication between New Orleans and the Havanna are very vexatious to travellers. We had come back to take advantage of an advertisement of a French vessel, the 'Darien,' to sail on the 13th; and behold the Darien had not even arrived in port. But the 'Manhattan,' which had been advertised to sail first on the 6th, then on the 8th,

and then on the 9th, was going positively to sail on the 13th. So after leaving a large bunch of snipes on our friends in New Orleans, at 8 a.m. punctually we were on board.

Feb. 13, '67, *Wednesday.*

We lost a valuable two hours at starting, and began to think that after all the Manhattan was not going to sail until the 14th, when our Captain came on board at last, and we paddled down the river with 1,500 bales of cotton on board, bound for New York, and drawing 16½ feet of water. New Orleans to the Havanna is 623 miles. The banks of the Mississippi below New Orleans are profoundly uninteresting. Even at this point, the breadth of the river is not impressive; but the depth is said to be enormous. In going down the river we passed only two vessels, and reached the bar at the Mississippi mouth just at nightfall.

When the yellow waters of the river meet the tide-waters of the Gulf, the mud which is brought down in suspension is thrown down, and forms a great bar or bank across the river mouth. As the weather was close and foggy, and no pilot was to be got, and moreover the ship would have forfeited her insurances if she had gone to grief in attempting the bar without a pilot, we were compelled to cast anchor for the night.

Feb. 14, '67, *Thursday.*

Pilot on board. While he was up in the rigging, sticking his body out at all sorts of preposterous angles trying to see through the mist ahead, a little sailing-boat came alongside ballasted with huge oysters. The steward went down to try them, and took so kindly to them, that he bought six large baskets full. His example inspirited the timid passengers, who went down one by one and had their half-dozen apiece, and came back not visibly altered in size, which makes me doubt the truth of Punch's two pictures of the London small boy before and after he had swallowed a street oyster; for the oyster of the Mississippi mouth is in bulk equal to any ten natives such as are sold by Lynn or Prosser; but he is very long and flexible, so that an experienced enemy can still swallow him whole. An oyster of that magnitude so early in the morning requires courage.

Weather, like that of last evening, a close hot driving mist. By 10 a. m. it cleared a little, and we weighed anchor; but stuck on the bank after all for more than two hours, paddling backwards, and paddling forwards, and living in a state of continual anxiety as to the position of the wreck of an old iron-clad, sunk in the war-time somewhere close to where we were.

The voyage lasted four mortal days. We had

about forty passengers on board; but I solaced myself chiefly with the society of the Captain, a Connecticut man, who had lived two years in England, and seen something of the rest of the world He had built a great castle in the air over Mexico, in the neighbourhood of Tampico. This is the speculation, in which I have leave to join:—

Not long ago the Captain had been engaged in carrying the mails for the Mexican Government, but when they gave up paying, he stopped working. At that time it was a clear thing in the opinion of the Captain and many others, that Maximilian's reign was to be measured by months, and the Emperor's friends were open to sell anything they possessed for a very small amount of hard and portable cash. A certain Don thus situated, wrote the following letter to his agent, who had given our Captain the option of purchase:—

'Hacienda de Sta Maria de —— situate —— with an extent of fifty square leagues. Has twenty-two rancherias (cattle stations) and abounds with water for irrigation and other purposes. The principal hacienda has trojes (barns) built of masonry, with corraleras (enclosures for cattle) surrounded by stonework, as also a large potrero of four square leagues fenced in with stone and well watered. The climate is similar to that of Jalapa or Orisava. The lands are chiefly composed of immense and fertile plains. They

are stocked with every kind of agricultural tools and implements for the cultivation of sugar, cotton, and maize, which are the natural products; and had on them 22,000 head of cattle (without counting the wild cattle). On account of the depredations committed lately, the number of cattle on the estate may be uncertain. To be sold without any responsibility on the part of the owner for the result of any dispositions by the Liberals for 30,000 dollars (£6,000), two-thirds cash and one-third on credit.

'*Mexico*, Nov. 8th, 1866.'

On making more particular enquiries, the Captain had ascertained that it had not been safe for the owner to visit his estate since 1864, after which period he had received no rents, and that when last there, he had never stirred abroad without an armed guard of some twenty horsemen; that then the general who called himself the Governor of the Province, being a man of Liberal principles, had formally confiscated the estate to his own use; and that since that event there had been six other Governors of the Province, several of whom had died violent deaths.

I am not very clear about the size of Mexican leagues and acres, but we made the price to be, for the best lands in Mexico about nine cents, or somewhat less than 4*d.* an acre, and evidently our title would be as good as anybody else's. How then did the Captain propose that we should hold our own? By

planting a colony. What would be easier, by the help of the good ship Manhattan, in which he was a part owner? Take 100 families of Cornish miners, now out of work, and ready to go anywhere. Take 100 families of German emigrants, agriculturists and wine-growers; one cargo of English and one of Germans. These can be placed on the estate at thirty dollars a-head. Add Texan cattle-drivers, and men from Louisiana skilled in growing cotton and sugar. We should find about 1,000 Indians on the land, peaceable, acclimatised, and admirably fitted to grow the cotton, the sugar, and the maize, for the benefit of the new colonists. Three hundred English, German, and Americans would hold their own against all the guerrillas in Mexico. Once establish in the middle of the chaos an oasis where life and liberty were safe, and colonists would flock in, our lands would rise in value. We should sell at 8*d.* an acre and double our capital at once. Or the Manhattan should go, laden with cattle tame or wild, to supply the markets of New Orleans and the Havanna. Or send her laden with silver ore to be smelted at Swansea. Herman Cortez never had such a chance. We register our title-deeds at Washington. After Maximilian comes Juarez (pronounced Warrez); after Juarez, an American protectorate. The Captain being an American citizen, Mr. Seward is bound to support our title. My views were mostly for the good of the colony; but the

Captain was open to sell his interest at any time for 8*d.* an acre, cent. per cent.

Feb. 17, '67, *Sunday.*

At 1 a.m. cast anchor in the beautiful harbour of the Havanna. Got a bucket and rope, and went down on the ship's guard behind the paddle-box, and emptied buckets of water over my head. We are in the tropics, remember, anchored just under Moro Castle; and every time the castle clock strikes the hour, the sentries round the walls cry 'All's well,' or whatever the Spanish for it may be; and, as a little black nursemaid remarked, 'It sounds just like the cocks' crowing in the morning.'

Went to the Hotel de Inglaterra. Bad rooms, but fair cookery. Charge for board and lodgings, three dollars a-day. We have come to a new land again. Pictures of Spanish life, by Ansdell, walking about in the streets. Ladies wearing the mantilla and scorning parasols. In the evening they drive about in evening dress, under the silver moon, in vehicles called 'volantes;' pictures of which may be seen on cigar-boxes. A volante is like a sedan-chair, inasmuch as it is borne on two long elastic poles; but a horse is substituted for the front porter, and two enormous wheels for the hind porter, and where the sedan-chair should be, is the body of a gig with a head to it. A second horse harnessed to the near side

by enormously long traces, carries a negro postilion, the silver buckles of whose jackboots, combined with the splendour of his stirrups, are glorious to behold. This second horse has a good time of it, as he carries the postilion who whips the other horse, and he only condescends to tighten his own traces when the first horse is stuck fast. The head of this gig being put down, you see that the volante contains two ladies, without bonnets, in full evening dress, with fan and mantilla. Sitting at, and apparently on their feet, is lady number three, with her feet on the carriage step. They are driving off to the Place, to sit in their carriage and listen for an hour to the band.

I like the scenes by sunlight best. To-day I saw one which I had often seen on tea-chests, a Chinaman trotting down the street, with a long pole on his shoulder, from each end of which hung a box full of dinners, like a huge pair of scales; roast pup and birds'-nest soup no doubt. Negro importation is at an end here; so, for some years past, they have been supplementing the failing negro labour by importing coolies largely. There are about 100,000 Chinamen in Cuba. Last year they imported between 15,000 and 20,000. They sign written contracts in China to give their labour for either five or eight years, for their keep and four dollars and a quarter per month. The importing

speculator brings over several hundreds at a time, and lodges them in a barracoon, or barrack, just outside the town; and assigns the contracts at an enormous profit to the planters who are in want of labour.

The Chinese are less strong, but far more intelligent, than the negroes; not so good for field-work, but more clever at handicrafts and house-work; quickly learn Spanish, and are all able to read and write their own language. They work well for those who treat them well, but are very revengeful; and, having murdered a certain number of planters and overseers who maltreated them, are beginning to be respected by the Spaniards. Their manner of murder is ingenious. When it has been agreed that the overseer must be killed, all the Chinamen on the plantation surround him, and all strike the victim; and when the police come and inquire who did this, they say, We all did it. No Chinese women are imported; the coolies mix little with the negro women. After they have worked out their contract, they easily get employment at eighteen or twenty dollars a month, save money, and often become small shopkeepers. They are said never to remit money to relatives, or to communicate with friends in China. They care nothing for life, often commit suicide, and never express any desire to return to their native land. This is what the Spaniards say about the

Chinese; what the Chinese say about the Spaniards I cannot tell you.

I would that some artist would draw me a picture of the negress sitting with a large basket of fruit at the corner of our street; a bright handkerchief round her head, gold rings in her ears, and a large cigar in her mouth; bare arms, and a remarkably low evening dress. The condition of the negro population in this city strikes one at the first glance as being better, as far as material comfort goes, than in any part of the United States. The splendid apparel of some of the nurses, housekeepers, and I suppose, freed women, is quite startling. But then it must be remembered that we saw the negresses in the States in poverty and in winter; whereas these ladies of colour are well-to-do and shining in the sun.

Feb. 18, '67, *Monday.*

News that Juarez had defeated Miramon, and that the Liberals are victorious at all points. Visited the Fabrica de Tabacos of Signor Partagas, and saw all the process of making cigars, from the opening the bales of leaves to the tying up the bundles of cigars. First-rate cigars, Loudres, to be bought at forty-eight piastres, *alias* dollars, per 1000. I wish you had some of our sun in Paris. The squares here are all planted with an evergreen called the Laurel

de India, said to have been all propagated from one stock. In many parts of the town you see tall palm-trees peering over the walls.

Feb. 19, '67, *Tuesday.*

We went over the Hondrades manufactory of cigarettes, the exportation of which to Mexico and South America is something enormous. Both at the cigar and cigarette manufactory the nimblest fingers were Chinese. The machinery at the Hondrades for making barrels for packing the cigarettes is very pretty. This machinery also was being worked by Chinamen.

There is matter for reflection in this aptitude of the Chinese for manufacture. Here in manual dexterity they surpass both white men and negroes in making cigars and cigarettes; moreover, they are to be got for lower wages. Why should they not be available for other things besides cigars and cigarettes? In the cotton trade for instance. Imagine in a few years' time the American railroad completed to the Pacific coast, and the cotton from the Southern States, or cotton from India, shipped to the great cities of China, where factories have by that time been built, filled with European machinery, tended by these Chinese coolies, of whom there are thousands to be hired for a few grains of rice a day. Or imagine factories built by Northern capitalists

in Texas or Georgia, to work up the cotton on the spot where it is grown. There are Chinamen in plenty waiting at San Francisco to be hired.

In the evening we took a drive through Sero, a fashionable suburb. I imagine Sero is not unlike what Pompeii would have been had gas and windows been invented then. Whether the inhabitants are afraid of earthquakes, or are too lazy to go up stairs, I cannot say; but the houses in Sero consist apparently entirely of ground-floor rooms, with lofty ceilings. The fronts are long low stone façades, without visible roofs. Under the porticoes you sit by day in the shade in your rocking-chair. By night the large windows, open to the ground but all covered with iron grilles, reveal the whole interior life of the house to the passer-by. The rooms are lit brilliantly with gas, and through the windows you have a distinct view of the family circle, as if the side of the house next the street had been removed. To an English eye the scene was very quaint. Outside, the bright moon, and horizon fringed with palm-trees, and ladies driving in volantes; inside, society in full costume sitting in stiff circles, with pictures and pianos, sofas and fauteuils, all in full view, and generally one or two of the prettiest of the senoras near the windows.

Feb. 20, '67, *Wednesday.*

From London we took introductions to New Orleans; New Orleans passed us on to Salt Island. There we were introduced to a visitor of the Judge's, and mentioned at parting that we were going to the Havanna. Then, said the visitor, let me give you this letter to a friend of mine in Cuba, and be sure you go and stay with him. And what, we inquired, is the custom of Cuba as to presenting your letters of introduction? Very simple. You enclose the letter in a note from yourself to say you will be there by such a train, and he will send the horses to meet you at the station.

Two days ago we had posted our letter, and at 5.30 this morning we left Havanna by the Union Railway, which runs up into the heart of the island, for a plantation some fifty miles inland. It was still dark when we started in a train with a Chinaman for conductor, along a railway which was being repaired by Chinese navvies; but early morning and sunrise in the tropics was a thing to wake up for. We were going through a country, of which the royal palm was the chief timber tree; growing in double, treble, and quadruple avenues in front of each planter's house; standing in lines down every hedge of prickly aloes, and rising in groves above thickets of feathering bamboos. A row of palm-trees in the

dark look in silhouette very like the outline of a row of plumes upon a hearse; but the sun rising behind them soon gave quite another expression to the landscape, and you can hardly imagine how beautiful the palms looked, wading on their tall stems in the morning mist, which lay like a lake upon the face of the country, a mirage with the palm-trees growing in it. The dew here is equal in amount to a fair shower of rain, and 'waters the whole face of the ground.' The soil of this part is a rich ruddy brown, like a dead beech-leaf (very similar to the soil of the cotton-lands of Georgia), resting upon a creamy limestone, large nodules of which are strewn over most of the fields. They only scratch the soil with the ploughs. We passed some oxen, whose yokes had just been put on, grazing in couples on the wet grass, until the negro ploughman was ready to put them to. In some places where the ploughs were at work the furrows were covered with flocks of chickens as numerous as our rooks, showing the wealth of insect life.

The sight of the new vegetation here repays one for the voyage from New Orleans. A man who has only seen horse-chestnuts, and acorns, and beechmast, has no idea of the meaning of 'the tree yielding fruit, whose seed is in itself, after his kind.' All the trees here seem to bear either fruits good to eat, or nuts

from which oil can be made. All nature is glorified. The wild-flowers are those of our hothouses. The bindweeds in the hedges are a large white one, the purple and blue one of our gardens, and a brilliant yellow. Coffee-shrubs are abundant round the houses. This was a land of coffee; but at a time when coffee was low in price and sugar high, the cultivation of coffee was superseded by that of sugar. And, as it takes three years' growth before a young coffee-tree comes into bearing, and the sugar-cane springs up here year after year, like a field of grass, without replanting, the planters have stuck to sugar ever since. Half the orange-trees are just now coming into blossom, and the other half still bearing fruit; some have both fruit and flower on them. The orange-tree might be taken as the symbol of this country. It seems as though there were no seasons, and that by judicious planting, the same fruits might be had all the year round. Some people are planting fresh sugar-cane now, and others reaping their cane. You can get two crops of corn in the year, ripe from the same field. This is February, but a south wind is blowing, and the inhabitants say that it is not much hotter at midsummer. Some English officers here, who have been in India, say this is regular Indian weather. They have just come from the Canadian winter.

When we reached our station, San Nicolas, it was

hot. No horses had come to meet us; nobody could speak a word of anything but Spanish. How we explained that we wanted horses, I never understood, but they appeared after a while. I believe they were procured by the Padre of the village, who understood us, although we could not understand him. And at length, preceded by a negro on a mule with two straw saddlebags, in which our luggage was stowed, each man with his gun under his arm, we arrived at the great avenue of palm-trees which led up to the door of our intended host. This is a country in which warlike demonstrations are not out of place; many of the men still carry swords, others the 'macheta,' something between a sword and a bill-hook, useful for cutting down either briers, sugar-canes, or slaves, and there are holsters for pistols attached to all saddles of a certain age. The absence of horses at the station was explained, on our arrival, by the fact that our letter had never come to hand, though posted two days ago. This was awkward, but the postman condescended to deliver it about an hour after we arrived, and we were welcome, and soon found ourselves breakfasting in the veranda.

We prolonged our visit from Wednesday to the following Monday; but one day was so like another in the languid heat, that I cannot separate the events. Houses are built here facing north-east and

south-west, so that you always have a cool veranda on one side or other. The main idea of all 'Creole' buildings is the same; a large hall occupies the middle of the house, opening at each end on to a veranda; rooms open out of the hall, two on either side; and two out of each veranda, one at each end; no chimneys, no staircases, no fire-places, and, except to the hall, no ceilings.

Coffee is brought to you in bed at the hour at which you propose to rise. The eating and drinking was luxurious, yet spices and sauces were much in request; and two meals a day, breakfast at 11 a.m., and dinner at 6 p.m., were as much as we could manage. Drinks and oranges were to be had at all hours. One day we were regaled with a 'gunga,' being a stuffed fillet of beef stewed in tomato juice, according to a receipt sent to a Cuban planter from his brother in Africa. The brother being a wandering Scotchman settled at the court of the King of Gunga, wherever that may be, married the king's daughter, and transmitted the receipt direct from the royal cuisine. If you like tomatoes, you will like gungas: unfortunately I do not; which is a mistake here, as the vegetable is esteemed a specific against liver complaints, and eaten largely. The guava jelly of this land is abundant, and beyond praise. A planter near here, the other day received a consignment of guava jelly from an English friend who was sending

him goodies from Fortnum and Mason; and retorted by sending in return a dozen or two of London stout.

We are now in a land of slavery and oriental attitudes; at breakfast, the morning we arrived, a young negress kept the flies away from me with a feather fan. As I smoked my cigar after breakfast in the garden, a young ebony statue, aged ten, that was minding the chickens, ran up, dropped on its knees at my feet, and holding up its folded hands, exclaimed, 'Dimo;' which means, 'Ten cents, your honour.' Next morning, a little child of the black housekeeper came into my bedroom to say Good morning, which she performed by squatting on her hams on the floor, with hands folded in her lap, and head bowed down, as though entreating a blessing from my lordship; which she got, and a dimo. The negroes in the hot part of the day strip off all upper clothing and work naked to the waist, shining in the sun like polished bronze. The white folk do not go so far as that, but it is not an uncommon thing to see a respectable gentleman with his shirt-tails outside his trousers instead of in, which no doubt was the origin of the smock-frock.

Coming fresh from the States where slavery has just been abolished, I was very curious to see the working of it here in Cuba. In the Southern States I had heard it said more than once; 'You must not

suppose that slavery with us was anything like what it is in Cuba. Our negroes were much better treated.' Without having much means of judging, I am disposed to think that was true in many points; certainly the slaves in the Southern States had better dwellings than those in Cuba have. There is a vast difference in the condition of the domestic servants and that of the field hands. The former seem to have little to complain of. Nothing can be worse than the condition of the latter. It is an acknowledged fact in Cuba, that as a result of the abolition of slavery in the States, and in consequence of the pressure of public opinion from without, the institution will not last many years longer in this island; yet no single attempt is being made, that I heard of, to sow the seeds of morality or education among the slaves.

We rode over one morning to a large plantation in the neighbourhood which is considered one of the best ordered and progressive in the island. The machinery was splendid and new, but no measures were being taken to humanize the slaves. Three or four couples are lodged in the same room, and none are taught to read or write. A large bath had been built in the middle of the square of lodgings, in which the men and women bathed promiscuously together. There used to be round here a pleasant society of resident planters, and in the early morning and evening, riding parties used to muster strong in

little cavalcades of gentlemen and ladies. But now there is no society; the proprietors have disappeared, and the estates are left in the hands of overseers. The same change is said to be taking place all over the island. The planters spend their money at the Havanna, at Paris, or New York, and the institution is left behind, and nobody sees his way out of it. These resident overseers are despotic over the slaves; there is no power of press or public opinion to restrain them from doing anything that may seem good in their eyes. At the plantation I last mentioned, the sugar-master and engineer were Americans, who only come to the island for five or six months in the year, during the season of cutting the cane, and during the rest of the year follow other occupations in the States. When they are away, unless the proprietor should think fit to look after his property himself, the resident overseer would be left entirely to his own devices.

One curious thing about the negro women struck me strongly several times. You sometimes see tall lusty young women full of life and health, moving about as in a trance, with faces so passive and passionless, so stony, fixed, and sphinx-like, that they seem to be without any human expression. They look at you and beyond you with dreamy eyes, as though there was no bond of human sympathy between you and them. Whether their thoughts are

far away in Africa or elsewhere, or they have no thoughts at all, I never could make out. I am disposed to think the latter; that life has no interest whatever for them, and that they have no emotions or thoughts of any kind except when engaged in household occupations, and then they walk in a kind of sleep. Sometimes these faces were quite startling in their stony serenity.

One night I heard a wild noise going on at the next plantation, much the style of tumult that you imagine voyagers hear when lying off the shore of an island where a cannibal feast is being held. As we were informed that this was only the noise customary in 'grinding the cane,' and that nobody was likely to eat us except the watch-dogs, we took a couple of thick sticks, and went to see. The custom is to cut cane until a huge pile is accumulated, enough to keep the mill going for two or three days. They then grind night and day until the pile is finished, and then cut again. The crushing-rollers and steam-engine stood under a great shed lit up with oil lamps, and open on three sides; on one side was the great pile of cut cane, and between the pile and the rollers a string, mostly of women, kept passing to and fro out into the dark and back into the light, bringing in bundles of cane upon their heads. At night they generally sing at their work; nothing in the Christy Minstrel style, but the very wildest and most

discordant of barbaric chants: one improvises about the visitors looking on, or anything else that happens to hit his or her fancy, and the rest sing chorus. The choruses were of the yah-yah description, a repetition of the same shout by each singer separately, as many yahs as singers. You can hear the shrill voices of the women a mile away in the still night. As they talk a doggerel Spanish seasoned with African interjections, we never understood whether the stanzas in our honour were complimentary or not. Sometimes the improvisers are said to be very funny, and to call forth shouts of laughter; but it was not my luck to see the comic side of the slave. On Sundays they often have a 'plantation dance,' and make merry, but on our particular Sunday they were unfortunately not in the humour.

When an Englishman makes inquiries in Cuba as to the present state of the slave-trade, he need not put implicit faith in the answers he gets. I could hear of no recent importations of slaves into the island; the answer was always the same; that nothing of the kind had been heard of for years past, and that the end of the importation of negroes was proved by the fact of the importation of coolie labour instead. The argument is good for a great deal but is not quite conclusive, although there are some plantations worked entirely by Chinese labourers, because it is acknowledged that the negro is a better field-hand than the Chinaman, though the Chinaman is

a better factory-hand than the negro. And if there are parts of the island where negroes could still be imported for field-hands, they would still be employed there in preference to the coolies.

Horses are plentiful here, and are trained to carry you at a pleasant amble, neither trot nor canter. Roads villainous. In the morning or evening, or both, you ride abroad, do your business, and see your neighbours if you have any. But beware of staying out too long, for at night the darkness comes on suddenly, like the closing of a window-shutter; and at ten o'clock in the morning you can get thoroughly baked in riding home to breakfast along the red sun-burnt roads. The red dust seems to penetrate the very pores of your skin. Palm-trees give little shade, and drop their dead leaves on the road for horses to stumble over—great involucra of leaf-sheaths fifteen feet long, in which they pack the bales of tobacco. The summer moonlight rides are described as very beautiful, when the air is full of the large fire-flies which swarm about the flowers of the royal palms. The flowers fringe the top of the trunk just under the great plume of leaves, like the capital of a pillar from which the groining of the roof springs. These flowers are the home of the fire-flies.

We took a short walk or two in spite of the heat. Coffee used to be grown formerly on this plantation; and the mill for separating the berries from the husk, and the great platforms of smooth plaster upon which

the coffee is spread to dry in the sun, were still remaining, all in order. The coffee-shrub somewhat resembles the stem and branches of a large fuchsia bearing the leaves of a sweet bay-tree. In a walk here, you see orange-trees covered with fruit, tamarinds and mangoes, guavas and sapotés, three or four kinds of palm-trees, including the cocoa-nut, bananas, and bamboos with roots like rocks, which no doubt suggested to the Chinese their usual design for carving the handles of bamboo walking-sticks. We have a cactus in the garden ten feet high, with a stem a foot in diameter. Parasitic plants resembling lilies and iris perch themselves at the tops of trees. Ants abound; both the black, which live under ground and do no end of damage, and also the white, which build most remarkable nests in the forks of the trees or on the stone walls, as suits their fancy, black conical masses resembling a cinder, as large as a lady's trunk. With the exception of ants and mosquitoes, the land is free from vermin: thanks, I suppose, to St. Patrick, neither centipede nor serpent are said to be poisonous here. If you are ill, we have abundance of castor-oil-nut, and arnica growing in the garden. Our host is a great herbalist and botanist, prepares his own drugs, and doctors white men and negroes for some miles round.

The rest of the world take three or four hours' sleep in the middle of the day; but I think myself lucky if I get four hours' sleep at night. In spite of

the heat, all creation is painfully noisy and lively. After a ride, a luxurious breakfast, and a cigar, I find myself collapsed in a rocking-chair, coat off, shirt-sleeves unbuttoned, not a breath of air, everybody else is taking their siesta in their bed-rooms; I close my eyes, and hear in a few minutes a suppressed sound of waddling and quacking; a foraging party of ducks have entered the house, on speculation of the garrison's being asleep. They surround me and peck at my boots; I drive them out, and compose myself again. I hear a noise as of a small locomotive puffing; it is one of the big watch-dogs who has come in panting, throws himself down on the floor, 'like a thousand of bricks,' and continues to pant. We ought to be having a decent north-east trade-wind; but it has changed to south, which not only makes it intensely hot, but has brought up the mosquitoes from the coast, and they do murder sleep. F. can show thirty-six bites on the left hand and wrist, and forty-four on the right; and, as Mr. Toots said, 'You should see my legs.' Then there are at least 365 cocks, hens, and capons, who fight and love all day, and at night roost in the trees close to the house, and are perpetually under the impression that the negroes are going to make a night attack upon them, and in their terror fall off their perches, and lament until they get up again. There are also about 1,000 guinea-fowls who have emancipated themselves and gone wild, but still return to sleep near the house, and apparently never

do get to sleep. These guinea-fowls worship the moon, and believe that if they say to her the words 'come back,' two thousand times in one night, their souls will be saved. It is also a point of honour among them, as to who can say 'come back' the greatest number of times without stopping. The time most preferred for playing at this game on a moonlight night is between 2 a.m. and 4 a.m. The concert must have been even more perfect a month or two ago, when there were in addition some fifty peacocks about the place; but by good luck these had all been stolen on Sundays, before our coming, by the negroes of the neighbouring plantations. We walked out with our guns one morning to be revenged upon the guinea-fowls. They are wary birds, and fly like packed grouse. We shot four or five, but they all fell into the sugar-cane, and after getting drenched to the skin with the dew upon the canes, we did not succeed in retrieving a single bird.

The preparation of the chickens' evening meal is presided over by a very old negro, who goes by the name of 'Daddy.' Old Daddy's eyes had once a very narrow escape. He used to be messenger in general to the establishment, and had a mule to himself, on which he went all over the country; he and his mule were never separated by night or day. They ate together, but fortunately did not drink together. One day Daddy was sent on an errand, and did not return. Probably he had carried good news, for at the house

he went to they gave him a glass of whiskey too much; and on his way home he slid from his mule to the ground, and slept the sleep of the drunken. In the morning some people passing along the road, saw the turkey-buzzards assembled. They came up, all curiosity, to see who was dead and what had happened, and found old Daddy fast asleep, with his faithful old mule mounting guard over him, driving the buzzards away whenever they approached to have a peck at him.

Feb. 25, '67, *Monday.*

Communication between Cuba and the rest of the world is arranged a good deal by the rest of the world without consulting Cuba; so in spite of our kind host's assertion that no one ever came to see him without staying a fortnight, we said good-bye and returned to the Havanna again, intending to look out for a ship for New Orleans. We had proposed to go up the Mississippi, as far as Memphis, to visit the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and make our way by land via Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago, to Niagara. But we found nothing likely to take us soon to New Orleans, time running short, and a fine ship of 2,000 tons, the 'Moro Castle,' sailing on Wednesday, for New York. The next day was pretty well occupied in writing adieu to New Orleans, and in getting advances from Mr. Clausen, the obliging representative of Messrs. Adot & Spaulding.

Feb. 27, '67, Thursday.

Cuba to New York 1,250 miles. Smooth sailing, with the hills of Cuba visible for a long time on our right. Towards evening we got into the Gulf Stream, which here at this season is generally rough water. Running nearly due north, it meets the north-east trade-wind, which ruffles its temper considerably, and made our big ship roll. When I went on deck next morning, we were in moderately smooth water, running so close along the coast of Florida, that we could see the great waves breaking on a sandy beach. We had given up the advantage of the current of the Gulf Stream for the sake of the smoother water between it and the coast. On the third day, we got back into the Gulf Stream again, and resumed the process of rolling and paddling, sometimes with one wheel in the air, and sometimes with the other, notwithstanding which a party of Americans hung on to one table in the deck-cabin and played poker for thirteen hours, while a party of Spaniards stuck to the other table at monti. When we turned out on Sunday morning the temperature was marvellously changed. We had quitted the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, and had passed at once into winter and pea-jackets. Before night it began to snow; and soon snowed so hard that we could see no pilot-boat, and had to be rocked to sleep lying outside Sandy Hook.

March 4, '67, *Monday.*

Did not get through the Custom House and to the Fifth Avenue Hotel until 3 p.m.

March 5, '67, *Tuesday.*

To Niagara from New York is 458 miles by rail; and we must go that way. The Hudson River is still closed by the ice; which is much to be regretted, as the Hudson River steamboats are said to surpass even the Mississippi boats in size and splendour.

Left New York at 7.30 a.m. by the Hudson River railroad. For 150 miles, as far as Albany, the track runs close along the left bank of the river, following its shore, and from a left-hand seat in the cars you get a series of magnificent views. It was too cold to stand much on the platforms outside, as we used to do in our Southern travels. Unlike the Mississippi, which is edged with flat fertile plantations, the Hudson has banks of dignity, in parts as fine, if not finer, than the Rhine. The first part is called 'the Palisades;' a crest of trees along the sky-line; below, a cliff marked in perpendicular lines like basalt; at the foot, a scaur of fallen rocks, and lines of little firs along the water's edge.

The Hudson runs nearly straight for the first twenty miles; and then begins winding through a mountain range, 'the Highlands;' and the scenery

becomes more grand. The banks are no longer scarped, but the river winds submissively round the feet of fine mountains, following the valley curves. Fine bluffs come out from the mountain side, and shoulder the river out of its course; so that as the railway winds, you get great variety of views. We passed West Point, the military academy, on a plateau on the right bank, and Idlewild, where N. P. Willis used to live, and lately died. After the mountains are passed, hillsides succeed, and slopes plaided with fields; and before you reach Albany, the river becomes monotonous, and bores you.

At Albany the river was frozen over, and people were crossing on the ice. Here we turned westward by the New York Central Railway for Rochester, 229 miles. Many of the towns along this line bear classic names, for example, Rome, Troy, now doing a great trade, among other things, in paper shirt-collars, Ilion, not admitted to be the same place as Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Palmyra and Macedon. The eastern terminus of the line is Boston, now renowned for learning. Is Boston answerable for this? From Albany to Rome, some hundred miles, we ran along the bank of the Mohawk River, but a small rivulet after the Hudson. The Mohawk had been over its banks during the winter; but the frost had locked up its supplies of water from above, and it had sunk back into its bed, leaving its banks heaped with ice,

and the fields curiously paved with a chaos of slabs from eight inches to a foot in thickness.

At Rochester we changed cars for Niagara, 75 miles, parting from a passenger who was on his way to Oregon or Idaho, or some other territory 1,500 miles off, and who had not the faintest idea on what day, week, or month he was likely to get to the end of his journey. Reached Niagara at 2 a.m. and went to the New York Central Hotel, the only one open at this season of the year.

March 6, '67, *Wednesday.*

I take my last new pen, but unfortunately Niagara is not to be described by that or any other pen. Everything was covered with snow about four inches deep; but the morning was bright and clear, when we took a carriage, and drove across the suspension-bridge into the dominions of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. According to our driver, the bridge is 800 feet long, and 258 feet above the water. The railroad runs above, and the roadway below. It is hung from ropes made of iron wires, about the size of telegraph-wires, not twisted but laid straight, and whipped round to hold the strands together. As you come on to the bridge look to your left, and three miles off, at the end of the vista of troubled river, between precipitous banks, you will see the Great Falls. You will fancy you hear them; but

below the bridge the channel narrows somewhat and the waves boil up and heave, and rage madly, and the roar of the 'Great Falls' is lost in the noise of 'the Rapids.' It was over these Rapids, below the bridge, that Blondin stretched his rope and crossed. It would have been hardly possible for him to have crossed over the Falls, as the perpetual spray would have wetted his rope and made it slippery. On the Canadian shore, three miles along a road alarmingly close to the edge of the cliff, brought us to the Clifton House, now closed, but when open, the best of the hotels as far as situation goes. A hundred yards further, and we reached Table Rock and were enveloped in the spray blown from the great Falls, and were accosted by a commissionaire.

The majesty of the slow descending curve of the great wave is inexpressible. In the centre of the Horse-shoe Fall the water is deep and calm, and dark blue. Half-way down it begins to fleck with foam: how it meets its fate in the abyss is hidden by the veil of boiling spray. On either side of this deep centre the water is shallower, and the blue tint only seen here and there, and the wave is white and broken, and streaked with tawny yellow. Above the Falls are the Rapids, a slope of waters barred across with reefs of white foam, like parallel lines of fixed white waves. The river, in fact, just before reaching the Falls comes down several steps of these

reefs; and the pressure of the racing waters is so great that when the smooth water touches a rock the spray spurts up into the air as from a breaking wave. The great river seems to race down the Rapids in a headlong panic, while the rocks stand firm and shoulder it away. You watch the Falls until they fascinate you. You feel as if you were sitting at the spectacle of a vast tragedy, in which Crime and Flight, and Terror and Loathing, and Destiny and Power, and Death and Chaos, are all playing inarticulate parts. Below the Falls the river is of immense depth. The water seethes and bubbles, but is calm and almost without current, as though half-stunned by its fall. Three miles below, where it reaches the suspension-bridge, the river recovers its rage and runs off in boiling rapids again.

Across this calm reach at the foot of the Falls, a little steamer called 'The Maid of the Mist' used to ply from bank to bank. But during the war, even Niagara ceased to draw. Tourists did not come, the ferry was not frequented, the owner got into difficulties, and the Maid was mortgaged. Things went from bad to worse, the mortgagee foreclosed, and was coming next morning to take possession. How was the Maid to be got away? She had been built on the spot. It was clear she could not go up the Falls; could she go down the Rapids below?

Three bold fellows determined to try. They started that night, passed under the suspension-bridge, and put her at it. The waves were seen to close over her, and the smoke-stack was swept from her deck; but she came out at the foot of the Rapids without a hole in her, made her way safely to Lake Erie, and was sold for 8,000 dollars, and we will hope the mortgagee got his money.

In spite of frost and snow, we hung about the Falls for two whole days; and were lucky in this, that the first day the wind set from the American shore and blew the spray on the Canadian bank, and the second day it veered about and blew the spray back the other way, drawing aside the veil of mist first to one side and then to the other. We went down the spiral wooden staircase on the Canadian side and out at the foot, and so on behind the Fall both days. The first day the wind was blowing in strong gusts upwards and downwards and eddying round, guiding the falling water seemingly at its pleasure, so that one moment you stood dry in a clear air, and the next you were enveloped in a whirlwind of spray, through which you could just see, as you struggled for your footing on the slippery ice, your companions clinging to the face of the rock to avoid being blown or washed away. Behind the Falls, on a winter's day, will enable you to imagine the winnowings and washings of a Dantesque

purgatory. The second day, when the wind set the other way, we went below again, without a guide, and without paying a dollar, and without garments of oil-skin, and without getting wet and up to our ankles in water, and enjoyed it a good deal more. This natural path behind the Falls is formed, not by the water falling in a curve, carried by its own impetus out from the face of the precipice, but because the rock overhangs considerably. The frost brings off a continual scale in flakes from the moist face of the slaty rock, which wears away all that part which is not covered by water faster than the action of the water can grind off the upper surface. The Falls have receded, not entirely from the sawing action of the water, but because the frost in the long winters is perpetually scaling off the surface of the rock, and the spray wetting it again. Half Table Rock has just tumbled off, and the rest is cracked through; so that it is seriously proposed to blast and bring it all down, for fear of accidents.

They seem to have one or more fatal accidents here every year. You are shown a place by the side of the American Falls, where, one summer not long ago, a party of visitors from Buffalo were standing with their children, one of them a little girl eight years old. A thoughtless young fellow touched the child suddenly on the shoulder and said, 'Nelly, I'll throw you in.' She was frightened, started, slipped,

and rolled in before he could catch her. The man was so horror-struck at what he had done, that without a moment's hesitation he jumped in after her, and they both went over together.

The American Falls are divided from the Horseshoe or Canadian Falls by Goat Island, and between this and the American shore is another island. The channels between them are bridged over, so that you can drive from the mainland across to Goat Island. Some forty yards below the bridge which connects the two islands, and some fifty yards from the lip of the Falls beyond, is a stone rising above the water just large enough for a man to stand on. Last year, three men in a small boat were crossing the river a mile and a half above, when the current overpowered them and they were swept away; the boat was carried under the bridge between the two islands. As it was hurried past, one of the three made a leap for life on to this stone, and gained it. The two others were carried over with the boat.

For twenty hours the poor fellow sat on that stone, half-way between the bridge and the precipice, with the roar and the whirl of the waters surrounding him; and thousands of people assembled to look at him, and wonder how he was to be saved. They made a raft, and tied a rope to it, and let it go gently down the current from the bridge. He got on the raft, and they began to haul it back against

the stream; but it caught half-way upon a reef of rocks, and no exertions on the part of the man on it could get it over. Then they got a boat and lowered it down the current by a rope until the boat touched the raft. As the boat approached, he raised himself to step in; the boat struck the raft more sharply than he expected, he lost his balance, fell back, and was carried over the Falls before them all.

In winter the hills of frozen spray at the foot of the Falls, and great stalactites of icicles, are a sight in themselves; but I should like to visit the Falls in summer, and see if the green leaves and the rainbows do anything to soften its terrors. In winter Niagara is almost appalling, and you can suppose it capable of anything.

The desolation of our hotel was enlivened this evening by the arrival of a special engine, drawing a special train, part of which was the saloon carriage which the company had made for the Prince of Wales. It contained a large merry party of the railway company's employés, they had started some days before from Detroit for Rochester, at which place the silver wedding of the chief of the Goods Department had been duly celebrated, and the excursionists were now making their way home. This was nearly the last act of the play; for after dinner they solemnly appointed a chairman and a secretary. The chairman then nominated a committee of three, who retired

with the pen and ink into a private room, and shortly returned, having draughted a resolution of thanks to the company for having put the special train and saloon carriage at their disposal. The resolution was put to the vote, the ladies exclaiming, 'aye, aye, hear, hear,' and voting emphatically. The resolution was carried, and handed to the secretary. Then the chairman proposed a vote of thanks to the committee, and that was carried; and finally a vote of thanks to the chairman was put and carried tumultuously, the ladies getting excited. Nobody proposed a vote of thanks to the secretary; and I was getting quite sorry for him, when I recollected that they would probably stop and sup somewhere on the line, and have another meeting to ascertain that the secretary had copied the resolution correctly, and would then carry a vote of thanks for him. This is a free country, but they do things in due form and order. As Artemus Ward says, 'This earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours, subject to the constitution of the United States.'

March 7, '67, *Thursday.*

A hopeless-looking snowy morning, but soon cleared up; and we got a sleigh, and drove to 'The Whirlpool,' some five miles below the Falls, where the river fancies that it has run into a *cul de sac*, and has to turn at a sharp angle, and gets terribly

agitated about it. As we drove up to 'The Whirlpool,' an eagle came soaring over the bare tree-tops close to us. The eagles here catch fish, and have white heads; from which I conclude that they are the bald-headed or fishing-eagle. Baldness and white-headedness being taken, for ornithological purposes, as the same thing. This bird looked nearly seven feet across the wings. It is not every tourist to whom it is granted to see the American eagle soaring over Niagara.

When we found ourselves again on the second day going largely in for photographs and Indian notions, victims to the persuasive tongue of the fair Laura Davis, who rules the bazaar on the Canadian side, we concluded that it was time to go, and started at 4.45 p.m. for Boston.

March 8, '67, *Friday.*

Commenced the day in a sleeping-car, passing from the State of New York into that of Massachusetts, in pronouncing which, always lay emphasis on the 'chew.' A distant view of a fine range of mountains to our left, the Adirondac, covered with snow. At each station a horse-treadmill pumps water or cuts up firewood for the engine. The horses who worked these looked to me especially intelligent, as though rather proud at having something to do with machinery; regarding themselves in the light

of mechanics when compared with other horses, who are mere agricultural labourers. Horses employed about railway stations in England sometimes wear the same look.

At Springfield we passed the United States small-arms factory. A Springfield passenger informed me that great activity prevails at present, more than a thousand workmen being now employed in converting the Springfield rifles into breech-loaders; the fitters and filers working up to 9 o'clock every night, and on Saturdays until half-past 11.

Although the face of the country was covered with three inches of snow, it was apparent that it was more thickly populated, more carefully cultivated, and more homelike, than any part of America we have yet seen. The war did not come near it. There is a painful sameness of design about the wooden houses. They certainly look as if the story was true, that in the New England States houses are made by contract by the mile, and cut off into lengths as wanted. And the sprightly young churches, composed of brick, wood, paint, and portico, are wanting in the air of venerable repose which envelopes the English village church made up of fragments of every style of architecture which has prevailed in the last seven centuries; but there is plenty of vitality about the American churches. We passed 'Shaker Village,' without seeing anything

more remarkable than a traveller walking up to the station, drawing his portmanteau behind him on a little sleigh. We are in a land of sleighs; from the waggon to the wheelbarrow, everything is on runners. All the children have little sleighs to play with. Omnibuses and vehicles which in summer go on four wheels, in winter have two sets of runners; the foremost pair turning in rounding a corner, as the front wheels of a carriage do. Arrived at the Parker House, Boston, at 5 p.m., after twenty-four hours in the train.

March 9, '67, *Saturday.*

Spent the whole day in leaving cards and paying visits, in which we were fortunate, for we found Professor Agassiz in the museum. He was rejoicing in his recent success in persuading Congress to allow a drawback of the duty on all alcohol required for scientific purposes. No small boon to a museum possessed of 9,000 species of fish, a larger number than is to be found in the united collections of London and Paris. Not that these 9,000 fish drink, but they have all to be preserved in spirits. We walked with him through the cellars filled with barrels and jars containing fish and mollusks, the spoils of his Brazilian expedition up the River Amazon. All these have been described and classified, and catalogued, and carefully preserved in spirits; but until

now the cost of alcohol has been too great to allow of their being properly displayed in separate jars. Now the great work of bottling them off will commence; and I do not see how Congress, having granted the alcohol, can well refuse to build an additional wing to the museum in which the specimens can be properly displayed.

A private citizen of Boston, Mr. Thayer, defrayed the whole expense of the expedition up the Amazon, ship and crew, stores and provisions, alcohol and all. They were eighteen months gone, and returned with 1,800 new species of animals never before described by the natural historian. The harvest was enormous. From one small lake near the Amazon, which he described as really not much larger than a big pond, they drew to land two hundred new species. Professor Agassiz showed us his lecture-room, round the walls of which are arranged cases of specimens for the instruction of the students, selected by himself, as an abstract of the great scheme of organized life, rising from sponge and coral to man; and drew our attention to the fact, that throughout the whole he had worked up in the same sequence the fossil and extinct together with the recent and living. His object has been to break down in the students' minds the distinction between fossil and living, and induce them to study all organization past and present as one indivisible scheme.

During his visits to Charleston and the coast of Florida, the Professor has made beautiful collections of corallines; the specimens of each being ranged according to growth, illustrating the development of the coral from the little germ to the perfect growth, with sections cut carefully to show the interior structure. Some of these specimens were valuable from their ages being ascertained, they having been procured from stones which had been sunk at particular dates. Here again Professor Agassiz has taken measures to give his students an accurate conception of the nature of the living coral. The coral as preserved in museums is only the stony skeleton of the living coralline. Above each species he had hung coloured drawings of the living animals, which had been made from life under his own supervision. He has amassed portfolio on portfolio of beautiful water-colour drawings, done on large sheets of cartridge-paper, illustrating, each upon a separate sheet, the development of a separate species of marine animal from the embryo to maturity, mollusks, and starfish, and jellyfish, and all strange sea-shapes that float or crawl, showing the gradual development of the different parts during growth.

These are all the results of his own observation, and most of them unique drawings. It is to be hoped that some day these will be chromo-lithographed for the benefit of other museums. It is not

pleasant to think of the possibility of such a series of drawings being destroyed by an accident. Considering the work that Professor Agassiz has done, it seems hard that he should have to complain of want of assistance; but he suffers much in this way. It takes at least a year's teaching to make an assistant of any value in museum work; but when they have been a year with him they can get far higher salaries as teachers in schools and colleges and lyceums, than the museum can afford to pay. When the war broke out, his assistants left him *en masse*. Were I a young student with a taste for natural history, I should like nothing better than to put my services for a couple of years at the disposal of Professor Agassiz. The grand bottling off of the fishes of the Amazon is a chance which does not occur every day, not to mention alcohol for scientific purposes free from duty. We saw one grey-haired old gentleman working zealously at his studies in the museum, and I could not help hoping that he had made a good start. It is a serious thing to begin late in life getting up natural history, with a professor at your side who for the last five years has been discovering three hundred and sixty-five new species every year.

We left Professor Agassiz at his museum, and were fortunate again in our next call—finding Mr. Longfellow sitting in his library. He is naturally

much interested in the agitation for an international copyright. His own theory of all that is required is very plain and simple. He would have it declared that all English copyrights shall henceforth be valid in America, and all American copyrights in England. Nothing is to be changed in the nature either of American or of English copyright, only the area over which they run; each is henceforth to be valid wherever the English language is spoken. If a man should assign his copyright generally, both English and American copyright would pass; but he would be at liberty to part with one and keep the other, or to assign his American copyright to one publisher and his English to another. This is his programme, or, as they would say in this country, 'his platform,' and he seemed to be hopeful about it.

We returned from Cambridge to Boston, about three miles, by the street-car, and found the newsboys selling 'The Great Fenian Outbreak in Ireland,' in all directions.

March 10, '67, *Sunday.*

There is some mystery about this hotel, 'The Parker House.' It seems to be agreed by all travellers, that if it is not the best, it is as good as the best hotel in Boston; while in Appleton's Guide-book its very existence is ignored. We have formed a very high opinion of it.

Boston being a centre of spiritualism as well as of everything else, we went in the afternoon to Mechanics' Hall, where we found a lady lecturing very eloquently and well to a more than respectable attentive audience of some 300 people. About half the audience were men and half women. The year 1850 was the era of the great awakening of the world, when spiritualism arose. In 1867 will be the grand development of the new religion. Man's physical, intellectual, and moral being is now all out of joint. Spiritualism is a scientific religion, and will bring harmony into all things. I should have understood more about it, only under the same roof, in another large room of Mechanics' Hall, there was a Presbyterian meeting going on; and the sound of the harmony of the Presbyterian hymns every now and then came through the wall, and distracted my attention.

We dined with Mr. L——. It was a quiet Sunday evening family gathering. 'Every man at this table fought for the North,' said our host, 'except myself;' and he would have done so too if his years had permitted. On the wall of the drawing-room hung a group of photographs collected within one frame, all wearing the uniform of the North, all relations or connections of the family, some who had not returned to join the family party again. Boston did her part manfully in the war as in everything else.

I have been struck with the difference of the hero-worship of the North and that of the South. In the hall or bar-room of every Southern hotel, on every steamboat, and in every public place, you find a picture of General Lee and often of General Beauregard; the honour is given to the leaders. But in the North the glory is attributed to 'our soldiers;' the battles were won by 'our boys.' Not even General Grant is esteemed in the North as Lee and Stonewall Jackson were enshrined in the hearts of the Southerners.

March 11, '67, *Monday.*

To-day we were introduced to Mr. J. D. Philbrick, the active Superintendent of the Free Schools of Massachusetts, and improved our opportunities as far as time would allow. Of the practical value of a New England education, and the working of the system, we were of course not able to form an opinion. The theory of it, if I understand it rightly from Mr. Philbrick, is well worth an Englishman's consideration.

The theory of Massachusetts is that the best education procurable in the State shall be given without payment to the children of the poorest man in the State. This, according to Mr. Philbrick, is an accomplished fact. The State education is so good, that other schools do not pay. The State schools

have killed off the private schools, just as the national banks have extinguished the private banks. The proof is, that the best people in Boston send their children to the Free Schools. In the schools he took us to, the sons of the Governor of the State, and of the Chief Justice, and of rich citizens, as well as the children of the middle class and of the poor, sat together in the same classes; and here and there he was able to point out a child with unmistakeable negro features sitting with the rest. Here at Boston, far away from the South, is the only instance we have yet seen of the negro being received on an actual equality with the white. Education has done it, and education alone can do it. The State schools are the best in the State, rich and poor alike send their children to them, and all classes are interested in upholding them. The schools are of three classes; the Primary Schools, in which you see little ones of five or six years of age learning their letters. They pass by successive examinations to the Grammar Schools, and thence to the High Schools. In the Primary Schools, the little boys and girls are mixed together in the same classes. In the higher schools, they are separated and taught in different school-houses. The richer scholars find their own books; all other expenses are defrayed by a State Property Tax, to which all citizens are assessed who possess a certain amount of property,

whether they have ten children or none. The application of the money given by the State is entrusted to the School Committee of the District. In Boston the average cost annually to the State is about £4 per scholar. We were so struck by the well-dressed and generally respectable appearance of the children, that we inquired whether the very poorest classes were really represented there, and were assured that they were. Parents will undergo considerable privations in order to send their children decently dressed to school. No compulsion is used to induce parents to send their children to school, if they are really employed at home in helping to earn a living; but the police have authority to afflict children who are found playing about the streets at an age when they ought to be at school, and to inquire of their parents why they are not sent; and manufacturers are fineable who employ children without a certificate of their having been to school and passed their examinations. One of these Free Schools in Boston dates back to the fifth year after the foundation of the colony of Massachusetts. The Girls' Schools are established and conducted on the same system as the Boys' Schools; and, so far as I understood, they receive the same education in all essentials.

It can easily be imagined that to the citizens of Boston one of the most interesting events of the year is the annual School Festival, or grand commemoration

of the common schools, which takes place every July. Benjamin Franklin, a native of Boston, brought up in the Free Schools, left £100 to the city in trust; the interest to be expended in the purchase of medals to be presented to the best scholars in the Free Schools of Boston; and the list of Franklin medallists comprises the names of some of the most distinguished citizens of America. In Franklin's day, girls were not admitted to the schools. They were first allowed to come in summer time and occupy the seats of absent boys; then they were permitted to come during eight months of the year; and at length they made their footing good on an equality with the boys on all points, in their separate schools. The city now supplements the Franklin fund; and medals are given at the annual festival every year to the head scholars in each school, both to boys and girls.

The festival is held in the Music Hall, the largest room in the town. The room is decorated with flowers, and the names and dates of all the schools are emblazoned on the walls. The School Board, the members of the City Government, the Heads of Departments, and the teachers of all the Public Schools are assembled. The medal-scholars for the year, and their happy parents, are present by invitation, and are addressed by the appointed orators. The conclusion of Mr. Wendell Phillips' speech at

the last festival will give an idea of what a Boston boy has to say on such occasions:—

'Remember, boys, what fame it is you bear up,—this old name of Boston. A certain well-known poet says it is the hub of the universe. Well, this is a gentle and generous satire. In revolutionary days, they talked of the *Boston* revolution. When Samuel Johnson wrote his work against the American colonies, it was *Boston* he ridiculed. When the King could not sleep o' nights, he got up and muttered '*Boston.*' When the proclamation pardon was issued, the only two excepted were the two *Boston* fanatics—John Hancock and Sam. Adams. But what did Boston do? They sent Hancock to Philadelphia to write his name first on the Declaration of Independence in letters large enough, almost, for the King to read on the other side of the ocean. Boston then meant Independence. Come down eighty years. What did Boston mean when the South went mad and got up a new flag, and said they would plant it over Faneuil Hall? Then Boston meant Liberty, as Boston had meant Independence. And when our troops went out in the recent war, what was it that gave them their superiority? It was the brains they carried from these schools. When General Butler was stopped near the Relay House with a broken locomotive, he turned to the Eighth regiment and asked if any man could mend it. A private walked out of the ranks, patted it on the back, and said: "I ought to be able; I made it." When we went down to Charleston, and were kept seven miles off from the city, the Yankees sent down a Parrott gun, made by a Portsmouth boy, that would send a two-hundred pound shot seven miles into their streets. The great ability of New England has been *proved.*

'Now, boys, "the glory of a father is his children." That father has done his work well who has left a child better than himself. The German prayer is: "Lord, grant I may be as well off to-morrow as yesterday!" No Yankee ever uttered that prayer. He always means that his sons should have a better starting-point in life than himself. "The glory of a father is his children." Our fathers made themselves independent seventy or eighty years ago. It remains for us to devote ourselves to liberty and the welfare of

others with the generous willingness to be and to do towards others as we would have others do to us. The good Book says "the glory of children are their fathers." The old Greek said, you remember, "the trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." The French proverb has it, "*Noblesse oblige*"—our fathers were so good that we must be like them from pure shame.

'Now, boys, this is my lesson to you to-day, stated as an Irishism: You are not as good as your fathers unless you are better. You have your fathers' example—the opportunities and advantages they have accumulated—and to be only as good is not good enough. You must be better. You must copy only the spirit of your fathers, and not their imperfections. There was an old Boston merchant, years ago, who wanted a set of China made in Canton. You know that Boston men, sixty years ago, looked at both sides of a cent before they spent it; and if they earned twelve cents they would save eight. He could not spare a whole plate to send as a pattern, so he sent a cracked one, and when he received the set there was a crack in every piece. The Chinese had imitated the pattern exactly. Do not copy our defects. Be better than we are. We have invented a telegraph, but what of that? I expect, if I live forty years, to see a telegraph that will send messages without wire, both ways at the same time. If you do not invent it, you are not as good as we are. You are bound to go ahead of us. The old London physician said the way to be well was to live on a sixpence and earn it. That is education under the laws of necessity. We cannot give you that. Underneath you is the ever-watchful hand of city culture and wealth. All the motive we can give you is the name you bear. Bear it nobly! I was in the West, where they partly love and partly hate the Yankee. A man undertook to explain the difference between the time in Boston and in Chicago. It was but a bungling explanation at best. He asked me what I thought of it. I replied, "Not much." He said, "Oh, yes, you Boston men always think you know more than anybody else." I replied, "Not at all; we only know what we profess to know." That is Boston. What Boston claims you should know, know it. Boston has set the example of doing; do better.

'Sir Robert Peel said in the last hour of his official life—just after removing the bread-tax,—"I shall leave office severely censured; I

shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist; but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by the sense of injustice." Such are the deeds which make life worth living, and fully repay all we can do for you.

'Fellow-citizens,—The warmest compliment to us, ever I heard, was breathed into my ears from the lips of a fugitive slave from South Carolina. "At home," he said, "we used to thank God for Boston, and pray that we might walk its street before we died." Boston has meant liberty and protection. See to it in all coming time, young men and women, you make it stand for good learning, upright character, sturdy love of liberty, willingness to be and do for others as you would have others be and do unto you. But make it, young men and women,—make it a dread to every man who seeks to do evil! Make it a home and a refuge for the oppressed of all lands!'

Mr. Philbrick took us also to another Institution, recently established, in which Boston is showing us the way. It is a fine building, just completed, bearing the mysterious name of 'The Institute for Technology,' being, in fact, a superior development of the Working-man's College idea. The scholar leaves the High School about the age of sixteen. He chooses his work in life, and at the Institute can carry on his education with special reference to the profession he has chosen. The course lasts for four years. The fees for the first year are 100 dollars; for the second, 125 dollars, and for the third and fourth years, 150 dollars each. The city gave the land as a free gift; the fine building was built, furnished and fitted with

all the necessary scientific apparatus by the voluntary contributions of the citizens of Boston.

The students can attend lectures, offer themselves for examination, and obtain diplomas in any one or more of the six leading divisions of the School, viz. Mechanical Engineering, Civil and Topographical Engineering, Practical Chemistry, Geology and Mining Engineering, Building and Architecture, or Science and Literature. This last includes the study of general and comparative Grammar in connection with the English, the French, and the German languages; but Latin and Greek are rather at a discount in Boston, banished, in fact, over the water to Cambridge. Only a month or two ago Mr. Jacob Bigelow, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Institute, fired a long-range pamphlet across the harbour after them, entitled 'Remarks on Classical and Utilitarian Studies,' well worth reading.

We visited also another grand supplement to the Free School system, the free library at Bates' Hall. The library is open to all to go in, sit down, and read. Man or woman, citizen or stranger, rich or poor, black or white, may go in and read any one of the 15,000 volumes he likes to ask for. He cannot take any book out of the building without a note of recommendation from some citizen of Boston. The standard works and books of reference are kept on the first-floor, and may be consulted by anybody but

removed by nobody. The greater part of the work of the library is done by women. The per-centage of loss and damage to books is not greater than in the University Library at Harvard, Cambridge. I saw the most ragged little boy I have seen in Boston sitting on a bench reading Macmillan's Magazine. No doubt his parents were too poor to send him decently to school, and he was pursuing his education at the free library.

Boston education cannot be laughed at; it is a fact. Those who carry Reform Bills have got to look into it, and go and do likewise. And they will get every information from the obliging Mr. Philbrick, who is ready and willing to instruct them, as he has already instructed Mr. Fraser and several other inquiring Englishmen. I did not stop long enough to ascertain what the value of the education received may be, or the standard of attainment; but I presume that Mr. Philbrick does not exaggerate when he says that the poorest man in Boston can obtain for his children, without paying one cent, the same education with which the richest are content.

Another thing worthy the traveller's notice in Boston is the system of fire-alarms. The central station in the top story of the City Hall in the middle of the town is fitted with an elaborate electric telegraph apparatus. In different parts of the town are 175 fire-alarm boxes let into the walls of the

houses, like letter-boxes. When a fire occurs in one of the 175 districts, the alarmist runs to the nearest box and moves a handle, which notifies the fact to the clerk in charge of the wires at the central office. From the City Hall five circuits of telegraph wire radiate like the arms of a star-fish to different parts of the town, going from steeple to steeple, and communicating with the church clocks. If the alarm comes from district No. 175, each church clock strikes one and a pause, seven and a pause, and then five; whereupon the steam fire-engines light their fires, which are ready laid, put to their horses, which are ready harnessed, and by the time they reach district No. 175 have got the steam up and are ready to begin work. This is all kept up at the expense of the city; and the firemen are a trained corps, and not volunteers. Fires do not get a fair start in Boston, and the result is, that the town has been free from those terrible conflagrations which too often sweep like prairie fires through the great cities of America.

One of the most conspicuous of the buildings surrounding Boston common, is the Masonic Hall. The Freemasons in America are a more numerous and powerful body than they are in the old country, and have a multitude of distinguished brothers in their ranks, from the President downwards. They have a Masonic Hall of more or less pretension in every

large city, but in their exploits in architecture are singularly unsuccessful. The Brother who planned this particular Masonic Hall is said to have been so overpowered by the creation of his own brain, that before the roof was completed he retired into a Lunatic Asylum.

March 11, '67, *Tuesday.*

Visited Dr. Warren's Museum, where there is an almost perfect skeleton of an enormous mammoth. The extinct elephant seems to have frequented Massachusetts. One even larger than this was lately dug up not far from Troy. There the skeleton was buried in a very curious tomb. The deep hole in the rock from which the skeleton was dug out was about twenty feet in diameter, circular as a well, with smooth perpendicular walls. The theory invented to account for it was, that it had been drilled by a revolving eddy in an angle of some river, like the whirlpool below Niagara; and a natural shaft sunk by the sand and small pebbles continually moving round. To this spot the carcase of the extinct elephant had been floated down, and been whirled round in the eddy until it sank into the grave below prepared for it. The most incredible fact is, that having found this remarkable hole with an extinct elephant in it, the explorers had not sufficient curiosity to dig down to the bottom; and it is impossible

to say how many more mammoths there may be in the hole still. Americans regard the mammoth with a certain degree of pride, as a beast whose size was a credit to the great country in which he lived. They do not take much interest in the European mammoths.

March 12, '67, *Wednesday.*

We plodded up and down in the snow in the University of Harvard, Cambridge, seeing men and things under very unfavourable circumstances. We called upon Mr. Lowell, the author of the Biglow Papers, and met Mr. Holmes, who talked as only an 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' can; and came finally to the conclusion that it is a great mistake on the part of any traveller to suppose that he can see all that is worth seeing in the town of Boston, or can make himself acquainted with all that is worth knowing in Boston society, in the space of one week. For an American tour a whole year is required. In summer time it is too hot to go South, in winter too cold to go North; and out of that year a whole month can be very profitably spent at Boston.

March 14, '67, *Friday.*

Started from Boston by rail at 2.30 p.m., and arrived a second time at Philadelphia, having run through New York without the opportunity of

getting our letters. When we were here in December the city was glazed with ice; now all the country is covered with four inches of snow, and more coming down. We had come to avail ourselves of an introduction to Mr. Shippen, the Superintendent of the Board of Comptrollers of Education in Philadelphia. Mr. Shippen is a practising barrister, who for love of a good cause, and for love only, without any pay, superintends the management of all the free schools of the city. Both at Boston and Philadelphia there is an immense amount of gratuitous work done in the cause of education by the best men in the place; it embraces all classes in one interest, and all co-operate heartily.

Boston seemed to have the advantage in some points. I doubt whether the richest and the poorest classes are brought together into the free schools at Philadelphia as completely as they are in New England. In Philadelphia the negroes are more numerous than they are in Boston, and are taught in separate schools. The Boston school-houses are larger and finer than those at Philadelphia; but this will not long be the case, as the city of Philadelphia is at this moment engaged in building no less than thirty-four new school-houses. In the Boston schools every child has a separate seat and separate desk; in Philadelphia they sit by twos.

In each the young girls receive practically the same

education as the boys. As far as teaching goes, the girls leave school equally fitted with the boys for entering upon any trade or profession, and equally prepared for receiving the franchise. We heard a class of girls in one of the High Schools examined in the Constitution of the United States, which they had at their fingers' ends, chapter and verse, and were as well qualified to impeach a President or admit a Territory to the rank of a State, as Mr. Ashley or General Butler.

It is to this similarity of education among boys and girls that I attribute the status which women occupy here in all ranks of society. Tennyson affirms that

> 'Woman is not undeveloped man,
> But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
> Sweet Love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
> Not like to like, but like in difference.'

In America they do not believe him. As far as my small experience goes, I remarked that the ladies sat longer after dinner than they usually do with us, and that the gentlemen sat a shorter time than we do after the ladies had departed. Nor was there any of that sudden change of topics and plunge into politics, literature, or shop, as soon as the gentlemen were left to themselves. It is assumed that American ladies are taking an interest in all the life that is going on around them ; one consequence of which is,

that the stranger will sometimes be astonished at their touching without reserve upon all manner of topics which English ladies would ignore. Another remarkable result is the apparently total abolition of the chaperone, and a much greater independence in going about without an escort. A pretty woman can walk along Broadway by herself at any reasonable hour, and no one will annoy her—can as much be said for Regent Street or the Boulevarts? If a woman gets into one of the street cars, she obtains a seat directly. If the car is at all crowded, the nearest gentleman gives up his seat to her, be she old or young. The custom is the same in the railway cars.

The ladies are not very much oppressed in England, since we have given up selling our wives at Smithfield, and they have a good time of it in Paris; but it would not be at all surprising if they get their heads turned before long in America, and seek the franchise. Suppose they demand it, who shall say them nay? Suppose, after ruminating for a year or two on the insult implied by the negro's admission to the franchise from which the white woman is excluded, the women were to secede, how would the United States feel then?

One great security of the male sex arises from the want of unanimity among the ladies; they would never obey their generals, or agree in Caucus as to

their line of policy. Another security lies in this, that the greater number see their way more clearly to individual power in the exercise of the domestic veto; and these might at a critical moment be induced to desert the cause by an eligible offer from one of the enemy. The ladies have the power now without the responsibility; the reddest of republicans may be influenced by a curtain lecture, which would not have the slightest effect upon him when delivered from a rostrum. And yet I doubt if the women of America do interfere much in politics. Politics are man's work in war time. I should like to have the evidence of some experienced diplomatists on this point, whether women have not much more influence over politics in France than in America.

One great reason why all classes co-operate in America so strenuously in the cause of education is, that the money so spent is regarded by all who are taxed for it as so much money spent on an insurance against revolution. As Daniel Webster once put it:—

'We hope for a security beyond the law and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment. We hope to continue and to prolong the time when in the villages and farm-houses there may be undisturbed sleep within unbarred doors. We do not indeed expect all men to be philosophers or statesmen; but we confidently trust—and our expectation of the duration of our system of government rests upon the trust—that by the diffusion of general knowledge, and good and virtuous sentiments, the political fabric may be secure, as well against open violence and overthrow, as against the slow but sure undermining of licentiousness.'

It is only those who have property above a certain amount who are called on to pay the State Education tax. Under universal suffrage, unless those who possess the franchise are sufficiently educated to see that a career is open to their talents, and that it is therefore for their interest to maintain the stability of property, revolution would be instantaneous. But give the poor voter education in a country where the poorest man never despairs of dying a millionaire, and property is safe enough.

When Abraham Lincoln was President and popular, it was the fashion to believe in children of nature who were born great generals and mighty politicians; but now Andrew Johnson is particularly unpopular, the world is beginning to think that a little more culture is desirable, for a President at any rate.

In some of the New England States the system of a gradation of free Schools is supplemented by a free State University, to which pupils who give promise of talent are promoted from the High Schools in order to carry their education further. The idea is being ventilated now of a central Federal University, to which the select of the select are to be promoted from the State universities; in which emulation would be carried to its highest point, and North and South would meet in rivalry; and to which America would look for a supply of young statesmen, as China is said to select her mandarins.

March 16, '67, *Saturday.*

Mr. F. took us to see the almshouse of the city of Philadelphia, probably the largest almshouse in the world. It contained to-day 3,400 inmates. None of the inmates were born Americans, about half, we were told, were Irish. Every apparently poor man who applies is taken in without any question being asked as to his nation or his parish. It is like the Albergo di Poveri at Genoa, in that it is a refuge for every kind of affliction. It is a Lying-in Hospital, and a Locke Hospital, and a Foundling Hospital, and an Insane Asylum. There were within the walls to-day 559 insane poor, almost all either Germans or Irish. I am almost sorry we went, as I had heard so much from other travellers of its comfort and its cleanliness and good feeding, and we visited it on a bleak snowy day on a Saturday when it was all in disorder.

It is no doubt a grand institution; but to me the enormous assemblage of poverty and disease was quite overpowering: we passed through a corridor of ricketty and scrofulous children; we visited the foundling ward, where there were, I think, ten poor little babies sleeping together with their heads on one long pillow. We visited the carpenter's shop where the great manufactory was one of young childrens' coffins, with little variety of size. The idiot children who came up and begged for cents were

saddening ; the room full of blind old women sitting two and two ; the room full of revolting old negresses who were being fed with a spoon ; the long corridors of lunatics lying and squatting on the floor in every wild and statuesque attitude, some with the faces of the damned ; little sleeping-cells open from the corridor, and from these you heard now and then a scream or a sob from one who had gone to lie down on her bed ;—the whole made such an impression on me, that I never had such blue blues in my life, as when we walked out ancle-deep into the falling snow.

There was a curious trial going on, a man paralysed in the left side being tried for the murder of a woman ; so we went to the court to cheer ourselves with that. Mr. Mann, the district Attorney-General, was concluding his reply upon the evidence for the defence with a peroration far more violent against the prisoner than is usual in an English prosecuting counsel. The jury retired to consider their verdict at 4 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. was appointed as the time at which they were to bring in their verdict. As I was informed, they agreed very quickly that the prisoner was guilty, and dined together in the jury-room before returning to court.

Started by the midnight train, and arrived at New York at 6 a.m. instead of 4 a.m. our proper time, in consequence of the snow. We arrived at the end of

our journey with a bump, which sent the head of a gentleman, who was looking out of the window at the end of the car, straight through a pane of glass. He held his head down for a few moments, in order that the blood might not drip upon his clothes, and rubbed his nose tenderly; but came finally to the correct conclusion that there was no blood flowing, and that he was not hurt at all. We have travelled now 3,112 miles over the American railroads, and this jolt has been the nearest thing to an accident that has befallen us. Taking into consideration the facts, that on many of these lines the rails have been repeatedly torn up during the war, and that an enormous amount of war material has been carried over them, without any great repairs to the permanent way, this says something for the steadiness of American engine-drivers, who are not generally supposed to be careful. The pace seldom exceeds twenty-five miles an hour, and the rails are generally so slight that a greater speed would be unsafe.

March 18, '67, *Monday.*

We did not do much in New York during the two days preceding our departure. The first was St. Patrick's Day, and the streets were filled with processions of Irishmen following banners and decorated with green scarves, marching to join the great procession which defiled past the front of the

City Hall before the Mayor and Corporation. The procession was headed by six cannon, and escorted by marshals on horseback with drawn swords. The newspaper stated that 30,000 men marched in the procession; all whom I saw were well-dressed, respectable-looking men.

The police of New York at one time were allowed by the corporation to fall into such a state of inefficiency, that the State of New York took the matter into their own hands, and the present police are a splendid body of men. Each carries a truncheon of heavy wood, and in his pocket a revolver, and they shoot very straight and without any hesitation. As the Government of New York is entirely in the hands of the Irish, it was probable that there would be a row on St. Patrick's Day, and there was. The great procession was brought to a standstill in Grand Street by a carman coming out of a bye-street, and cutting the line. He did not get out of the way quick enough to please the votaries of St. Patrick, so they jumped on the car, and jumped on the carman. The police came to the rescue, and the marshals rode up. In the row three or four of the police were badly hurt, several of them being cut down by the marshals with their swords. The New Yorkers have not forgotten the riots which took place here on the occasion of the first drawing of the conscription, when the city was set on fire in

half-a-dozen places, and was for two days in the hands of the mob. Nor have the mob forgotten the way in which they were fired upon and bayonetted by the troops. The composition of this city is curious; it is the largest Irish, and the third largest German city in the world; the analysis of the rest would fill a good many pages.

March 19, '67, *Tuesday.*

Called on a merchant of New York, who expressed himself very freely *à propos* of the riot of yesterday. He had resided in America many years, and is no admirer of the present rampant republicanism. He thought things were going from bad to worse, and said that, in his opinion, America was the worst governed nation, and New York the worst governed city in the world. He holds that the boundless natural wealth and resources of the country are the sole springs of American greatness, which will always carry the nation onwards and upwards in spite of the republicans, who are an invention of the devil for the purpose of spending the gold and depreciating the greenbacks. The moral of which is, that if you wish to form a good opinion of American nationality and municipal institutions, you must not stop too long in New York.

March 20, '67, *Wednesday.*

Sailed from America by the 'Cuba,' the same vessel we had come in. After all the expectation of a crush for the Paris Exhibition, we had but sixty-nine passengers on board. Trade has not been good lately, and the number of American visitors will not come up to the expectations of the Parisians. The equinoctial gales spared us, and the four newly-married couples on board were as happy as they could be under the circumstances; but, although we carried Sir E. Cunard himself, it was the twelfth day out from New York before we landed on the shore of Old England.

THE NEGRO.

THE INDIAN.

THE FENIANS.

THE ALABAMA.

THE NEGRO.

At the time the war broke out, it is estimated that there were, roughly speaking, 4,000,000 slaves in the Southern States. Their former masters state, and I believe with truth, that the slaves as a rule were neither over-worked nor treated with cruelty. It is absurd to suppose the contrary. That which is valuable and cannot be easily replaced is always taken care of. It is where there are no restrictions upon the importation, and the supply is abundant, as in the Chinese coolie trade, that you find the temptation to cruelty not over-ridden by self-interest. It is difficult also, I believe, to gainsay the position, that nowhere where the negro is left to himself in Africa has he reached any higher stage of civilization than he possessed as a Southern slave. His hours of labour were shorter and his diet more plentiful, than those of the English agricultural labourer. He had such clothing and shelter as the climate required. The slaves of the planter were in the same position as the cattle of the English farmer; and the interest

that the farmer has in seeing his beasts well cared for operated in favour of the negro slave as strongly as it does in favour of all other chattels. It was the interest of the planter that, as long as his slaves were fit for work, they should be kept in working order; that as children they should be so reared as to make them strong and healthy; and when they were past work, that kindly feeling which a man always has towards everything which he calls his own, was sufficiently strong to ensure them a sustenance in old age. No doubt there were sometimes wicked cases of wanton cruelty, which were not common, and were exceptional as the cases are in this country which are brought into court by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I am willing to accept the Southerners' statement that as regards health, happiness, education, and morality, the negro-slaves were as well off as any other 4,000,000 of their race. That the slaves were not greatly discontented with their lot seems clear from the fact that the traveller can with difficulty find in the South an able-bodied white man who did not bear arms in the Confederate army. When the masters went to the war, they in fact left their wives, their children, and their goods in the keeping of their slaves. The plantations were left in charge of the old men, the women and children; yet, during the war, the crops were sown and harvested as when the masters were

at home; and there were no outrages or insurrections on the plantations, except when the Northern armies passed by.

The position taken by the ablest apologists for the slave-owner would affirm that the treatment of the slaves was nearly as good as the fact of their slavery admitted; that the institution was not created by the present generation, but by their forefathers. 'They had not originated, but inherited it, and had to make the best of it. It was in no way peculiar to the Southern States of America; it had existed over the whole world. It was a condition of society recognised by the Old Testament as the natural state of things, and when mentioned in the New Testament, not reprobated. It had been abolished by some nations, it was still retained by others. It was retained by the Southern States, because they had no other labour to substitute for it, and if the negro was emancipated it would not be possible to rely upon his labour. The civilization of the white race is the result of more than a thouand years of trial and training. The negro race was in the first stage of this probation; they had not yet completed their first century of slavery. Those among them who possessed industry and steadiness of character could earn enough to purchase their emancipation. None of them were fitted to receive the franchise.'

It is hardly worth while to consider how far it

is true that slavery is a probation for the first steps in civilization, an education for future self-government. It may, I think, be taken as a fact that, before the war, such speculations as to the future of the negro race did not occupy the minds of Southern planters more than the British stock-breeder is at present influenced by Dr. Darwin's theories.

Nor is it worth while to consider how far it was probable, if the North had never interfered with the strong hand, that a gradual emancipation would have taken place in time. The only existing safety-valve through which the slave could escape into freedom was by purchase, and on that safety-valve was this weight—the more industrious the man the more valuable the slave. The living surrounded by slave-labour had so affected the Southern character that it was not easy for them to appreciate the benefits which a gradual emancipation would have brought about. They laughed at the doctrine of the dignity of labour. Hard hands and the sweat of the brow were the portion of the slave, servile. With the lower class of white men who owned no slaves, emancipation was disliked because it would raise the servile race to an equality with themselves. The slave-owners saw clearly that, however gradually brought about, emancipation would result in loss to them; for free labour, however competitive, can

never be as profitable to the master as slave-labour has been—capital would have to give up a larger share of profits to the workman. The hearts of the white race were hardened, and it may be doubted whether they would ever have seen that the time had come when the bondmen ought to be let go. They saw only that the slaves were not discontented with their lot, and that all things were prosperous.

The institution of slavery broke down in the Southern States of America, not by reason of any injustice to the negroes, but in consequence of the effect produced by slavery upon the character and temper of the white race. It rendered them incapable of maintaining a friendly intercourse with the Northern States.

The Northern half of the same nation were leading under a colder sky an entirely antagonistic life. They were successful in commerce, they toiled in factories, and reaped with their own hands great harvests of wheat. They were continually increased in numbers by emigrants whose chief fortune was the labour of their hands; while many of the families in the South traced their descent to emigrants who had landed with their retainers from vessels fitted out at their own cost. Except the great bond of the Federal Government, which was tied when neither were strong enough to stand alone; the Northern and Southern States had few ideas in common.

When they met in council they disagreed upon the most indifferent matters. They did not so much quarrel about slavery, as because slavery had rendered them at heart hateful to one another.

With the declaration of war the veil dropped from the South. That which had been disguised as half a republic, was an aristocracy of race based upon slavery. In the pride of their hearts the South began the war, more than half in the belief that the North would never fight. They met soon army to army; and at first, before the troops on either side were disciplined, the Northern lines were broken to pieces by the charges of the Southerners. With discipline came stubbornness and self-reliance, and battles more and more sternly contested. Several battles lasted for three days and more.

There were instances in the war in which the same regiments were brought three times into action on three consecutive days, suffering terribly each time. But in the South the army was recruited from but one class, the dominant class, the white race; whereas the Northern army drew its strength not only from all classes but from an emigration contributed by all nations. Even without the blockade the odds were fearfully in favour of the North, and when General Grant took the command and grasped the fact that it was not by strategy but by hard fighting that the struggle was to be won, it became

merely a question of time how soon the brave South would gasp its last.

It is considered that of the 4,000,000 negroes 1,000,000 have perished since their emancipation. They were without habits of prudence and forethought, and labour had been the badge of their servility. They were ignorant and helpless. Their first impulse when set free was to wander away from the old homes and see the world. They could not realize that they were free upon the plantations where they had toiled as slaves. Then they soon gravitated to the larger cities, where vice and want made terrible havoc among them.

They felt the instinct which is said to drive all loose population without anchor westward. It is computed that 37,000 negroes have moved from South Carolina to Mississippi and Texas. It requires the energy of the white man to strike out for the far West at once.

Not only were they thinned by death, but they ceased to multiply as before. As long as there was a profit in rearing them, the masters took care that the women were attended to in child-birth, and the babies properly nourished. In some parts the rearing of slaves for sale was the most profitable business of the plantation. Just as Kentucky supplies other States with mules, so one chief source of wealth in Virginia was the breeding slaves for the Southern

States. After the emancipation it was nobody's interest that the little children should be cared for. Babies were an incumbrance in wandering about; the maternal instincts were weak; life had no great charms for them, and infanticide became terribly common. The year after Mr. Lincoln proclaimed emancipation, there were more black babies floating down the Mississippi river than there were aged Hindoos in the Ganges. The little children died off more rapidly than the adults.

The mortality has been so great, that some have predicted a solution of the negro difficulty in the disappearance of the whole coloured race in the next fifty years. This would be a melancholy *fiasco;* but ungrateful captives when set free sometimes do refuse to live, although toils and dangers have been incurred by their deliverers. Even in New York and Philadelphia there are not now nearly as many negroes as there were before the war. In the parts where they have lived in the greatest security during the war, and where they may be supposed to have congregated, and where the largest subscriptions were raised to preserve them from famine, they have been fading away. In the colder climate of the Northern States, after a generation or two the coloured families die out. Still there are many hopeful symptoms. In the first place, the freedmen in the Southern States are gradually settling down to labour, to

which at first they were very averse. There seemed at first to be insuperable difficulties in the way of organizing free labour. Its practice was not understood by the labourer, nor its theory by the master. It seemed to be impossible to adjust the rate of wages equitably, and there was no money in the country to pay them with. The freedman's bureau undertook to make contracts between employer and employed. The freedman had no faith in the justice of his employer, and the employer no belief in the justice of the bureau. Contracts were made for the division of the crop between the employers and the labourers; this necessitated advances by the employer to enable the labourer to live; and this resulted in the labourer disappearing as soon as he got tired of work. If they worked together until the crop was got in, disputes often arose over the division of the profits.

Speculators from the North came and got together bands of freedmen by promises of high pay, and attempted to let out their labour to the neighbouring planters. Sometimes these men were unable to succeed in obtaining lands or contracts for cultivation, after which the speculator disappeared, and the freedmen dispersed more suspicious and dissatisfied than ever. Sometimes neighbouring planters combined together to keep down the rate of wages, five dollars a month, in some instances, being fixed on as the

highest rate of wages to be paid, and the freedman's bureau interfered with the combination. The labourers sought work only because they were in want of food, and the land-owners were all but bankrupt. Both parties were full of suspicion of one another, and entirely without experience, and there existed no customs of hiring and service to guide them. No wonder the land-owners and labourers and the freedman's bureau all spoke evil of one another.

Very gradually experience and a better knowledge of one another is removing this state of things; but the rate of wages is still very low, and such labour as is worth paying for is very difficult to procure. Perhaps the greatest difficulty of all is the want of capital. Ruined men are still clinging to their lands. By the end of three years, it is said that more than half the land in the South must change hands. Mortgagees are foreclosing everywhere. On the banks of the Mississippi and along the Bayou Tesch plantations are selling at considerably less than one half their price before the war. Re-establish the labour market, and they are worth their former value. The heavens themselves have been unpropitious. Last year's crops were generally bad; drought burnt up the corn, and the worm ravaged the cotton crop. We are apt sometimes when in want of other ideas to talk too much about the weather; but we sometimes

attribute effects to political agencies which are brought about chiefly by the skyey influences. If the seasons of harvests of the last three years had been as propitious as those of the three preceding years, the present negro census would stand very differently from what it does. The stars in their courses have rained down evil influences; and a succession of bad harvests followed the enfranchisement of a race of improvident slaves. Of war, famine, and pestilence, famine has been the most deadly enemy of these unfortunates, and the glorious promise of the present year's harvest is matter for thanksgiving.

Another very encouraging sign is the eagerness with which the freedmen are availing themselves of the schools which are being opened for them throughout the South. They will go through any privations to save the necessary dollar a month, and the little children are very quick at learning to read. Negroes are by nature very imitative. They are quick at catching a tune or picking up a language. I have met a negro courier who could speak five languages. Formerly they had no facilities or encouragement for learning. The white population was itself very badly educated, for it was so thinly scattered that the establishment of schools was almost impossible, except for the class who were rich enough to be able to send their children to a distance.

The following extract is from the last Report of

Major-General Howard, Commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau. He says :—

'The results are full of encouragement. There were, at the close of the last school-term, in the thirteen States lately in rebellion, and including Kentucky, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, 975 regularly organized schools, 1,405 teachers, 90,778 pupils.

'This does not include many schools not regularly reported, especially night-schools, and none of the large number of private and sabbath schools, now in operation. With great care in gathering information, we estimate that there are now 150,000 freedmen and their children who are earnestly occupied in the study of books. There are also a considerable number of schools for refugee white children, and the formation of these is everywhere encouraged. . .

'The well-known eagerness to learn, among the freedmen, is everywhere apparent. As proof of this, while white schools at the South have always had vacation during the three hot months, in many instances schools for freedmen have been taught without intermission through the entire summer. Kentucky reports fifteen schools in August, South Carolina sixteen in July and August, Georgia twenty-one schools through the summer. Three of these were sustained by funds of the bureau, and the remainder by the freedmen themselves—with over two thousand children in attendance. In Alabama there were twelve schools kept open; seven of these being taught by Southern teachers, two by discharged soldiers, and three by coloured teachers. In Louisiana there were one hundred and seven schools in August, forty-seven of these being private schools, and paid for, of course, by parents of the pupils. . . . .

'It is worthy of note that during the last six months a change of sentiment is apparent among the better classes of the south in regard to freedmen's schools. The most intelligent concede that education must become universal. There are philanthropic and just men who would cheerfully give this boon to all. Many planters are convinced that it will secure to them more valuable and contented labourers. Leading statesmen are urging that these people will be a safer element in their midst if made moral and intelligent; and religious conventions over all the South have passed resolutions

urging upon their members the importance of giving instruction to the negroes.

'It is true that many who favour such instruction do it with the proviso that Northern teachers shall no longer be sent; at least, that they themselves will assume the superintendence of the schools, proposing in some instances Southern instructors, either white or coloured. All this may be called a new form of opposition, and its motive does seem ambiguous. But if the State governments are ultimately to take upon themselves the education of these poor people, as they should, it is well they are making such a beginning. We are sure that the improvement of these privileges by the freedmen, their elevation of character, and good conduct as the consequence of instruction, will lead to the continuance of these privileges ultimately from the best and highest motives.

'We cannot conceal the fact that multitudes, usually of the lower and baser classes, still bitterly oppose our schools. They will not consent that the negro shall be elevated. He must, as they conceive, always remain of a caste in all essential respects beneath themselves. They have been taught to believe this, and belief now is strengthened by both prejudice and passion.

'While, therefore, deploring what remains of ill-will towards our schools, in some places still exhibiting violence, we have to congratulate the true friends of the country in view of the immense results obtained. They indicate the dawn of a brighter day, not only for the negro, but for all the South.'

If the negro dies out, there is an end of him and all the troubles he has caused, at least as far as America is concerned. If he survives, what is to be his future? At the present time there can be no doubt that the black race is inferior to the white. That it is inferior in mental vigour is proved by the fact of its former contented servitude; that it is inferior in bodily stamina is proved by the statistics of mortality in the Northern armies, according to which

under the same conditions, the number of deaths in hospital among the black troops was double the mortality among the white men.

Will he become blended with the white race, and be gradually absorbed by intermarriage, as the German and the Irish element do, losing their nationality in the next generation, and becoming fused into one homogeneous mass? There does not appear to be any probability of it. No white man ever marries a black woman, and the instances of a white woman marrying a black man are rare and exceptional. There has been at present no intercourse between the races except such as takes place between an inferior and a superior race. The mixed race is the result of the intercourse between the white man and the negress, and this will not effect the absorption of the whole black race.

Suppose the half-breeds to increase largely in numbers, will they form a link between the black man and the white, and promote friendship between the two? In Mexico the greatest of the many causes of anarchy has been the existence of the large class of half-bloods, now more numerous than the Indians. They are so numerous as to possess practically a casting vote, and having neither principle nor stability, side first with the Spaniard and then with the Indian, according as their interest suggests.

Will the negroes gather themselves together in

communities, and occupy the low hot fertile rice lands in the South, where the white men cannot live; and so play a useful part, utilizing valuable lands which without them must henceforth lie waste? It is to be hoped that the Government will take measures to prevent it. The moment the pressure of the white race is removed from them they would relapse into savage life. To attain to better things and a higher cultivation, they must be mingled with the whites, and have industry and education forced on them. The more they are separated, the more debased and antagonistic will they become. The most serious symptoms of negro outbreaks which have occurred have been in the Sea Islands where the negroes have collected together in consequence of a proclamation of General Sherman's. A black prophet and a religious revival might lead to any amount of bloodshed. The natural home of the negro in Africa is supposed to be on the alluvial plains near the great rivers; but it is a curious fact that in similar places in the Southern States they did not multiply. They were most prolific in Virginia. It was where the white man lived and cared for them and their offspring that the greatest number of slaves were reared. If they continue to exist in America, the negro must live as a distinct race among a people superior to himself. It is difficult to find in history an instance of

two distinct races with equal rights living peaceably together as one nation.

The Americans have done already things which other nations have found impossible. It may be that they will succeed in this also; and there is no race so pliant, so docile, and free from offence, as the negro. The danger will be from the unscrupulousness of politicians. When once the negro vote in the South has become organized, like the Irish vote in the North, it will be as great a nuisance to the nation. If the freedmen, as they increase in intelligence, become factious and impracticable, they will find themselves moving towards Liberia faster than the Mormons went to Utah. That which cannot be assimilated must be cast out.

Their wisest advisers will be those who urge them to keep quiet and avail themselves of the means of education now open to them: not to separate from their white neighbours, but to make themselves first useful to them, and then indispensable: not to think too much of Freedmen's Conventions at Washington, or negro candidates for the Vice-Presidency; but to be as little conspicuous in politics as possible, and to bear in mind that if education does not precede an extension of the suffrage, it must follow it.

There are at the present moment two gentlemen of colour sitting as members of the State Legislature in

the State of Massachusetts, and the story of their election is very curious as the largest wholesale practical joke since the English traveller wrote to the 'Times' to describe the series of murders perpetrated in an American railway train. The republican party, to gratify those among their supporters who were suffering from what is commonly called 'Nigger on the brain,' nominated two coloured candidates, not in the least intending them to get in, but merely with a view to make political capital out of their nomination. The democrats, their opponents, saw the mistake in a moment, the wires were pulled and the word passed, and the democrats plumped for the coloured gentlemen, who were elected by triumphant majorities, to the dismay and discomfiture of their proposers.

A practical joke once in a way is all very well; but it is to be hoped that the white race in the South will before long accept the situation, and resume their political duties: for it would be a poor joke for them if possibilities were to be realized, and Congress were found after the next election to consist one half of Northern republicans and the other half of Southern negroes.

THE INDIAN.

In the Report of the Secretary of War, published at the end of the year 1866, no less than twenty-three large closely printed pages are filled with accounts of Indian depredations, the chastisement which followed, and the measures suggested for their prevention in future. While public attention was engrossed by the war in the South, the Indians appear to have increased in audacity. Now the tide of emigration runs westward, all the stronger since a million soldiers have been mustered out of the ranks in the last two years. And those who remain in the service would prefer any other duty to that of coercing disaffected districts; where whatever measures they may take are sure to be found fault with by one half of the loyal men and the whole of the unloyal. It seems certain that there is a great Indian war now begun, and it will be carried on with larger forces, and over a greater extent of country than has ever been attempted before. The Indians

themselves are fully impressed by the conviction that unless they make some united effort, they will be swept away and perish; and are themselves taking the initiative, and commencing hostilities. And there is a general feeling among the Americans, that if there is to be a war, it will be far better to settle that business 'right off,' even at considerable cost, rather than to be annoyed and taxed for ever to pay for distant expeditions and frontier skirmishes as unsatisfactory and costly to them as a war in New Zealand is to us.

At the close of the civil war, the whole territory of the United States was divided into five great military divisions; and General Sherman was appointed to the command of the 'Division of the Mississippi,' which comprises all the States and Territories west of that river and north of Texas. The following description of this district, and the policy he proposes to pursue towards the Indians, is taken from his Report to General Grant, dated November 5, 1866:—

'In order to an understanding of the great military problem to be solved, I must state in general terms that this military division embraces the vast region from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, of an average breadth (east and west) of 1,350 miles, and length (north and south) of over 1,000 miles, viz. from the south border of New Mexico to the British line. On the east are the fertile and rapidly improving States of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, and Arkansas. Immediately on the west are the

Territories and States of Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and the Indian territory. The land on this eastern border is fertile and well adapted to settlement; but their western parts are a vast prairie, with good grasses, but generally devoid of trees or minerals, are subject to droughts, and are not inviting to settlers. Next in order are the mountainous Territories of Montana, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico, composed of high plateaus and mountains, containing minerals of every kind, with forests of timber and numerous valleys susceptible of high cultivation, either by means of the ordinary rains, or the more certain system of irrigation that has been begun within a comparatively recent period, and has been pushed with an energy and success that promises the best results. These new and mountain Territories present a most interesting feature in our future development as a nation, and are in my judgment worthy the liberal and fostering care of the general government. Between these mountain Territories and those of the river border lie the great plains of America, which have been well mapped and described by the hundreds of explorers that have traversed them from the time of the expeditions of Pike, and Lewis, and Clark, as early as 1803, until the present moment. These plains can never be cultivated like Illinois, never be filled with inhabitants capable of self-government and self-defence as against Indians and marauders, but at best can become a vast pasture-field, open and free to all for the rearing of herds of horses, mules, cattle, and sheep. The mountain Territories seem to be more rapidly improving and assuming a condition of self-protection and defence, because the people can acquire fixed habitations and their property is generally grouped in valleys of some extent, or in localities of mines capable of sustaining a people strong enough to guard themselves against the predatory bands of nomadic Indians. Still they occupy at this time an isolated position, presenting a thinly settled frontier in every direction, with a restless people branching out in search of a better place, or of better mines. To defend them perfectly is an utter impossibility, and all we can do is to aid the people in self-defence, until in time they can take care of themselves, and to make the roads by which they travel or bring their stores from the older parts of our country as safe as the case admits of.'

To quote a description given me by a gentlemen who had travelled in the far West with Mr. Speaker Colfax : 'On this side the Rocky Mountains is a great tract some 500 miles in width called "the Plains." The rainfall on the Plains is very small from May to October, averaging only one inch; and, except at the water-courses, there is little vegetation there.'

Mr. Hepworth Dixon's description of his journey across the Plains to Denver shows how few attractions this district offers to the settler. The white man moving westward has not before him an expanse of fertile lands waiting for his plough, stretching away to the foot of the Rocky mountains, but is approaching a tract 500 miles in width, which is in fact for six months in the year a desert. He is driving the buffalo and the Indian from the more fertile lands to the east. He has crossed the Plains and is already forming settlements on the other side, in the valleys of Colorado and New Mexico. It is necessary now to keep the communications open between East and West. How is this to be done so long as the hostile Sioux are at liberty to wander nearly a thousand miles, from Minnesota to the Arkansas River?

General Sherman says :—

'I propose the coming year (with your consent and with that of the Secretary of the Interior, in whose control these Indians are supposed to be), to restrict the Sioux north of the Platte [or Nebraska],

west of the Missouri River, and east of the new road to Montana which starts from Laramie for Virginia City by way of Forts Reno, Philip Kearney, C. F. Smith, &c. All Sioux found outside of these limits without a written pass from some military commander defining clearly their object, shall be dealt with summarily. In like manner I would restrict the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Comanches, Kiowas, Apaches, and Nayajoes south of the Arkansas and east of Fort Union. This would leave for our people exclusively the use of the wide belt, east and west, between the Platte and the Arkansas, in which lie the two great railroads, and over which passes the bulk of travel to the mountain territories. As long as these Indians can hunt the buffalo and antelope within the described limits we will have the depredations of last summer, and worse yet, the exaggerations of danger raised by our own people, often for a very base purpose. It is our duty, and it shall be my study, to make the progress of construction of the great Pacific railways that lay in this belt of country as safe as possible, as also to protect the stage and telegraph lines against any hostile bands, but they are so long that to guard them perfectly is an impossibility, unless we can restrict the Indians as herein stated. I beg you will submit this proposition to the honourable Secretary of the Interior, that we may know that we do not violate some one of the solemn treaties made with these Indians, who are very captious, and claim to the very letter the execution on our part of those treaties, the obligation of which they seem to comprehend perfectly. . . . .

'In the department of the Platte I propose that General Cooke shall continue to cover the building and engineering operations of the Pacific railway that is under construction up the Platte, and has accomplished 275 miles of road, substantially, this year; that he shall next year complete the wagon-road from Fort Laramie to Virginia City, which the Indians give notice they will resist. They represent it as passing through the only remaining hunting-grounds they have; but this road is necessary to Montana, and must be finished and made safe. It is on this road that we have encountered most trouble this year, and the Indians have killed Lieutenant Daniels, 18th infantry, twenty-four soldiers, and about twenty citizens connected with trains. All these deaths must be avenged next year. By reason of the discharge of all volunteers, and the late

period at which we were provided a regular army, we were too weak to attempt it this year, and must do so the next.

'In the department of the Missouri General Hancock is charged with the protection of the Smoky Hill and Arkansas routes, and of the exposed settlements of Colorado and New Mexico. This is a most difficult problem. He will, of course, continue to give every assistance to the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, now done to Fort Riley, and under contract for 250 miles beyond; and he will do all that is possible to encourage and protect the settlements on the tributaries of the Upper Arkansas and along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. These are most important in a military sense, and they hold out the promise of a country that can now partially, and will soon be able to feed the men and horses needed in that hitherto desolate region at reasonable prices. Denver is already an important city, and the valleys of the Cache-la-Poudre, Thompson's Creek, Boulder, Fontaine-qui-buille, Huerfano and Purgatoire already present beautiful farms, and will, with some assistance and protection, soon be able to defend themselves as against any band of Indians likely to threaten them. But from all I can learn, New Mexico does not hold out the same hopes. It has been settled longer than Ohio, and yet remains poor and exposed, with but a thin line of fields along the banks of the Rio Grande, liable at all times to be swept by the inroads of the nomad Indians that surround it. The whole Territory seems a pastoral land, but not fit for cultivation. The mines undeveloped are supposed to be very valuable, but as yet remain mostly in a state of nature. We have held this Territory since 1846, twenty years, at a cost to the national treasury of full 100,000,000 of dollars, and I doubt if it will ever reimburse to the country a tithe of that sum. The entire population may be assumed at 100,000, and the minimum force required there will not fall much short of 2,500 men, which should be mostly of cavalry.'

The Federal Government is alive to the importance of its duty in watching over these settlements beyond the Plains, and Mr. King; whom I met at Washington after his return from a six years'

surveying expedition in Colorado and New Mexico, has been despatched again with assistants and escort to continue the surveys.

The policy of General Sherman, who has shown himself to be a man of action as well as ideas, is to cut the Indians in two, driving them north and south, and opening between the two a belt 200 miles in width, lying between the Platte or Nebraska River on the north, and the Arkansas River on the south; and thus protecting the two great lines of railroad which are striking West, the Pacific Railway along the line of the Nebraska, and the Union along the Arkansas.

If this policy be carried into execution, the Indian must make up his mind, either to perish or to give up his nomade life.

The migrations of the Indians follow those of the buffalo. In spring the buffaloes go north, crossing both Arkansas and Platte Rivers, making for the Missouri; in autumn they go south again. Will the age of railroads put an end to the migrations of the buffalo? or is the buffalo to continue to migrate, and the Indian to remain stationary?

Humbolt has a curious note in Cosmos, vol. ii. note 455:—

'The American race which is the same from 65 deg. N. lat. to 55 deg. S. lat., did not pass from the life of hunters to that of cultivators of the soil through the intermediate gradation of a pastoral

life. This circumstance is the more remarkable, because the bison, enormous herds of which roam over the country, is easily susceptible of domestication, and yields much milk.'

'Little attention has been paid to an account given in Gomara (*Hist. Gen. de las Indias*, cap. 214), of a tribe, living in the sixteenth century to the north-west of Mexico, in about 40 deg. N. lat., whose greatest riches consisted in herds of tamed bisons (*bueyes con una giba*).' (Note 455, vol. ii.)

It might not be imagined at first sight that Englishmen had much interest in the progress of the 'Leavenworth, Pawnee, and Western Railway,' as that part of the Union Pacific line now open used to be called. But this railroad, when completed to the Pacific coast, will realise the idea with which Columbus set sail to the West. It will be the shortest route from Europe to China. It is asserted that when the railroad is completed from Atlantic to Pacific, in the year A.D. 1870, the journey will be made from England to Hongkong, via New York and San Francisco, in thirty-three days. New York will then be the centre at which the trade of Europe and Asia will meet, the great exchange of the products of the eastern and western world. The vessels are now on the stocks which, unless M. Lesseps can offer greater facilities via the Isthmus of Suez, are to carry the produce of China and Japan to San Francisco to be distributed to Europe from New York. The railway map ends for the present at Fort Riley; the present western terminus of the line

being as nearly as possible half-way between the two oceans. But the continuation is a cherished scheme of Congress, and there seems to be no reason why there should not be an additional 200 miles opened for traffic every year. It would never do to have the Indians stopping the cars half-way.

General Sherman proposes to drive the Indians north and south. In his Report to General Sherman, dated August 11, 1866, General Pope thus urges the policy of setting them on reservations and moving them to the east rather than to the west :—

'It is unnecessary to say that the past history of our relations with the Indians has made it clear that in the settlement of new territories, the time must arrive when the Indians are so pressed upon by the whites at so many points and under such circumstances, that the security neither of white nor Indians is longer compatible with the wild life and wandering habits of the Indians. This unavoidable condition of things renders it necessary to restrict the Indian to certain limits, and to buy for the occupation of the white settlers the districts of country thus vacated by him. This necessity has given rise to the "reservation system," to which in the future, as in the past, all the Indians on the continent must be gradually subjected. . . . .

'Without going into particulars of history too well known, it may be stated as the result of this policy of locating reservations, that after a long period of bloodshed and horror during which the Indians were gradually driven from one reservation to another, the great tribes of Indians formerly occupying the region north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi have been nearly exterminated, and the scattered and feeble remnants are now found distributed along the extreme western frontier of Kansas and Nebraska.

'Of all the powerful and populous tribes which once inhabited the north-west, but a few hundreds of hopeless and helpless stragglers

remain. Of the history of the white settlers, the pioneers of emigration in the great States of the north-west, it is unnecessary to speak. Such a record of nameless horrors, of gross inhumanity to whites and Indians, and of lavish and wasteful expenditure of public money, cannot at this day be read without astonishment and indignation. Such a process of extermination of both Indians and white men has never before been permitted to go on under the eyes of a Christian people, and it will long remain a reproach to this government. Feeble, worn out, and dispirited as we find them to-day, these wretched remnants of the powerful tribes once famous in our history cannot yet be left in peace. Some of them have already been removed to the Indian country west of Arkansas, and the remainder will soon follow, and it is hoped that they may there be permitted to die in peace, and their names and tribe be forgotten. Very different was the history of the southern tribes and of the pioneers of Tennessee, Georgia, and other Southern States. Warned, apparently, by the deplorable results of the policy pursued north of the Ohio River, the government, in dealing with the southern tribes, so far modified the system of reservation as greatly to obviate most of the evil results which had marked its operation south of the Ohio.

'An extensive district of country west of the Mississippi was selected as specially Indian territory, and the southern tribes (after some fruitless efforts to control them in their own country) were at once removed to it without undergoing the intermediate stages which had marked in blood the course of the northern tribes. Compare the condition of the two branches of the same race, now first brought together in this common territory. The southern tribes are still numerous and powerful, and, as far as Indians can be, they are prosperous and progressive.

'It is needless to repeat what I have said of the condition of the wretched fragments of the great northern tribes. Contrast, too, the history of the white settlers of the States north and south of the Ohio. In these differences will be found the different results of a policy of Indian reservations located in a country claimed by the Indians, from which they must again and again be removed before the advance of white emigration, and a policy which at once separates the races and removes the Indian to a region selected for

his sole occupation, and so remote from his original country that return is hopeless. . . . . .

'Perhaps it will be well to detail briefly the course and results of this system.

'An Indian tribe is collected together and placed upon a limited reservation in some part of the same territory; once there, the Indian is partly subsisted by the Government and partly subsists himself by hunting.

'The Indian is thus left in his own country, every foot of which is familiar to him; he retains his arms and horses; he must of necessity be permitted to indulge to some extent in his wild life and wandering habits; he has nearly unrestricted access to the settlements upon which his depredations have been committed, and is nearly or quite free to maintain his intercourse with the wild tribes and to be subjected to all the influences of savage life. It is in human nature, too, that the Indian agent or the military commander placed in charge of a reservation of this kind should feel a pride in his administration, and in the good conduct of the Indians, and that he should be very unwilling to admit that depredations or outrages were committed by them. These reservations, therefore, soon become places of refuge for the Indian after he has murdered or robbed the white settlers. The advance of the white emigration presses more and more closely around the Indian reservations, and narrows the range of hunting-grounds of the Indian more and more, until each day makes it more difficult for him to supply himself with those articles of food which the government does not give him. The herds and flocks of the settlers, and their property of every kind which the Indian covets, are daily brought more nearly within his reach, and temptingly displayed under his very eyes. The land upon which his reservation is located daily becomes more valuable by the growth of settlements around it, and is therefore daily more coveted by the whites, who, in the exposed settlements and loose state of society on the frontier, are prompt to redress any petty theft or wrong-doing by a bullet. The relentless hate occasioned by the remembrance of violence and outrage committed by these very Indians, makes it impossible for the whites to understand that "the Indian has any rights he is bound to respect." But one result can follow from such relations between whites and Indians:

day by day the difficulties and broils increase; all crime committed in the whole country around is charged by the whites upon the Indians on these reservations, until, after outrages and murders on both sides, and great suffering both to whites and Indians, it is finally found absolutely necessary to remove the Indian to another reservation more remote, where, in time, the same causes produce the same results, until the Indian tribe is totally exterminated after something like the extermination of the early settlers. It would be difficult to devise a system which could work more wrong and inhumanity to both races. Our past history is conclusive on this subject. The necessity of placing Indians upon reservations as soon as their relations to white emigration endanger peace, is freely admitted. The question is, "Where shall such reservations be located, and under what conditions shall the Indians be placed upon them?" A correct answer to this question will go far to solve the Indian problem. There are several elements which enter into the solution of this question.

'1st. The Indian must be so placed that he can never again be brought into contact with white emigration, nor obstruct the settlement and development of the new territories.

'2nd. He ought to be placed where he can be subjected, under the most favourable conditions, to the influences of Christianity and civilization, and be taught to labour and to support himself.

'3rd. As he must, for a time at least, be supported by the government, he ought to be placed where provisions and other necessaries of life are cheapest.

'4th. He should be placed where the smallest possible military force would be needed to control him until he had learned to control himself.

'5th. He ought to be placed where sympathy and kindness are felt for his race, instead of relentless hostility; where society is established, and the laws thoroughly executed; where the great preponderance of the white population around him, and his security under the law, as well as his immediate and certain punishment for wrong-doing, would deprive him of the power, and, in time, of the inclination to indulge his savage propensities; where all intercourse with the wild Indians, and all power to indulge his wandering habits, would be taken from him; where, in fact, he would be

surrounded only with the best influences, and could at least be made harmless member of the community, if he could not be made a good citizen and good Christian.

'It is manifest that not one of these conditions could be secured under a system which should keep the Indian in remote districts of country, in front of the white emigration and in contact with the very advance of the white settlers on one side, and with the wild tribes of Indians on the other.

'The plan which I propose differs from that which seems to have been determined on by the Indian department in this, that I propose to remove the Indians of New Mexico, Colorado, &c., &c., to the east, instead of the west; toward that portion of country where food and other necessaries of life are cheapest, instead of where these things are most expensive; where the fewest troops, maintained at the least expense, would be needed; where the Indian could no longer be an obstacle to the settlement and development of the great mining regions, nor himself be subjected to that process of certain extermination which his obstruction to the advance of white emigration now renders inevitable, and where he could be placed under all the conditions most favourable to his welfare and security and to the safety of the frontier settlers. . . . .

'It is needless to say that it is not proposed to accomplish all this in a year, or in ten, or even twenty years. There are, and will continue to be, wild tribes of Indians, whose existence in a wild state does not endanger the settlement of the country; with these tribes, for the present, it is not proposed to interfere. The tribes to whom it is proposed to apply this system of removal from time to time are precisely the tribes which the Indian department propose to begin to place upon reservations—those tribes which are now so closely in contact with the whites as to endanger both races.

'It is also needless to say that the main difficulty consists in collecting these Indians together and putting them en route to a reservation. Up to this point the plan of the Indian department and that suggested by me are identical, as is also the expense; a comparison, therefore, only begins at this point. When once the Indians are collected and ready to move, is it more economical to establish them where food is most costly, and where every necessary of life is an expensive article of luxury? where twice as many

troops would be needed, maintained at four times the expense? where the Indians would continue to depredate upon the people, and be subjected to the same process of extermination as before—where they would obstruct the settlement of the country and jeopardize the peace of the future? Is it really believed that the additional expense of transportation over a few hundred miles would not be many times overcome within a year or two by cheapness of food and decrease of military force? Is it really believed that a temporary arrangement, with all its evils, and, to say the least of it, partial security, can be better than a final and complete disposition of the Indians? Or is there some other reason for establishing and keeping up these unsatisfactory reservations at remote points and at enormous expense, not dictated by humanity, economy, or wisdom, and in opposition to the whole experience of the past.

'I presume that I should not differ much, if at all, with the Indian department as to the time when the relations of an Indian tribe to the white emigrants rendered it necessary to place the Indians upon a reservation. I only propose, when that time arrives, we shall make a final and complete disposition of that tribe at least, and not resort to a temporary arrangement, which is attended with little but evil.

'It may safely be left to such persons as the government may select to determine the place where a reservation for any given tribe shall be established. Such places can be readily found along the Mississippi or Missouri. Only let the government adopt some policy which secures an end to Indian troubles and massacres, however far in the future, and the details will readily be adjusted. Only let us have a final result, and not a temporary arrangement, which leaves the last state of the Indian and white man worse than the first.'

At the present moment General Sherman is actively engaged in carrying out his policy. He is now in the far West with a sufficient number of troops to effect it. His own feelings towards the Indians are well known, and are clearly enough

indicated in his Report—'all these deaths must be avenged next year;' they are so many wolves to be exterminated. There will be little mercy shown to the savage; and, however terrible the retribution inflicted on the Indians, there will be no voice raised against it at Washington. The Fenimore Cooper age of belief in the noble qualities of the Redskin has passed away, and will not appear again in American literature for some centuries.

THE FENIANS.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, October 12, 1866.

'GENERAL,—I have the honour to submit for the information of the general commanding in chief the following succinct report of military operations in my command during the present year:—

'At the commencement of the year my command was the military division of the Atlantic, composed of the department of the east, the middle department, and the departments of Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

'The only movements of any consequence were those made on the northern frontier with a view to enforce the neutrality laws. Early in April a despatch was received from the honourable Secretary of War, transmitting one from the collector at Eastport, Maine, reporting the concentration at that place of

large numbers of strangers, believed to belong to the Fenian organization, and assembled with a view to organizing an expedition against the province of New Brunswick. At this time there was only one company of artillery at Eastport. I immediately ordered three additional companies from the nearest posts, and repaired myself to Eastport. On my arrival I found the collector, under the instructions of the Treasury Department, had seized a vessel loaded with arms and ammunition.

'Being satisfied of the illegal character of the expedition, I confirmed the seizure of the arms, placed them in charge of the commanding officer at Eastport, and gave notice publicly that no violation of the neutrality laws would be permitted. These measures had the effect of causing the expedition to be abandoned, and the men composing it to return to their homes.

'The arms seized were offered to the individual claiming them on condition of his giving security that they would not be employed in any illegal enterprise. This offer has not as yet been accepted, and the arms are still under military custody at Eastport. On the dispersion of the expedition, the troops ordered to Eastport were returned to their former stations.

'During the month of May several reports were received indicating the deposits of arms and collections

of men at various points on the frontier of New York and Vermont. These reports, as received, were transmitted to Major-General Hooker, commanding department of the east, with instructions to investigate them, to seize all the arms and munitions of war, where there was evidence of their being destined for illegal use, and to take all necessary measures to preserve the neutrality as far as the means within his control admitted.

'On the 1st of June, while at West Point, I received official information of the crossing at Buffalo, New York, of an armed body of Fenians; at the same time information was received of the concentration of large forces in the vicinity of Ogdensburg, New York, and St. Albans, Vermont. I at once directed Major-General Hooker to send all the available force in his department to the frontier, and proceeded myself to Buffalo. On my arrival at Buffalo, on the 3rd instant, I found that the armed men who had crossed were captured by the United States steamer Michigan on their attempting to return the night previous, and being satisfied the movement at Buffalo was a feint, I left that place on the evening of the 3rd, and reached Ogdensburg the next day, the 4th of June.

'On my arrival at Ogdensburg I learned of the concentration of large forces at Malone, New York, and at St. Albans, Vermont. Finding the small force at

my command inadequate to prevent a crossing, I directed my subordinate commanders to station their commands to the rear, on the main lines of travel, and issued the most stringent orders for the seizure of all arms and munitions of war, and directed the stopping and turning back of all suspected parties. These duties were successfully executed, large quantities of arms and munitions being seized at various points. No opposition was offered, except in one instance, when an armed party of Fenians seized, at Watertown, New York, a locomotive, and proceeded to Cape Vincent, and there recaptured two car-loads of arms which had been sent there for security after seizure by the deputy-marshal at Watertown. On learning these facts, I despatched Major J. Stewart, commanding three companies of artillery, in a special train to intercept the Fenians on their return, but the latter, learning of Major Stewart's movement, abandoned the train with the arms, and escaped by scattering over the adjacent country.

'On the necessary authority being received from the War Department, and the appearance of the President's proclamation on the 6th of June, I ordered the arrest of the principal leaders at St. Albans and Malone, and issued a proclamation commanding the dispersion of the assemblages at these places, and offering transportation to their homes to such of the men as would abandon the

expedition. These measures had the effect to suppress the expedition, no effort being made to cross except that of a small inefficiently armed body under a General Spear, who crossed the boundary line near Franklin, Vermont, and remained for a day on the other side in the vicinity of the line, recrossing on the advance of the British troops. The expedition being abandoned, the men returned to their homes, mostly furnished transportation by the Government. This was deemed the most expedient course, for though the conduct of the men composing the expedition had, up to the time of its abandonment, been most exemplary, it was feared so large a body, estimated as high as 10,000, if left on the frontier without means of return, would become riotous and disorderly, requiring, to preserve the peace, the calling out the militia, which I was anxious to avoid on the ground of economy, as well as other reasons. After the men composing the expedition had all been sent home, the troops were returned to their former station.'

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

April 15, '67.

DEAR ——,

You seemed struck the other day with what I told you as to the feeling in America about the Alabama business. You can make whatever use you please of the following memorandum:—

During the last four months I have been both in the Northern and the Southern States, and have been staying in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington. I have talked with a good many Americans on the subject of the Alabama claims, and the feeling evinced, and the passion shown by one or two of them, convinced me of the importance of an early settlement of the matter in some way or other. I understand that when Mr. Shaw Lefevre was in Washington he was astonished at an outbreak of temper by Mr. Seward when the subject of the Alabama was mentioned.

Since the attack made upon him at the time of Mr. Lincoln's murder, and since the death of his wife, which was caused in great measure by over fatigue in nursing him after that attack, Mr. Seward, it is said, has never been the man he was before, and his temper has been so little under control, as to cause considerable uneasiness to his friends; but I have heard other American gentlemen use language quite as unmeasured when the Alabama was mentioned. On points of national pride Americans are far more sensitive than we are. Their feeling is that when they were down and in distress, France took a dirty advantage of them in the invasion of Mexico, and England in the matter of the Alabama. The French have evacuated Mexico, and England must now be called to account. This is the general feeling of the nation; besides this, there is the special grudge among the ship-owners whose trade was diverted into English bottoms, and among the merchants whose goods were burnt. A war with England, attended by reprisals on English commerce, would be, as they think, for the interest of both merchant and ship-owner; further, it would give them a chance of revenge, which Americans love more than money.

With all this, there does not exist among them any serious belief in the probability of a war with England; but it would take very little agitation to make

them think of it seriously. Some American politicians are wondrously unscrupulous; and the Irish vote is necessary for success at the next election. The next election is two years off; but the canvassing has begun long ago. When a member of Congress introduces Roberts on the floor of the House; when General Banks proposes to 'scale down' the neutrality laws to the level of Great Britain; when the President sympathises with a Fenian deputation,—these are all moves to catch the Irish vote, and by Americans are appreciated as such. The Fenians are the laughing-stock of the Americans, but most Fenians have votes. They have nothing in America corresponding to our Foreign Enlistment Act; and when General Banks talked of 'scaling down' the American neutrality laws, he talked nonsense either wilfully or ignorantly; our neutrality laws being in many points more stringent than the American. They have no law enabling the authorities to put down Fenian meetings, drillings, or processions. They can do no more than prevent any invasion of British territory. This I imagine they will do faithfully and efficiently now as before. I sailed from New York on March 20th; two days before that, it was stated in the newspapers that 500 troops were sent to the Canadian frontier. The American Executive do not desire to be involved in a war with England; but what they and all other politicians

want is a good electioneering cry to captivate the Irish vote.

For this purpose they will probably select the Alabama business. At the present time, although there exists a strong feeling in the public mind, that feeling is not so strong as to preclude a fair settlement of the question; but every day, as time goes on and the election approaches, that settlement will become more difficult. Unless something more available turns up, that 'difficulty' will be brought more prominently forward, and will be dragged before the public by every republican newspaper and at every public meeting. Americans do not form opinions for themselves; they never read more than one newspaper; they give themselves very little time to think, but let their editor lead them by the nose; and there is an Irishman upon the staff of nearly every newspaper in America.

Probably the American Government will be in no hurry to conclude the question. It may be that they will try and postpone the settlement in order to make use of the cry at the election; and in that case the national feeling having by that time grown with the agitation, it may ultimately not be in the power of the American Government to deal temperately in the matter, even should they be so disposed.

The Americans are capable of a stronger love and

a stronger hate for England than for any other nation; and I really think it may depend somewhat upon the speedy settlement of the Alabama claims one way or another, which it shall be.

I remain,

Yours, &c.,

H. L.


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